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JUNE

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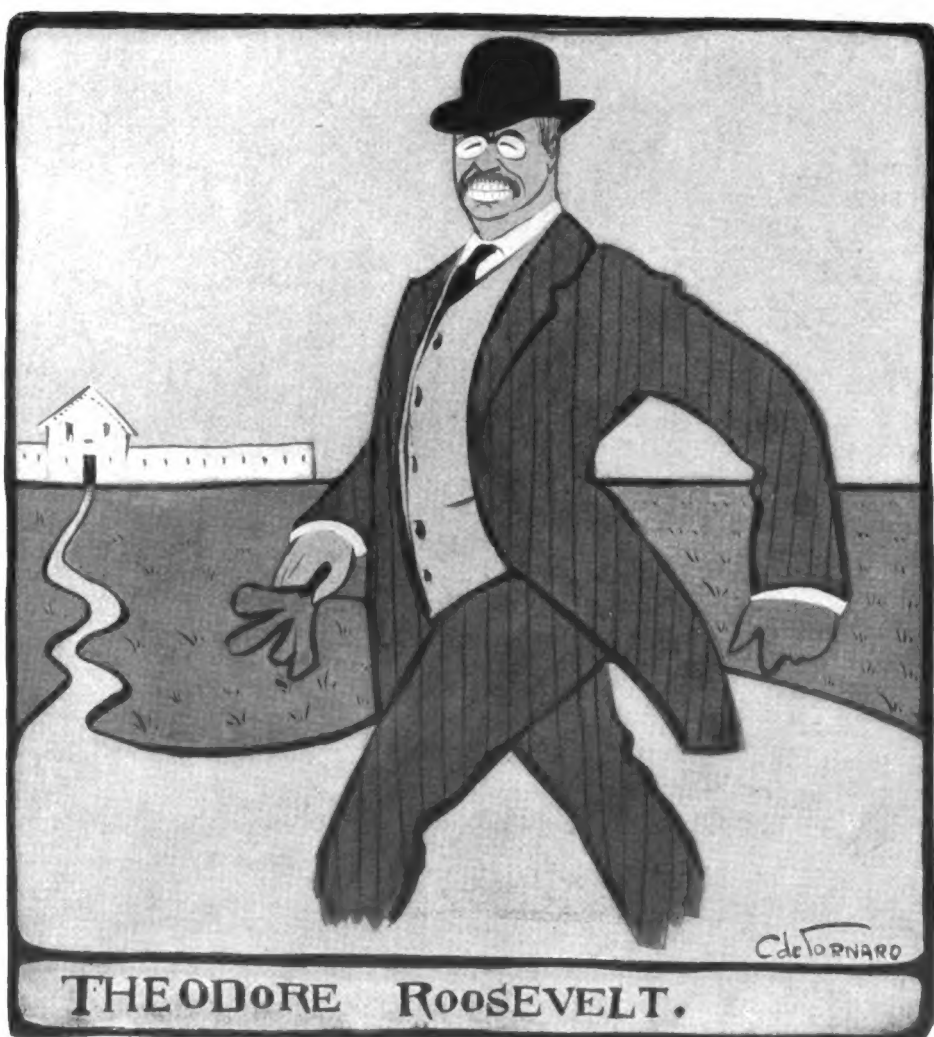
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Presidential Possibilities

Caricatured by CARLO DE FORNARO

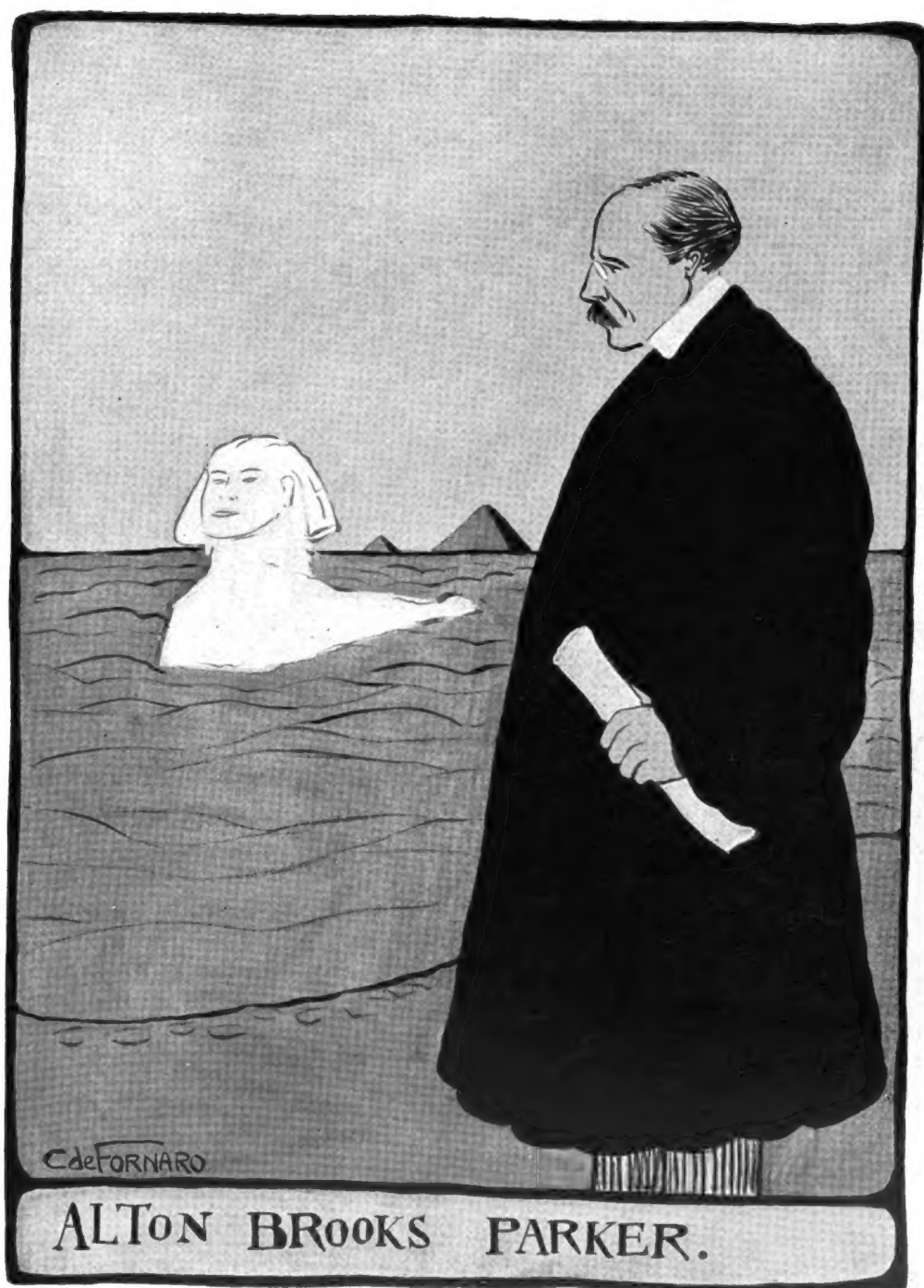


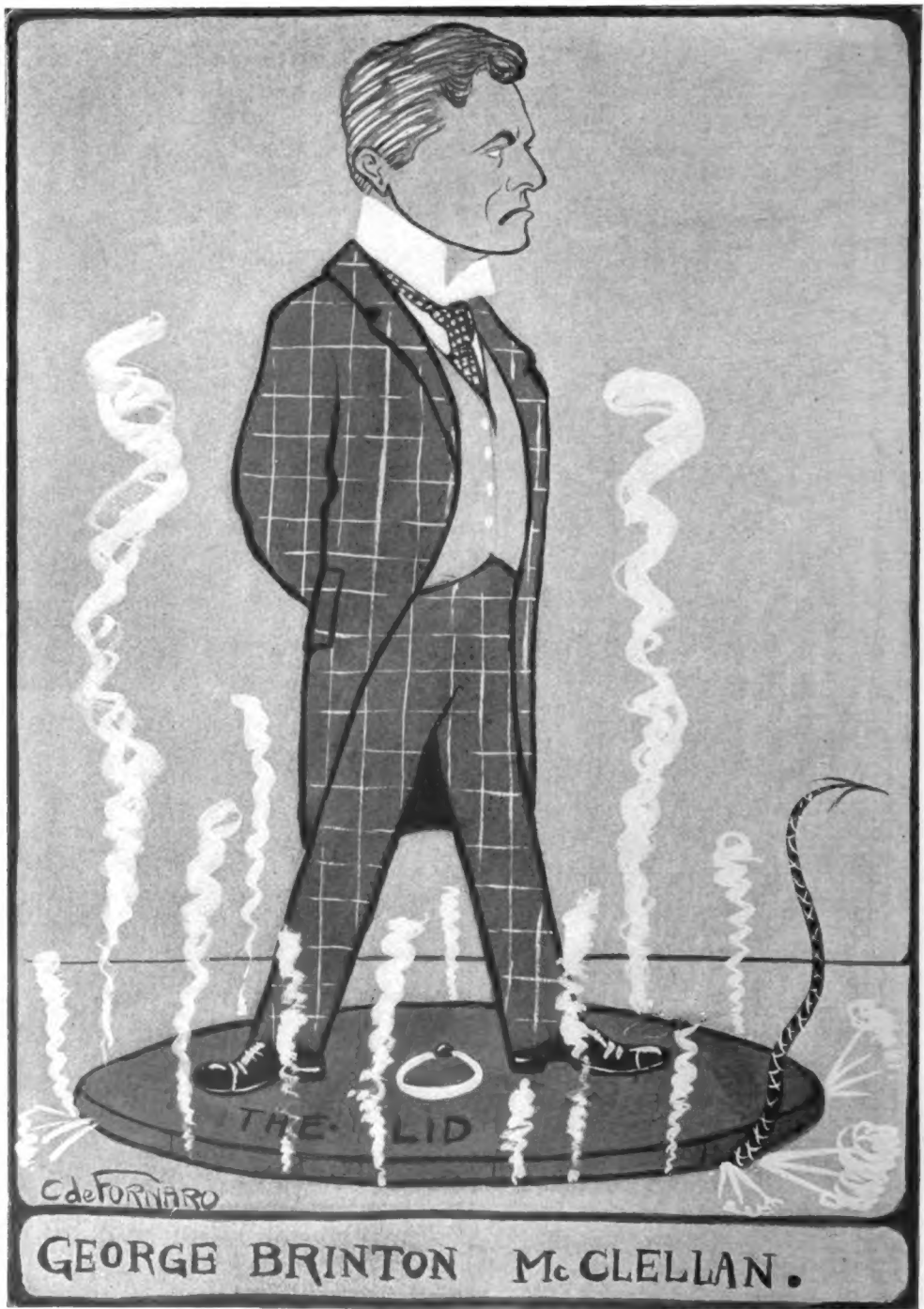
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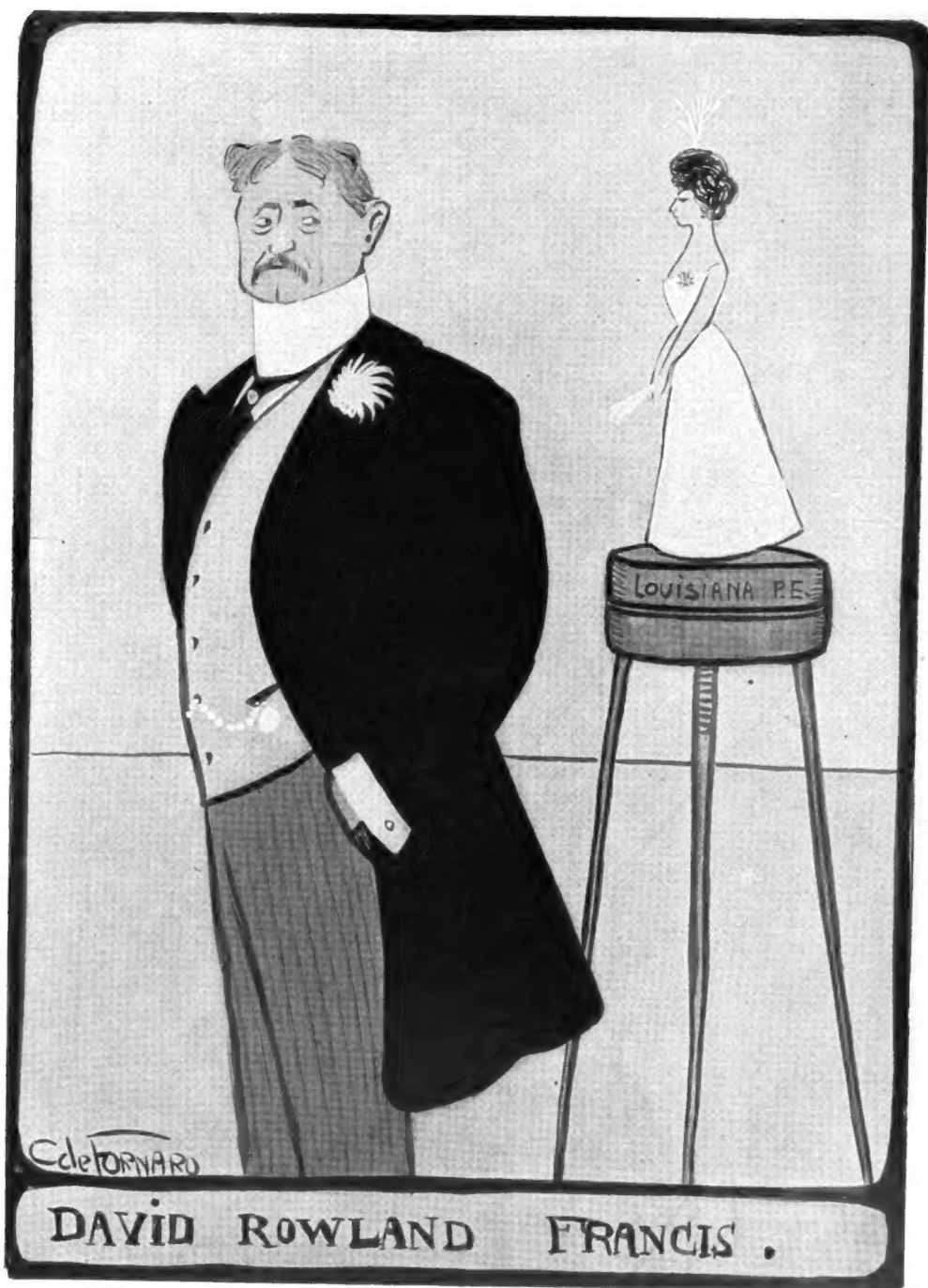
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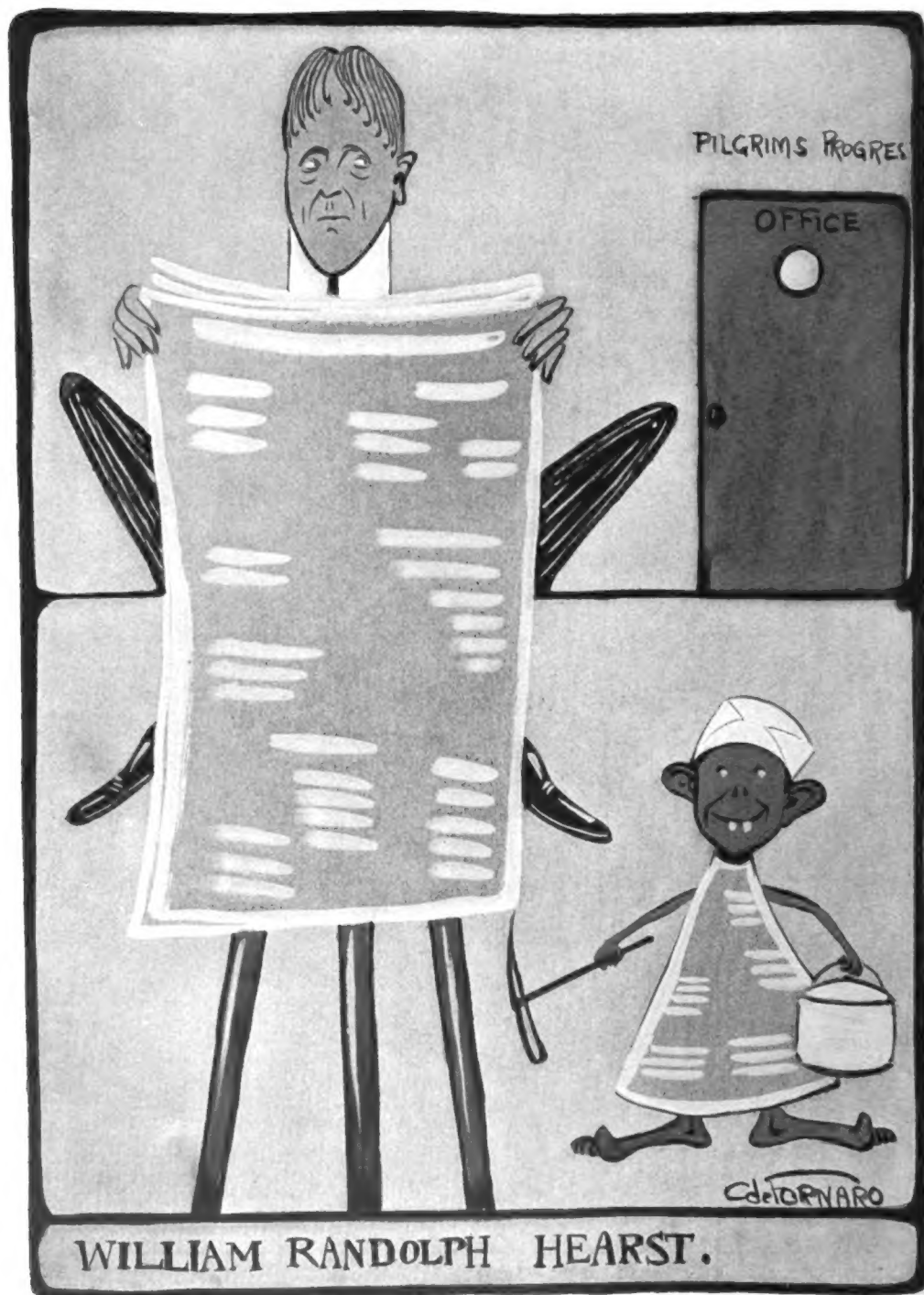
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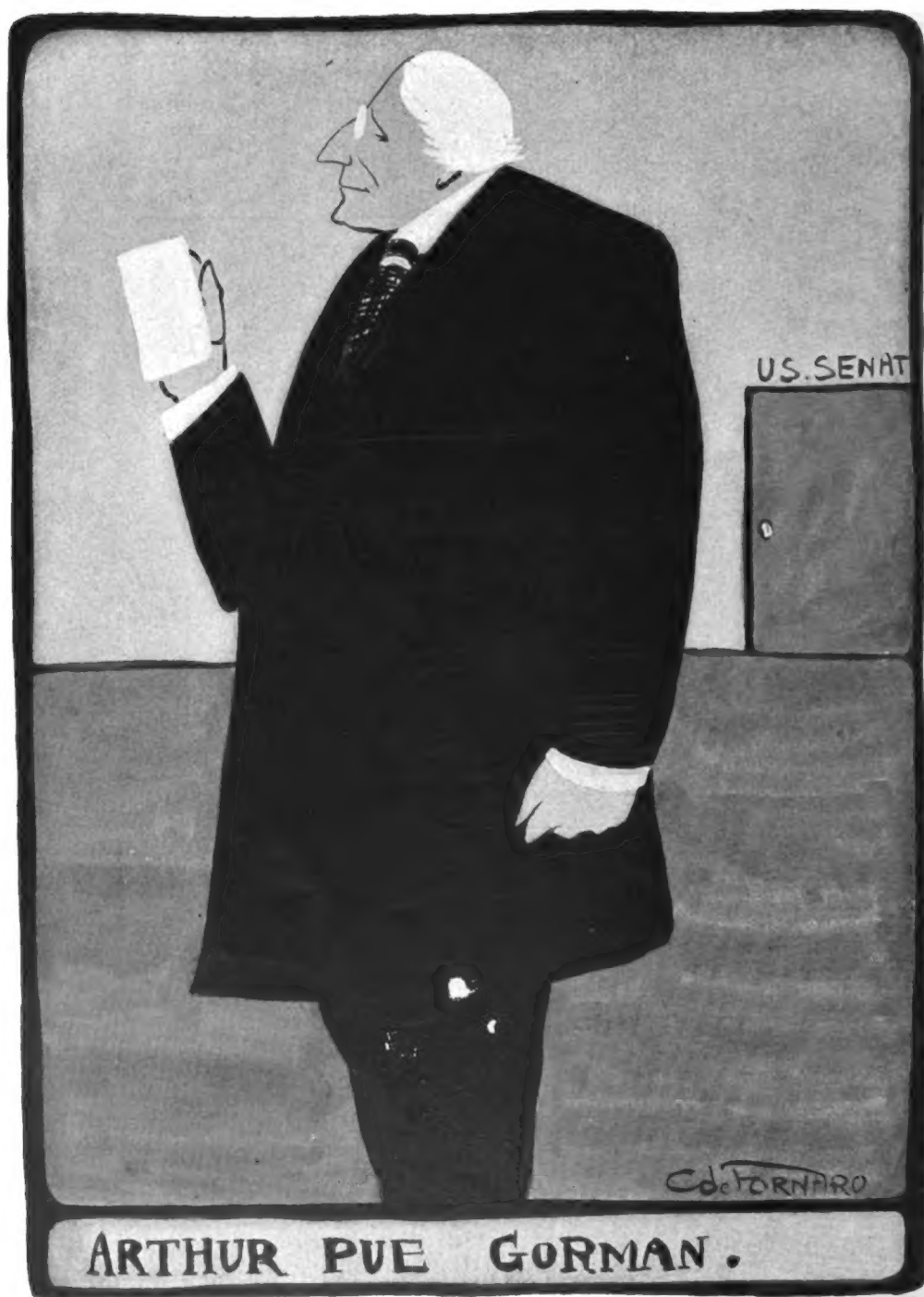












ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.

The Home Life of Emperor William

By KURT MATULL

IT was a drowsy afternoon of early summer in the Imperial Palace in Berlin. In his great work-room on the first floor, William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, attired in the undress uniform of a colonel, sat at his desk by one of the three great windows opening on one of the palace's two court-yards. Outside the sunbeams merrily danced, and through the open windows came little puffs of balmy air with appealing invitations to the freedom of the fields and the woods. But the Emperor heeded them not. He was giving a splendid example of his favorite maxim, that a man should work when he works and play when he plays. There was much work before him, and it absorbed all his attention. None must go over until the next day—that is his invariable rule; and so, with face devoid of expression, he unweariedly took paper after paper from the great case of files that stood against the wall a little behind his chair to the left, glanced rapidly over each document's contents, affixed his signature and passed the paper to his grave secretary, who, standing by his chair, took it and placed it on the long table to the right. From the court-yard below came the faint noise of the sentries' boots as they paced up and down with one eye ever on their sovereign's window, to see that all was well; while occasionally there would be a little stir in the quarters of the guard on the ground floor of the palace, directly opposite the Emperor's work-room. But in the room itself nothing was heard save the rustling of the paper and the scratching of the imperial pen. Steadily the file was robbed of its contents, while with equal steadiness the pile of papers on the table increased. Suddenly:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" (Turn out) came the raucous cry of a sentry in the court-yard. The tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy feet, and then the supercilious voice of a young Prussian lieutenant, calling: "Attention! Present arms!" "Dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub," rolled the drum.

Once more the tramp of heavy feet, and then quiet.

The Emperor's pen scratched on, and the grave secretary continued to pile up papers on the table. Two minutes later:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" cried the sentry. Again the tramp of heavy feet, again the supercilious voice of the young lieutenant, again the roll of the drum, and finally quiet.

The Emperor took two or three more papers from the file, noted their contents at a glance and affixed to them his signature. Then:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" cried the sentry, and once more there sounded all the noises incident to the turning out of the guard.

The Emperor raised his head with a characteristic abrupt motion, looked for the fraction of a minute out of the window and returned to his work. The grave secretary appeared puzzled, but his expression changed to one of genuine alarm when a little later:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" cried the sentry, with more strenuousness in his voice than ever.

The Emperor sat back in his chair with a heavy frown of annoyance. When silence was restored in the court-yard, he spoke. "Please," he said, in his finely modulated voice, to his secretary, "go down to the court-yard—give an order that we wish quietness—say it is our command that the guard shall not again be turned out during our working hours, even if a general approaches."

The secretary bowed and stole softly out of the room. In a few minutes he was back and had resumed his place by the Emperor's chair. Once more only the rustling of paper and the scratching of the imperial pen broke the stillness, and then:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" cried the sentry. "Dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rub," rolled the drum.

The Emperor swung around in his chair, and fixed upon his secretary a penetrating look of inquiry.

"Your Majesty commands?" said the secretary, bowing low.



ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN, SHOWING OPEN WINDOW OF THE EMPEROR'S WORK-ROOM.

"Bring the lieutenant to us."

When the supercilious young Prussian lieutenant stood at attention before outraged Majesty, his face was as stolid as wax.

"What order did you receive a few minutes ago from our secretary?" asked the Emperor in cold, metallic tones.

"Your Majesty commanded that the guard should not again be turned out during your Majesty's working hours, even for a general," replied the lieutenant, promptly. No sooner had he finished speaking than:

"R-r-r-r-raus!" bawled the sentry.

The grave secretary gasped. The Emperor leaped to his feet. But the young lieutenant, standing rigidly erect, gazed steadily before him as if he were on dress parade.

"Are we, then, receiving visits from all the kings of Germany and all the royal personages of Europe?" the Emperor asked, with a sardonic gleam in his eye, while the drum beat out an accompaniment to his words.

"Your Majesty, no," answered the lieutenant. "His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, your Majesty."

"The Crown Prince! Where is he?"

"Your Majesty, in his Royal Highness's apartment."

For a few seconds the Emperor stared blankly at his lieutenant; then, with the ghost of a smile flitting about the corners of his mouth, he turned abruptly and hastily left the room.

On the ground floor of the palace there is an apartment whose Oriental splendor is in striking contrast to the severe plainness of the Emperor's work-room, directly under which it is situated. In this apartment a tall, slender young man wearing a comfortable smoking-jacket paced leisurely up and down, puffing complacently a cigarette. Every now and then he stopped at the window and raised his hand, which motion produced an instantaneous effect.

"R-r-r-r-raus!" cried a sentry in the court-yard, and out trooped the guard to stand at attention and present arms, while the drum rolled out a noisy salute.

The young man was vastly amused, and so intent was he upon the performance of the soldiers that he did not hear the door softly open and footsteps stealthily approach. He did not become aware, in fact, that anything unusual was happening until a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder and he was whirled about to confront the frowning face of the Emperor and the stern demand:

"What means all this?"

"Your Majesty, I—I—I had nothing to do, and I—I was—was exercising the soldiers," faltered the young man.

"Oh! you were exercising the soldiers! You have no work?"

"Your Majesty, n-n-no."

"Very good. Well, we shall find work for you. For the next three days you will

remain in your apartment and work over the problem as to how the Crown Prince of Prussia can best utilize his spare moments."

When in the year of our Lord 1888, William II. was proclaimed German Emperor, shivers of apprehension chased themselves up and down the world's backbone, so wide-spread was the belief that the young monarch was possessed of an impetuous, irresponsible nature and an insatiable thirst for blood. The world long since has learned its mistake, and the writer of this article believes that Emperor William is now regarded as one of the chief factors in the maintenance of the peace of Europe — so much so, that the reports of his recent trouble with his throat caused even more wide-spread alarm than did his accession.

Indeed, those that have had the opportunity to observe the Emperor in private life know that his character more closely approaches that of an English business man than that of a war lord. It is true that he is fond of the pomp and panoply of the army, but lives there a healthy man anywhere whose pulse is not quickened by the dash and color of a military spectacle? And if William II. does insist upon an ever-increasing armament, who shall say that, human nature being what it is, and Germany's geographical position being what it is, a great and well-trained army and navy are not essential to his country's very existence?

"A man's residence," the Emperor once remarked, "is the index of his character." Let us look at the Emperor's own residence. Now the Emperor is free to live in several great and luxurious palaces, but he

chooses for his permanent home the old gray castle that stands at the head of Unter den Linden in Berlin. He likes this castle, not only because it is unpretentious, but because it recalls to him the great history of his ancestors, and he believes that while there he feels the influence of their cool and philosophic outlook upon life. We have already seen the Emperor in his work-room. In all its appointments this room is eminently business-like, as becomes the room that is the scene of the labors of one of the busiest men in the world. The flat-topped desk that stands near the middle window is built of ebony on





THE EMPEROR'S BAG DURING A RECENT SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN AUSTRIA.

massive lines, but it is without ornamentation, and on it there seldom reposes anything except a blotter, an ivory paper-cutter, a copper ink-well, a steel pen in a wooden holder, and the Emperor's watch. The chair in front of the desk is without a cushion. Two or three leather chairs, a case of files, and a long table complete the furniture. Over the hard-wood floor a strip of red carpet extends from the main entrance to the desk, but there are no rugs. And the walls are bare except for a large portrait in oil of Frederick the Great, which is so hung as to permit the Emperor, while seated at his desk, to look up at it and get inspiration.

The Emperor usually rises about five o'clock, and is generally to be found in his work-room at six. First there is served to him a cup of tea or bouillon and a sandwich. Then, lighting a cigar, he reads over such clippings from newspapers and magazines published all over the world as are deemed worthy of his attention. A little army of men is employed in cutting out these articles and pasting them up. Occasionally the Emperor, fearing that something may have been overlooked about which he should be informed, calls for certain periodicals, but naturally he has to depend almost entirely on

the vigilance and judgment of his clerical staff.

At seven o'clock the Emperor is ready to receive the reports of his adjutants and the ministers of state, and to this work he usually devotes some three hours. When the person who is to have an audience is admitted to the room and makes his bow, the Emperor, who receives standing by his desk, slightly inclines his head in response, and says "Please," as a signal for his visitor to begin, listens attentively to what he has to communicate, but never makes any comment. The substance of all the visitor has said, however, is contained in the paper that he invariably hands to the Emperor's secretary at the close of the audience. These papers are numbered in accordance with the order of their receipt, and after the visitor has departed the Emperor usually writes upon the former's communication a terse direction to his secretary, so that, if there are, in connection with it, any papers to be prepared for the imperial signature, they may be ready to hand in the file when Emperor and secretary begin their afternoon's work.

At these afternoon sessions, which generally last from two o'clock until five, the subject-matter of the papers that come before the

Emperor could not be more diversified if he were the proprietor of a New York department store insisting on a first-hand acquaintance with all the details of his business. Perhaps the first paper he takes up may relate to an important measure affecting the gov-

his mind to habits of concentration that he is able to realize its purport at a glance. If any paper receives unwonted attention, it is probable that it is a bill for household goods or family clothing; the Emperor is of an economical turn of mind, and it is known



THE IMPERIAL CHILDREN.

ernment of Silesia, or it may be a bill for the palace's kitchen supplies. Then, again, it may be his answer to an invitation from a fellow-monarch, or his opinion on the proposal for a new button for the army. And after indorsing a pension for an old soldier, he is as likely as not to finish the afternoon's work by signing the death-warrant of a murderer. But, whatever the nature of the paper before him may be the Emperor is so trained

that his expenditures would be much less, if certain drains upon his income were not made obligatory by the Empire. An incident that occurred recently illustrates the family's frugality.

The Empress, with two of her court ladies, was sitting on a terrace in the park of Sans Souci, at Potsdam Palace, when another lady of the court, a Countess, approached. The Countess was accompanied by her little girl,



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.

and the Empress called to her own little daughter, the Princess Victoria, who was playing down below, to come up and make this child's acquaintance. A few minutes later the Empress felt somebody tugging at her sleeve.

"Mamma!" whispered a small voice at her ear, "see what beautiful things that little girl has!"—the Countess's daughter was most expensively dressed. "And it is not Sunday, and there are no Uncle-Kings here. And I am a little Princess, and she is a little Countess. And she has on as beautiful things as you give me on Sunday and when an Uncle-King comes. Isn't that beautiful things?"

"No, little sweetheart," the Empress whispered in reply; "your papa is under too great an expense to permit you to wear your good clothes every day. We must be as careful as we can of our clothes, so as to help him in every way possible." And the Empress, stealing a hasty glance at the gorgeous costume worn by the "little Countess's" mother, and doubtless reflecting that the money to pay for it came out of the imperial purse, looked down at her own plain attire with an amused smile.

The Emperor breakfasts with his wife and their flock of six boys and one girl about half-past ten o'clock, and dines with them about five, both of these meals waiting upon the finishing of his work. At breakfast the Emperor gives one of many indications of the influence upon him of his English mother, in his fondness for oatmeal and bacon and eggs. All the children have participated in these family gatherings ever since they were able to sit up in a high-chair, but neither at breakfast nor at dinner is ever an unnecessary word spoken, unless there happens to be a guest present who chats now and then with the Empress. It would be a great mistake, however, to attribute the silence at meal-times to an unsocial

spirit; on the part of the Emperor it is merely another manifestation of his penchant for concentration. "When I eat, I eat," he has more than once remarked; "when I sleep, I sleep; and when I work, I work." Of course the Emperor has to talk at the banquets given at night, but his eating on those occasions is a mere formality.

After breakfast the Emperor, attired in the undress uniform of a colonel and attended only by his adjutant, takes a stroll in the Thiergarten and before he returns to the palace at two, to begin his afternoon's work, it is his custom to drop in on the office of a minister or foreign diplomat for a little chat,

or to visit at the home of a friend. The Emperor's intimates, be it known, are mostly men who "do things." That he prefers intellect and achievement to blue blood, is evident to all who come in contact with him, and it has caused no end of heartburning among the old Prussian aristocracy. In his intercourse with his friends, the Emperor is very informal, quite the "good fellow." He likes especially to get together a party of congenial spirits in the summer and take them with him for a cruise on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern along the coast of Norway. The Emperor has not what would be called a profound mind; it is more given to scintillation than to original thinking; but more than one person has testified to his really wonderful ability to talk intelligently on a wide range of topics, and this quality makes him a delightful companion.

Perhaps an insight into his character can be better gained during his long cruise to Norway than at any other time; for it is then that he throws off all the restraint imposed on him by custom and lives as he would really like to live. Even on the Hohenzollern he is not entirely free from care, as despatch-boats frequently arrive to keep him in touch with the affairs of the Government, but the fresh air and the freedom from the necessity of dressing formally and meeting uncongenial persons is a great relief to him. That the Emperor is the "boss" of the yacht, there is no doubt. It amuses him to go poking about among the machinery, and he even pays frequent visits to the kitchen, to watch the cooks and perhaps take a hand himself in the preparation of the food. Those who have had the privilege of being present on such an occasion say it is a great sight to see his Majesty ascend from the kitchen to the upper deck with a plate of pork and beans and mashed peas, sit down on a little chair with the plate between his knees and



HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

proceed to polish off its contents with evident relish and a tin spoon.

Sunday is observed on the Hohenzollern after the strict manner of the English. The Emperor does not work himself, neither will he permit others to work unnecessarily, and all games are prohibited. In the morning he assembles all the servants on the deck, and, standing with bared head, reads to them from the Bible and delivers a long sermon. However anachronistic the Emperor's belief in his divine right to rule may seem to Americans, there can be no doubt that his religion is absolutely sincere and a part of his very life.

On week-days the Emperor is fond of



THE TERRACE AT SANS SOUCI.

playing cards, especially the German game of skat, and such is his restless craving for constant employment that he often calls for a game at most unseasonable hours. In this connection one of his friends got into trouble. The friend in question was no less a person than Salzmann, the great marine painter, who was one of a party the Emperor took with him on a recent cruise. It was the custom of the Emperor and his guests to spend their evenings on deck smoking and chatting over the wine-glasses, but the Emperor, who is temperate in all his habits, invariably retired to his cabin at an early hour, leaving the others to linger on if they were so disposed, which they usually were. One night as he arose to go the Emperor said :

"Now remember, Salzmann, you have an engagement to play skat with me and the captain at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I understand," the painter replied, and continued to look upon the wine so long and so lovingly that it was not until it was nearly 4 A.M. that he succeeded in tearing himself away.

Two hours later the Emperor's adjutant knocked on the door of his cabin. Heavy breathing was the only response. The adjutant knocked again and then pounded.

"What's the matter?" cried a muffled voice from within.

"His Majesty and the captain are waiting for you on deck."

"*Donnerwetter!* Let me sleep!"

A few minutes later the adjutant again pounded on the door.

"Go away, will you?" cried the muffled voice.

"His Majesty will expect you on deck within five minutes," called the adjutant.

"Sn-awk-awk-sn-awk-sn-awk," came from the man within.

Ten minutes passed, and then the adjutant strode determinedly down the passage-way to Salzmann's cabin, and, without ceremony, opened the door and went in.

"Herr Salzmann!" he exclaimed, shaking the painter by the shoulder, "you must go up on deck at once. It is the order of his Majesty."

"*Donnerwetter!*" cried Salzmann. "If you don't let me alone I'll throw you overboard."

"It is the order of his Majesty," repeated the adjutant.

"Sn-awk-awk-sn-awk-sn-awk," said Salzmann.

But the painter was really no longer sound asleep; at least, he was sufficiently awake to hear the adjutant depart, to stretch himself comfortably and to turn over with his face to the wall. He was also sufficiently awake to hear the door again open a few seconds later, to feel the hot blood of anger surge in his veins, to reach down under the bed for his slippers and to hurl them with all his

might at the figure that stood dimly outlined in the doorway. And he was sufficiently in possession of his wits to realize that he had struck the figure full on the breast, and that it had retreated; but, alas! he was *not* sufficiently in possession of his senses to realize the august nature of the personage to whom that figure belonged.

"Good," said Salzmann to himself, as he pulled up the covers. "Now I guess I'll have quiet." And reflecting that they must now be near the North Cape, and that it was very nice and warm in bed, he again dozed. Then:

"Here! here!" cried Salzmann—"what's all this?—what do you mean by this?"

But the four husky seamen who had seized him and pulled him out on the floor wasted not any words; they simply carried him, struggling, up to the deck, and stood him, shivering in his night-shirt, before a little table, behind which sat the Emperor and the captain.

"Herr Salzmann," said his Majesty, gravely, "you have presented us with your slippers; but take them, make yourself comfortable and sit down while we play those games of skat we arranged for last night."

After his yachting trips the Emperor is glad to return to the bosom of his family; for he is the most domestic monarch that ever sat on the throne of Prussia. The Berlin Court is not without its scandals, but the Emperor's reputation as a devoted husband and father has never been impugned. And the Empress is as devoted to him as he is to her. A few weeks before last Christmas the Empress, while conversing at a reception in the Berlin palace with a Baroness whose husband is very rich, was asked by her what things in the world she liked best.

"Your Majesty, excuse my question," the Baroness added, "but it would be a great honor if I could do something to please you."

The Empress smiled in her motherly way.

"My dear," she replied, "it would not be possible for you to give me the things I like best, for I already have them."

"Indeed, your Majesty," said the Baroness; "may I make bold to ask what they are?"

"I can tell you very readily," said the Empress. "There are four things I prefer to all others, and they all begin with a 'k.' They are my Kaiser (Emperor), my kinder (children), my kirche (church), and my küche (kitchen)."





SHE REELED DRUNKENLY OUT OF LINE.

THE TORPEDO.



BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WORDEN WOOD.

MR. RYERSON was not concerned with international etiquette; it was not his business that his captain's action in sending him with a detail of men on board this Japanese torpedo-boat at three in the morning might involve England in the war, should Russia find it out. Russia might go hang—Japan, too, as far as he was concerned; he would instruct a Russian as quickly as he would a Jap, or torpedo the ship of either without asking why, provided he was so ordered. Nor was it the nature of the work that had got upon his nerves this dark night. It was cold, of course—even for the month and latitude—and there was snow in the air, with a keen, penetrating wind from seaward that reached in through pilot-cloth and flannel; while the suspected proximity of Russian warships made it wisest, even as subjects of a neutral country, to work without lights. And the Japanese he had come to instruct—only the commander of whom understood English—seemed to be as stupid as they were eager to learn. These things, of themselves, could not disturb the trained and experienced torpedo lieutenant of H.M.S. Argyll; though it was because he was a trained and experienced officer, with a proper pride in his country, his ship and himself, that he was disturbed. Finnegan—Old Man Finnegan—the only one of the whole ship's company privileged to drink with impunity; the most skilled and efficient seaman of them all when properly primed; the butt of all hands when thoroughly drunk, or thoroughly sober—had, as the work progressed, shown signs of elation and enthusiasm, due to nothing but unwise over-stimulation; and this, to the scandal of the British service, before the eyes of these critical, though untutored, Japanese,

who knew nothing of Finnegan's peculiar privilege. While they were at work on the forward torpedo-tube, Mr. Ryerson had driven the old fellow away with unkind and indelicate comment on his condition, and it was a little later that the Japanese lieutenant in charge of the boat informed Mr. Ryerson that Finnegan had sneaked aft in the darkness and taken a long swig from a large, flat bottle. So, when the Whitehead torpedo had been driven home in the tube, the breech charged, primed and closed, the tube swung around a few times, and the discharging mechanism explained to the Japs, Mr. Ryerson hunted for Finnegan, and found him "soldiering" under the lee of the after funnel.

"Where's that bottle?" demanded the irate officer.

"Got no bottle, shir," answered Finnegan, saluting unsteadily.

"Don't lie. You were seen. Where's that bottle?"

"Washn't much, Misher Ryerson, and I put it away, shir."

"I should think you had put it away," coughed the officer, backing off. "Heavens, what a breath! Keep to leeward of everybody. Go and hide yourself, Finnegan, and when we go back I'll report you for getting drunk before the heathen. Come aft here, men," he called. "We'll try this other tube. Pick up a Whitehead on the way."

Whitehead torpedoes, be it known, are mechanical fish about sixteen feet long, carrying two hundred and twenty pounds of gun-cotton in their heads, which travel under water of their own volition to explode upon impact, but which are aimed and merely propelled from long, eighteen-inch tubes by the explosion of a small charge of powder which, compressing the air behind the torpedo, ex-

erts a pressure just sufficient to overcome its inertia. The small Japanese craft, a recent acquisition from America, was equipped with a bow and a stern tube, and four torpedoes, one of them already placed in the forward tube, the others stowed in brackets about the deck. As her commander had explained, it was his hurriedly drafted crew's inexperience that had induced him to steer up in the face of the Argyll's search-light and ask instructions of the English.

Torpedo methods having been explained at the forward tube, there was little to do on the other except to load, charge, and close it. So, while his men, followed by the eager Japanese, came aft with a torpedo, Mr. Ryerson opened the breech, and when they were ready, he said: "In with it now, and let's get through. Finnegan, clear out. Go and hide yourself, I said."

Finnegan, who had untactfully stumbled in front of the blunt nose of the torpedo, held poised in air behind the tube, was pushed aside just as he was about to peep into the long, hollow cylinder, an inspection well performed by the lieutenant a moment before.

"I think that everything is all right, Finnegan," said Mr. Ryerson, ironically, bowing politely to the old man in the darkness. "Now go and hide yourself."

"Hide m'shelf," repeated Finnegan, softly and stupidly. "Very good, shir—hide m'shelf—m'shelf. Hide m'shelf."

He disappeared behind the group, and the torpedo was inserted in the tube. But it stuck when about half-way in, and all the strength of the men could not push it farther.

"Out with it," ordered the officer. "Let's see what's wrong. Put it back in its chocks, or it'll take you overboard."

It was a wise order; the boat was rolling heavily, and the men, weighted by the torpedo, were unsteady on their legs. Mr. Ryerson struck a match within the tube, but as far as the glow reached, saw nothing but shining steel. "All clear here," he said. "Something wrong with the Whitehead."

He went to the torpedo and felt all over it with his hands. "No wonder," he said, as he fingered the clutch, or T-iron on top, which, fitting into a traveller within the tube, held the weight of the torpedo while being ejected. "It's bent; but—still, not too much, I should think. Try it again, men, and I'll see if it enters the traveller."

The men stooped for the torpedo, but did not pick it up. There was a bumping noise alongside, a few muttered, but intense, expletives in Russian, and an uprush of large, active men who fell upon Englishmen and Japanese alike with cutlass and pistol.

"Into the boat, our side," yelled Mr. Ryerson. "This isn't our fight. Away with you all."

And away they went, bowling over with fist or shoulder a few Russians in their path, to enter their boat in a manner not prescribed in the regulations—by flying leaps. Mr. Ryerson, however, was mindful of naval etiquette to the extent of being the last to leave, waiting at the rail with drawn pistol—the only arm in the party—while his men rushed by him.

"All down," he called, when the hegira had ceased.

"All here, sir," they answered from the boat.

Then he jumped, first discharging his pistol into the face of an oncoming Russian with a cutlass.

In the white glare of the Argyll's search-light, unwisely turned upon them by the watchful battleship, and to the sound of Russian oaths and Japanese outcries, the Englishmen pulled on the oars, ducking their heads to dodge the fusillade of bullets with which the Russians answered Mr. Ryerson's shot. But soon the search-light lifted, and covered the torpedo-boat, by which time the oaths and outcries were silenced; then they could see the boat, with empty hawsepipe, drifting astern with the tide, while limp forms dropped from her rail.

"Hell!" shuddered the lieutenant. "Massacre and capture. They've got the boat, but I wonder if they can fix that torpedo. I'd like to have finished the job."

A trained and efficient torpedo lieutenant must have a mechanical soul; hence, the remark. But, from association of ideas, the remark was followed by another, much louder.

"Is Finnegan here?" he called.

"Finnegan—Finnegan," the men replied. "Pass the word. No, sir. Not here. Finnegan's gone, sir."

A groan went up from them, and there was a perceptible lessening of vigor in their strokes, as though they waited for the order to turn back, unarmed though they were, to rescue the beloved old reprobate. It would have been hopeless, even with arms; the torpedo-



A TORPEDO-BOAT AT THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR IS AN ELUSIVE TARGET.

boat, still illumined by the search-light, was now emitting black smoke from all three funnels, and was plainly under steam.

"Give way, men," ordered the lieutenant, excitedly. "Nothing but the ship herself can stop her now."

But the ship did not, even though they found the crew at quarters when they boarded her. And when Mr. Ryerson had made his report to his superiors, mournfully mentioning the loss of Finnegan before he spoke of his unfinished job on the tube, the grave-faced captain seemed little concerned with either.

"I am sorry you fired your pistol, Mr. Ryerson," he said, "even if self defence, with the situation so strained."

"Do you think complications may arise, sir?" asked the young officer, anxiously.

"Who knows? I trusted to your discretion, or—but let it go. We may hear by wireless at any moment that war has been declared, and then it will not matter. Still, in the absence of such news, I should rather that the Russians had struck first."

"They attacked the boat, captain. They've got one of our men."

"Some diplomats might argue that we had no business there," responded the captain, quickly, but with a smile. "However, we'll hope for the news."

"And Finnegan, captain," inquired Mr. Clarkson, the executive officer. "Shall I



THE ARGYLL STEAMING UP BETWEEN THEM

send a shot after that boat, or shall we trust to Finnegan's luck?"

"Trust to his luck; it is all we can do. There is an inscrutable Providence behind Finnegan; he never yet got drunk but to a purpose—unknown to himself perhaps, but vital."

"Where did you see him last, Mr. Ryerson?" asked the executive.

"It was when we were loading the after-tube. He was much in the way, and I told him to go and hide himself. I wonder if he did. I hope so—my God, yes. I hope he did, and escaped that butchery."

"Was he stupidly drunk—that is, ready to fall down?"

"Oh, no—he could navigate; and he said he'd drunk it all, or, in his words, 'put it away,' so he couldn't have got much worse."

"Put it away," repeated the first lieutenant, musingly. "Well, Ryerson, he's dead, no doubt; but wherever he hid himself, at your suggestion, he went where he had first hidden the bottle."

"Small comfort," remarked Mr. Ryerson, sadly. "They would kill everybody, drunk or sober. It was too dark to distinguish uniforms. Poor old devil; it's all my fault."

"No, Ryerson," replied Mr. Clarkson, gently. "Not your fault at all. Get it off your mind. Think of something else."

"You are not to blame, Mr. Ryerson," added the captain, fully as kindly. "Go and turn in now. Get what rest you can."

"Think of something else," said the executive. "Think of anything at all—some mechanical or mathematical problem."

Whereupon Mr. Ryerson, being, like all mechanical souls, largely amenable to suggestion, responded with a grateful look at their sympathetic faces, and went to his berth resolutely thinking of the only mechanical problem on his mind—that of the damaged torpedo; and being young, went instantly to sleep, to waken at daylight with only a dumb regret for Finnegan, and his soul fully obsessed with the still unsolved problem: Could the Russians repair it?

All hands had breakfasted, and, bolting his hurriedly, he went on deck; there was excitement in the air. It was a clear, cold morning, and the wind had lulled to a gentle breeze that barely crisped the level waters of the bay. Inshore from the Argyll, and about a half mile toward the southern point of the bay, swung at anchor a second-class Japanese battleship, and astern of her two armored

cruisers, from whose protection had come the inquiring torpedo-boat of the night before—all riding at short cables, all flying battle-flags, and belching thick smoke from every funnel. The cause was apparent: lying off the northern point, about three miles away, were two uncouth Russian battleships and two cruisers, from which, doubtless, had come the cutting-out party; and, dodging back and forth among them, was the captured torpedo-boat. The four craft, battleships ahead, cruisers in the rear, were coming in column, and even as they came, while Mr. Ryerson was climbing the bridge-stairs to join his brother officers, a puff of smoke left the third ship, and a shell hissed over the water. It fell short of the Japanese fleet, but it was the signal of battle. The three ships answered with every gun that would bear, tripped their anchors, and steamed ahead.

"Hopelessly outclassed," said the captain, as he viewed the Japanese ships through his binoculars. "That little Shikoku, with her two ten-inch guns, and the Hondo and Yesso, with nothing bigger than six, against those four bruisers." He looked toward the Russian fleet. "Do you make them out, Mr. Clarkson?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Clarkson, his glass to his eyes. "There are the two new battleships, if I'm not mistaken—the Ladoga and Onega; and there are the Königsberg and Dunaburg, armored cruisers about the weight, I think, captain, of the Hondo and Yesso. The torpedo-boat is making tracks."

"And that is what we must do," rejoined the captain. "They're going to fight, and we are in the way—that is, unless war is on; and if that is the case we'll know very soon. Those ships are right out of Newchwang, and would have the news—by wireless even—long before we would. Lift the anchor, Mr. Clarkson. We'll move on."

The Argyll also was lying at a short cable, and belching thick smoke from her funnels. It was but five minutes' work to get under way, and she steamed seaward at full speed, aiming to avoid the line of fire. But even though her amicable intent was further indicated by the hoisting—long before eight bells, in view of the emergency—of a large and conspicuous British ensign, the intent was seemingly ignored by the Russians; for an eight-inch shell arrived from the largest cruiser—the flag-ship—struck the Argyll's stern, exploded, made a large and ragged

cavity in that part of her, and lifted the ensign, flag-staff and all, overboard.

"Heavens!" gasped the captain, as he looked at the shattered deck and the prostrate forms of men—some writhing, others still—visible through the smoke. "Was that shot-aimed? We are out of the line of fire."

"My fault—my fault," groaned Mr. Ryerson. "The torpedo-boat has told them."

"What of it?" demanded the executive officer, excitedly. "It's war—that's what it is. War *must* be declared, captain. They aimed that shot. They wouldn't dare to without authority from St. Petersburg. They have fired on Her Majesty's ship."

"Yes—yes," rejoined the captain, pale of face and calm of speech. "But we must make no more mistakes"—he looked significantly at the unhappy Mr. Ryerson—"we have made enough. We will try to get the despatch-boat off Weihaiwei. There may be news for us."

He entered the chart-room abaft the pilot-house, and while the intermittent, rasping sound of wireless telegraphy arose above the humming of the engines, the officers watched the carrying down of the dead and wounded, and excitedly discussed the reason of that single shot; for no more were fired at the Argyll.

"We cannot connect," said the captain, when the rasping had ceased, and he came among them. "Yet, we all know that England's ultimatum is given, and that she cannot retreat. But if Russia *should* give in. What then—if we answer that shot? And if she does not, what of the Argyll with that shot unanswered?" He looked perplexed.

"It was not a chance shot, captain," said Mr. Clarkson.

"It might have been; they have not repeated it."

"They are busy, captain," said the navigating officer. "They have knocked a chip off England's shoulder, and are waiting for England's return blow. And in English history, captain, it has never been withheld." There was entreaty in the voice of the navigator, and a little of the perplexity left the face of the captain.

"They have shot away the ensign, captain, and have killed our men," said Mr. Clarkson. "There is no signal of apology. War *must* be on, sir. The despatch-boat is captured, surely, or we should have received orders."

"But the consequences, gentlemen," said the wavering captain. "You are young, and patriotic, but I am responsible. A false step at this juncture will involve England in the imbroglio. France must follow; then Turkey, Germany, and possibly the United States. In these days of wireless telegraphy we can afford to wait until sure."

"But the attack on the torpedo-boat was arranged with regard to us, captain," implored Mr. Clarkson. "They knew we were there. It was done under our guns. They fired on our men."

"Our men ought not to have been there, and a shot had been fired at them."

Though the captain's words were emphatic, there was doubt and hesitation in his utterance; and he did not look at Mr. Ryerson.

"And they've killed Finnegan," ventured this young officer.

"He was drunk," responded the captain, somewhat regretfully.

"Too drunk to take care of himself, captain," said Mr. Clarkson, earnestly. "You have said yourself, sir, that Providence was behind Finnegan—that he never gets drunk but to a purpose that is vital. Perhaps it is showing in this. He got drunk, sir; he delayed the boat-party in its work, and involved it in the friction with the Russians that has resulted in that shot—that insult to England, to the end that, in the absence of news that war is on, we may, by resenting the insult, act rightly and save England's prestige."

"Quarters, gentlemen," answered the captain, promptly. "Strip ship for action. We'll take a hand in this."

And so was reached the decision that sent the Argyll into battle, that menaced the integrity of boundaries, the ownership of isthmian canals, the peace, the purpose, and the progress of the world for a hundred years—not because England's dignity was in danger, but because Old Man Finnegan got drunk.

There was confusion confounded in that ship for a few moments. Drum-calls, bugle-calls, whistles, and profanity troubled the air. Men scurried about, in and out of superstructure doors—up and down hatchways and ladders. Stanchions, gratings, all wooden deck-fittings went below the water-line; all boats, with the plugs out, went overboard, fastened together, with their oars for a sea anchor; everything movable, or productive of splinters, was placed out of the way of shot and shell, except the signal-yard and hal-



THE HONDO ROLLED, SMOKED, AND SETTLED.

yards; and to this yard arose numerous combinations of small flags, each holding a message to the Japanese, while high overhead flew the white naval ensign of Britain—another chip to replace the one knocked off. Then order came out of chaos, and all was quiet but the voice of an officer aloft, calling out ranges.

Rounding slowly to a port wheel the Argyll headed to cross the bows of the Russians and take a position at the rear of the Japanese column, this being the matter decided with the small flags. But long before she reached her place, the eight and thirteen-inch rifles in her turrets were speaking, and several tons of steel had reached the vicinity of the Russians.

Mr. Clarkson had gone to his station in the forward turret, and the other officers to various gun-positions scattered about the ship, where, subject to telephone communi-

cation from the conning-tower, they oversaw the work of hurling steel through the air. But Mr. Ryerson's specialty was the launching of mechanical fish, useless at more than two thousand yards' range; so, after an inspection of his torpedoes and his men, he returned to the bridge as an aide to the captain and navigating officer.

No one cares to enter a conning-tower in action until driven in by gun-fire, and the captain and his officers remained without, where, though there was greater danger, there was more air and a clearer view. Leaving out the tale-bearing torpedo-boat, now far to the rear of the Russians, the two fleets were evenly matched in numbers, each consisting of two battleships and two cruisers; but the advantage in weight of armor and armament lay with the Russians; for the two heavier ships of the latter were equal to the Argyll, while the Shikoku, the Japanese bat-

tleship, was much smaller—hardly better, in fact, than an armored cruiser of a Western Power. Her position in the van was her undoing. While the fleets were approaching she received the full fire of the Ladoga and the Onega, the two leading Russian ships, and armor-piercing shells, designed for heavier work, entered her citadel, exploded within, disabled her engines and set her afire. She reeled drunkenly out of line and came to a stop. Smoke poured from hatches, ventilators and gun-ports, but her heavy guns were speaking and sending their messengers while her crew could breathe in the turrets. The following ships came up and passed her, and as the Argyll brought her abreast it could be seen that she was sinking. But there is no stopping to save life in a sea-fight. The Argyll passed on.

Whatever the animus of that first eight-inch shell there was no mistaking that of the horizontal hail that pounded the Argyll now. The Hondo and Yesso ahead of her received attention only from the Konigsberg and Dunaburg, the two cruisers of the Russians, while the battleships, high-sided, heavily armored craft, sent their twelve- and seven-inch shot and shell directly at the Argyll. Soon the formation was broken, and the battle became a *mêlée*—the cruisers engaging in a four-cornered fight by themselves, the Argyll engaging the two battleships, steaming up between them in order to use all guns.

And from the heavier of these guns came *thirteen- and eight-inch* shot and shell.

Loosely speaking, a battleship's gun-positions are protected by armor equal in thickness to the calibre of the guns within, and it is accepted that pointed projectiles from these guns will, at short range, pierce such armor on an enemy's ship, but will shatter to pieces on the outer surface of armor that is slightly thicker. Thus the Argyll, though fighting two ships, each as heavy as herself in total weight, had the advantage of one inch in armor and calibres, and had victory depended upon large gun-fire, this inch would have won it; but an important factor in naval warfare is the efficacy of the secondary battery of quick-fire guns, potent against gunners, gun-sights and torpedo-boats; and about the time that the captain and his aides were driven into the conning-tower, this battery, scattered about the Argyll's deck, superstructure and fighting-tops, began to disintegrate under the well-directed seven-inch shell-fire of the Ladoga and Onega.

Men died under that hail of steel and flame; shrieks and groans followed the rattle and roar of each exploding shell; smoke and gas came into the conning-tower, blinding and choking the inmates, and Mr. Ryerson, his ears ringing, his eyes streaming, striving to keep a lookout through a peep-hole to port while he attended to three telephones and a speaking-tube, had little time to think of unsolved mechanical problems, or even the fate of poor old Finnegan. Yet for one brief moment the troubles of the night flashed into his mind because of what he saw far away through his peep-hole—a high-crested wave moving over the sea, and behind it three stumpy funnels and a glimpse of low hull.

"The torpedo-boat, captain," he called. "See her—over to port. She's making for the cruisers."

"I see," answered the captain, withdrawing his pale face from the slit before him. "Bring every eight- and six-inch gun to bear upon her. We haven't a secondary gun left; but she *must* be stopped."

They could not stop her. A torpedo-boat at thirty knots is an elusive target, and though the sea about her was churned into foam by the fusillade from the Argyll, the Yesso, and the Hondo, she seemed uninjured, and went on.

"Nothing but small calibres can reach her," exclaimed the captain, as he looked. "We have nothing, but perhaps the Japanese cruisers can do it. Protect them. Turn every gun possible on those Russian cruisers. Sink them quickly."

And by speaking-tube and telephone this order went to the turrets; but not before Mr. Clarkson in the forward turret had discharged the two thirteen-inch rifles in his care at the target aimed at—the Ladoga, the nearest and largest battleship. One after the other, two pointed cylinders, each over half a ton in weight, sailed through the air and struck nearly in the same place, at the water-line at the stern. There were two explosions, and when the yellow smoke had cleared, they could see that the whole after-part of the monster ship had disappeared, and that she was settling by the stern.

"Steering-gear gone, surely," remarked the captain. "Let her alone for a while. Attend to those cruisers."

They were attended to; and in five minutes, the Konigsberg down by the head, the Dunaberg leaning heavily to port, they were

making for the beach, their guns silenced, and their crews swarming on deck. No cruiser may withstand the fire of a battleship.

In the integrity of that oncoming torpedo-boat now lay the palm of victory, and the Russian battleships profited by the lesson, turning their guns to the Japanese cruisers; but by this time they had demolished the last of the Argyll's small rifles, leaving nothing but the heavy eight- and thirteen-inch guns in the turrets—terrible weapons when they could touch a target, but useless for quick work. So, having Ladoga at his mercy when he should have time to choose position, the Argyll's captain directed his fire at the Onega, hoping to disable her and trusting to the secondary guns of the cruisers to stop that menacing torpedo-boat.

She could not be stopped; the demoralizing fire of the Russians silenced the guns of the Hondo and Yesso, and the two cruisers, enveloped in steam and smoke headed shoreward, struggling lamely to reach the beach, and still pounded by the pitiless fire of the battleships. But things were happening to these battleships; little by little, as the Argyll's shells plunged into them and exploded, their softer parts changed shape and identity. Superstructures were reduced to scrap-heaps, and the seven-inch fire lessened as gun after gun was demolished. Funnels, boat-cranes, and ventilators became tangled masses of steel. Masts bent, tottered, and fell, one of them—on the smaller ship, the Onega—jamming the protruding guns of the forward turret, and putting them out of action. Then an uprising of shattered metal amidships, and a cloud of steam and yellow smoke told of exploded ammunition and punctured boilers; and but for an occasional belching from the still intact after-turret, this ship's work was done. She heeled to starboard, settled by the stern, and showed signs of sinking.

There was still the Ladoga, however, a floating pile of iron unable to steer, but with two intact turrets containing four twelve-inch rifles, and there was an onrushing torpedo-boat, now but half a mile away. Yet, aside from the presence in the fight of this torpedo-boat, the battle was with the Argyll, even though there was nothing left of her but her citadel, conning-tower, turrets, machinery, and the submarine part of her cellular hull that floated the whole; for it was but a matter of time when she could hammer the three re-

maining Russian turrets out of commission. But on came the torpedo-boat; and, there being nothing but an occasional twelve-inch shell coming their way now, the captain and officers stepped out of the conning-tower to watch her.

There was a mournful procession making for the beach—four smoking, reeling ships creeping along, the two in the van spitting at the two in the rear, these two spitting at the low, three-funnelled craft rushing along between its two high waves. And over to the southward was a still more mournful sight—the sinking Japanese battleship—her deck crowded with men, and her boats far away from her.

Neglecting the battleships, the captain gave steam to the Argyll, and she rushed ahead, her eight-inch guns barking at the one dangerous enemy; but nothing touched the small terror—more feared by naval men than the largest fighter—and she raced on, rapidly closing the distance between herself and the rearmost Japanese cruiser, the Yesso. In a storm of rattling small fire she crept up, passed out of sight behind the cruiser, and emerged ahead, her crew wheeling a torpedo from amidships to the smoking tube in the bow. Then a convulsion was seen in the cruiser; she rolled to starboard, rolled back, and out of all midship apertures came yellow smoke. She did not roll to starboard again; she settled as she lay—torpedoed.

On went the destroyer, her crew launching home the second torpedo. The officers on the Argyll's shattered bridge watched her through binoculars, the pallor of intense emotion showing through their grime-stained faces, and only the mechanical soul of Mr. Ryerson rising above the horror of the situation to inspire the remark between tightly drawn lips: "Bunglers—they handle it like a piece of beef. Not torpedo men."

The murderous craft disappeared behind the other Japanese cruiser, and again was the death-blow delivered. The Hondo rolled, smoked, and settled, like her sister, and out from behind her again emerged the torpedo-boat, turning slowly in a wide circle, her crew again wheeling a torpedo forward.

"Our turn next," said the captain, grimly, as he moved the steering-lever to port, and gave full speed to the engines. "We'll meet her end on."

But the wide curve of the torpedo-boat became a straight line, and she rushed south toward the sinking Shiroku.

The two Russian battleships were still sending heavy shells into the soft parts of the Argyll—in view of this the deck seemed the safest place on board—and, while her own thirteen-inch guns were answering the Russian fire, her eight-inch fire was directed solely at the elusive torpedo-boat. Yet nothing hit her from this point. It was only when she drew near to the burning, sinking Japanese battleship that a storm of small projectiles from a still intact secondary battery met her and drove her back; in the froth of water raised by this hail of steel she turned swiftly on her keel, and, steering for a point ahead of the onrushing Argyll, raced along to meet her. She presented a moving target on this course, not only to the dwindling small fire of the Shikoku, but to the eight-inch fire of the Argyll, and she came on uninjured, only to again court real danger when she should turn for the final, end-on rush in the Argyll's track; and even then she could expect only one blast from the forward guns before she would be within their limit of depression. But when she had turned suddenly in the Argyll's path, and the two craft were approaching at the rate of their added speeds, it was fated that one eight-inch shell, sent from a hurriedly swung turret, should hit her squarely in the bow and explode. When the yellow smoke had cleared, it was seen that there was little left there of that bow, or of the torpedo-tube above it, or of the men near it; but, though perceptibly down by the head, she was still coming at a good rate of speed, and her balance of men were rushing aft to man the tube in the stern. Soon she was within the range of torpedo action, and a little later within the circle of gun depression; but still she came on, slower and slower as she settled, her remnant of crew, with sure death before them, waiting for close quarters before striking their last blow permitted them by Fate.

"All hands on deck," said the captain. "Every man for himself now. Hammocks, Mr. Clarkson."

A man-of-war-man's hammock, if the mattress be half filled with cork, is an efficient life-preserver. The cry went through the depths, and seven hundred men swarmed up, black and grimy, more or less naked, each bearing his hammock, and breathing deeply of the sweet, fresh air. They crowded to the side, and looked at the coming death, with more of relief in their faces than anx-

iety; they had been an hour in closed compartments.

But there was anxiety in the faces of those on the wrecked bridge; the human dread of death is keener to those who must watch and wait—who cannot move and work. Pale of face, with folded arms and tightly pressed lips, the officers looked at the crippled little craft with its handful of men dancing and shouting around the tube at the stern—doomed themselves, but bound to take with them to the bottom this strong and majestic battleship with her seven hundred souls. Only the executive officer was practical.

"Did they torpedo the Shikoku?" he asked, calmly, of Ryerson.

"I don't know—I didn't notice," answered the young officer, explosively. "Why, yes, they must. There's none on deck. They repaired the damaged one, after all, and put it in aft."

"Here she is, gentlemen," said the captain. "Good-by, everybody. Each man for himself, but—I shall go down with my ship. I thought too much of Finnegan's importance."

The supreme moment had arrived. The Argyll was steaming at eighteen knots, the torpedo-boat at about fifteen—a total rate of approach equal to thirty-three knots an hour. At this railroad speed the little craft, with her nose nearly buried, and the tube trained athwartship, swung up alongside of the giant battleship, so close that the whites of the Russians' eyes were plainly visible. She came amidships, a puff of smoke arose from the breech of the tube, a cough of compressed air came to their ears, and there shot out of the tube—not a deadly Whitehead torpedo, but Old Man Finnegan, with a bottle tightly clenched in one outstretched hand, a frightened, sleepy, *just-awakened* expression on his face, and a yell of protest coming from his throat which the water cut short as he dived. A chorus of laughter and encouraging yells responded, and a hundred shipmates went overboard to his rescue.

"That was it," hysterically gurgled the torpedo lieutenant a little later. "The bottle was the obstruction in the tube, and he hid himself where he'd first hidden the bottle."

"And the Russians," said the practical Mr. Clarkson, gravely, "thought the tube was loaded, closed it, primed it, and fired him at us. But the captain was right, after all. Finnegan is an instrument of Providence."



HOME OF HON. DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS, ST. LOUIS.

David Rowland Francis

A Sketch

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS, President of the St. Louis Exposition, was born October 1, 1850, in Richmond, Madison County, Kentucky, and the name of his mother's family was Rowland. He who would learn a river must study its source; and, to know a Kentuckian, one must know Kentucky. That vivacious commonwealth is broken for local consideration into a trio of regions known as the Blue Grass, the Bear Grass, and the Purchase. In the Blue Grass country dwell the aristocracy and they look down with disdain upon the peasantry of the Bear Grass and the Purchase. Mr. Francis comes of the Blue Grass.

In the old day, say a century ago, Kentucky was conquered from out the savage hand by such as Boone and Harrod and Kenton, who came over the mountains from Virginia, staked out claims, built block-houses, and made the Indian extremely hard

to find. These pioneers lived by hunting and trapping and stealing horses from the natives. In odd hours they tilled the soil, and raised tobacco which they smoked, and corn which they translated into whiskey wherewith to warm their hearts and comfort the dulness of the wilderness. For relaxation, they held infairs and shooting matches; at which latter festivals, besides shooting for the beef, they ran races and wrestled and unbuckled in rough-and-tumble scrimmages of a variety known as the First-eye-out-for-fun. From this life grew a literature of the school of Nick of the Woods and Roaring Ralph Stackpole. Later, when the Southwest was opened up, Kentucky took a commanding place in flat-boat, then keel-boat, and finally steamboat, affairs. It should be added that in all things, business and social and political, Kentucky has kept abreast of the times until the present day.

Among the peoples of this nation the Kentuckian is a creation by himself. The Kentuckian is the Gascon of America. He is a vigorous, honest, noisy, back-slapping individual, as unrelenting in his friendships as in his feuds, and prone to conversational ferocities, not to say valors of the lip, that oft get him into trouble. Your Kentuckian never runs and always fights, generally with the desperation born of pride. The Kentuckian ever accepts a gage of battle; one or two, however, when the dust of combat had settled and the surgeon had ended his toils, have privily confessed that they would just as soon have missed it.

This violence of fist and gun and knife is the natural aftermath of those strenuous days when the Kentucky pioneer pleasantly potted the Indian, or—as now and again occurred—surrendered his own hair to that prowling gentleman of paint and war-axe. Under the softening influences of time, much of this bloody rigor has abated; the war-trail is choked up by the peaceful distillery, which, while it may slay, at least does not scalp its victims.

From this old day, so rich in stark American manhood, the nation's story has taken many a name. It is from Kentucky we get the Clays, the Johnsons, the Knotts, the Crittendens, the Breckenridges, the Stevensons, the Culloms, the Cockrells, the Palmers, and the Vests. It is there, too, we are taught how nature preserves an eternal equilibrium, and that where one finds the rattlesnake one will find the remedy. It is from Kentucky the world had Jefferson Davis; also it was from Kentucky it received Abraham Lincoln.

Possibly, it was this fact of being the birth-State of both Lincoln and Davis that held Kentucky in its position of check and suspension between the contending forces throughout the Civil War. Kentucky was sternly neutral; that is, neutral according to the Sterett definition.

"My father's position during the war," remarked Colonel William Greene Sterett, when giving me the story of his family, "was patterned from the State's, and was one of unbending, impartial neutrality. I know this, for I recall his caution to me when I, as a child, would be making ready to go down to the village. 'Willyum,' he would say, looking at me earnestly to impress me with his words, 'if anybody asts you what you be, you tell 'em that you're Union, but you remember you're Secesh.'"

While Kentucky is the country's Gascony and furnishes the American D'Artagnans, no inference of a belligerent garrulity should occur in the instance of Mr. David Rowland Francis. He is a taciturn exception to the rule, and gives one an impression of quietude without weakness, like a force of nature.

Mr. Francis comes of an ancient American stock, and his ancestors, always combative like the age and place they lived in, fought through the French and Indian, the Revolutionary, the 1812, the Mexican, and what other wars in their hour came knocking at the door. The originals of the family were out of Virginia. The observant philosopher doesn't need to be told that the white race is migratory and, sticking to lines of latitude, pushes forever westward, as though the rolling earth beneath its feet gave it motion and direction. The forbears of Mr. Francis came from Virginia into Kentucky, just as in his day the family left Kentucky for Missouri. When the last march westward was made, Mr. Francis had reached the unripe age of sixteen years, and he landed in St. Louis on the heels of the war in 1866.

Before bidding adieu to the Francis family one should know that it held a first rank in its region—an important matter in Southern and New England States, where folk will think more of you on your great-grandfather's account than on your own—and was fairly prosperous in a village sense. The strain is supposed to be Scotch; albeit the name Francis is a long way from offering a Highland impression. There was a strong streak of Huguenots throughout Virginia and Kentucky, and one comes across such names as Julian and De Armand; it is possible that the name Francis had its root with these. The characteristics of the American Huguenots—like those of Mr. Francis himself—were courage, honesty, intelligence, prudence, industry, and persistent thrift; and they were as pugnacious as so many badgers.

The education of Mr. Francis began in the Richmond Academy and ended in his twentieth year—1870—at the Washington University in the city of St. Louis. Being done with books, he broke into trade by the way of a grocery-store, in which he performed to the firm's satisfaction in the double rôle of salesman and shipping clerk. Mark Hanna and many another Alexander of commerce has made a grocery his first battle-ground.

For over five years Mr. Francis sold and shipped groceries, and then he did two coura-



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HON. DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS.

geous things. He got married and went into business for himself. He married Miss Perry, of St. Louis; and he founded the grain business of D. R. Francis & Bro. Nothing but good came of this double shove from shore. Mr. Francis has flourished in both matrimony and commerce, his six stalwart sons being complete evidence of his success in the one instance, and a fortune of full six millions of dollars going some distance toward proving his prosperity in the other.

For this man Francis has an undoubted genius for business. He possesses a quick, aggressive instinct where a dollar is the prize, and is a hawk to see and a hawk to swoop at every money opportunity. He made money from the beginning, piling up the dollars, thousand upon thousand, until it took three and four and five, and now takes six ciphers after the numeral to measure the yellow mountain of his wealth. The original house of D. R. Francis & Bro. still stands, and has never had a draft protested or an obligation overdue. Besides grain and its exportation, Mr. Francis carries wide-flung interests, and is a director in the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, the St. Louis and Colorado Railway, and The Merchants-Laclede National Bank. In 1884 he was made president of the Merchants' Exchange.

The Kentuckian is a natural politician, and enters upon party matters and party strifes with the ardor of a drunkard at a barn-raising. One might have seen of native-born Kentuckian stock, thirty-nine representatives, seven senators, one cabinet man, and one vice-president, not to mention a supreme judge or two, all pulling and hauling on the ropes of government at the same time, and that within a decade. Mr. Francis owns all that bent for politics, political conquest in a personal sense which should belong with his Blue Grass blood. Being established in business and matrimony, he began to push to the fore, politically, and as early as 1879 the name of Francis was important in the civic story of St. Louis. Being a Kentuckian, he of course must be a Democrat, and it was with the Party of Jefferson and Jackson that he affiliated.

Aside from certain iron qualities of decision and common-sense, Mr. Francis has a gift to handle men. He is a brilliant orator, of stump and platform kind, thinking like a bullet, talking like a spear. He is one of those who think best and talk best standing on their feet; also he towers six feet tall, is

wide as a door, straight as an arrow, and as trim in figure as a running horse.

I say six feet tall as though it were a kind of talent; and so indeed it is. The world in every age has received nine-tenths of its information through the eye—no more than one-tenth through the ear—and it long ago decided that a man six feet tall is honest and wise and strong. The world has had its Cæsars and its Napoleons; but it consented to them reluctantly and only after a struggle.

Being six feet tall, strong mentally and physically, successful in business, a brilliant talker, a clear thinker, and a married man—for, mind you, in politics a wife is of the importance to a man that a pedestal is to a statue—Mr. Francis caught and held the Party as well as the popular fancy, and in 1885 he was elected Mayor of St. Louis. This alone would prove him a natural captain of men; for the city was Republican,—a city of Germans and breweries, the same being as properly Republicans as Irishmen are Democrats or college men are Mugwumps. Mr. Francis got through by twelve hundred majority; the year before the city had gone Republican by fourteen thousand.

Frederick the Great said that if he wanted to punish a province he would have it governed by philosophers. Mr. Francis was not a philosopher; he was no creature of books and alcoves and abstractions. He was week-a-day; he was practical; he was business. He knew the number of cents in a dollar; and he could tell how that dollar was got and what could be got with it.

Commonly, a business man does not make a good public executive. In sorrowful truth, your man of business pure and undefiled, with all those musty yet honorable odors of the counting-house about him, has furnished mankind its greatest disasters—and in offices of Mayor and Governor has cost it millions if not billions of money. That was because the business man who so dismally went to smash when set at the head of State or City things was nothing but a business man. Had he added a knowledge of politics and of public affairs to his knowledge of business, he would have gone down the aisles of time a second Whittington without the cat.

Now this latter was the precise case of Mr. Francis. He understood the grain business to the last mildewed bushel of lodged and storm-soaked wheat; also he could thumb and count a city's pulse, say whether it were sick or well; and if the latter, preserve its health, and if the former, prescribe

a remedy. The record of Mr. Francis shows him to have been a Mayor of the sort termed model, with the honesty of arithmetic and the force of steam. He extended the city schools, stiffened the police force, inaugurated a pavement system where before had prevailed a system of mud, cut down taxes, extended a water-supply, and opened parks. More remarkable still, he forced the Pacific Railway Company, a corporation which has defied the collection powers of the nation for the third of a century, to pay the city of St. Louis a million of dollars. To crown all, he fought a gas company, and did with the gas rate what Solomon would have done with the child—cutting the same in two. What more could be offered to demonstrate the civic valor of a man or a Mayor! Nor did he waste a police force over small-fry malefactors while footpads roamed the streets, as was and is the custom in New York.

So good a Mayor was Mr. Francis that in 1888 the State of Missouri demanded him for Governor, and he went to Jefferson City and the State House. The State was pleased, but Mr. Francis was not. There was little or nothing for him to do. Governor Crittenden had uprooted the James gang—a proceeding which clothed the Missouri face with gloom, for every State is peacock-proud of its great outlaws—and about all that the new Governor could find to fill in time with was the pardoning of convicts and watching the coming and going of the trains. It was deadly dull; Mr. Francis would not think of a second term. He went back to St. Louis and to business, and said that he had had enough of office for a space.

In 1893 Mr. Cleveland approached him on the subject of a ministry or an ambassadorship. Mr. Francis preferred St. Louis to London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Lisbon or Berlin, and put the proffer aside. In 1896, however, when Mr. Hoke Smith feared to follow his chief against Mr. Bryan—having in mind a Georgia sentiment in disfavor of party bolters—and laid down his portfolio, Mr. Francis was called into Mr. Cleveland's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. He served out the unexpired term with credit; that is to say, there were no more swindles of land and pension and Indian sort than common, while as many of those who offended the law were caught and punished as in any similar space had been caught and punished under other secretaries.

Mr. Francis was for gold in the political

wars of that year; and if one may make an inference from the cabinet position he held and the reasons given for the flight of Mr. Smith from that same position, Mr. Francis cast an unstained ballot—as one casts a flower on a grave—for “Palmer and Buckner.” But he cast it quietly, without offensive words; wherefore the Jack Cades of Party have never dwelt upon it and doubtless the golden fact has slipped their minds.

The Democratic convention will go to St. Louis; the nomination, friends of Mr. Francis argue, should do likewise. They tell you that he has been superlative as a Mayor and as a Governor; and they deduce from that—a deduction fair enough—that given a White House he would present the spectacle of a superlative President. His geography, his birthplace, his pro-slavery antecedents, and his vote in 1896, might be urged to his disaster; but they tell only against his availability as a candidate. Not one of them would operate to the public injury were he chosen the nation's chief executive.

If the Democracy in St. Louis assembled next June should, Presidentially, name Mr. Francis—and there be reasons for thinking it will not—who of right should complain? Where is a better man? Where is a better record whether public or private? If Mr. Francis were named, who of all the Party might ask a question? and what is the question he might ask? The country at least would stand in no peril.

On that point of question-putting I might impart a word of counsel. A question is often a trap to catch the questioner. One, and especially a Democrat, should step warily with a question. A man, when he puts a question, should know the answer in advance. When he pulls the trigger of a strange question, as when he pulls the trigger of a strange gun, he must look out for the kick. Many a perfect situation has been destroyed by the wrong question asked in the dark.

Once a good and optimistic dominie was being shown through Sing Sing Prison. In his company went a sullen pessimist, who took darkling, low-browed views of humanity in the lump, and particularly what fractions of the lump had gotten themselves locked up. The pessimist could see no good in them.

“But you are wrong,” argued the dominie. “There's good in the worst among them all. Stay; I'll prove it.” Then turning to the guard: “Sir, please bring us to the very worst character who is prisoner here.” On their

way to the abandoned one, the dominie observed to the pessimist: "I'll guarantee, by a few adroit questions, to so develop the good side of this fallen creature that even you will be driven to confess its existence."

They travelled the corridors, and finally the guard threw open a cell, wherein was a man whose face was so utterly brutal that its best expression was a breach of the peace. The man, who was in for life, had committed an atrocious murder.

The only thing in the cell besides the man was a rat, which—wheel within wheel—was confined in a little cage. This rat was the prisoner's darling; the guard said that he would draw blood from his arm to feed it, albeit this last was an extravagance. The good dominie—who knew his business—instantly seized upon the rat for his cue.

"And so you love the rat?" he said to the prisoner.

"I love it better than my life!" cried the prisoner. "There isn't anything I wouldn't sacrifice for that rat."

"There," said the good dominie, wheeling on the pessimist, who was visibly subdued by the poor prisoner's love for his humble pet; "there you see! Here is a captive wretch whose estate is utterly hopeless. He wears the brand of a felon and is doomed to stone-caged solitude throughout his life. And yet, without friends or light or liberty, with everything to sour and harden and promote the worst that's in him, he finds it in his heart to love! From those white seed, planted by Providence in the beginning, that beautiful love springs up to blossom in a dreary prison, and, for want of a nobler object, waste its tender fragrance on a rat. It touches me to the heart!"—and here the good dominie watered the floor of the cell with his tears.

The pessimist had no more to say; he murmured his contrition and declared that he had received a lesson. He would never again distrust or contradict the existence of that spark of divine goodness, which, at the bottom of every nature, like a diamond at the bottom of a pit, would live quenchless through the ages to save the soul at last.

The good dominie and the reformed pessimist were going away when the dominie turned to ask one more question—the only one he couldn't have answered in advance.

"Why, my poor man, do you so love that rat?"

The prisoner's brutal face became more brutal with the light of a diabolical joy.

"Why do I love him?" he cried. Then with a chuckle of fiendish exultation: "Because he bit the warden."

When Mr. Francis accepted the presidency of the St. Louis Exposition, he meant every word of that acceptance. He has toiled like a galley-slave at his duties, and the victory of the enterprise will be more than one-half due to the industry and wise force which he has thrown into its destinies.

Mr. Francis visited London and called upon the King. The peerage glared over a private interview with their monarch which lasted half an hour. The King promised the royal favor, a gallery or two of paintings, several acres of tapestry and other regal matters to the Fair. Also, he spoke jocularly of St. Louis, and of his visit to that metropolis in the hazy long ago when he himself was blundering in years somewhere between boy and man.

There might have been something more than mere time to be the reason of that haze through which King Edward gazed back upon St. Louis. Tradition tells of that visit of the boyish Prince of Wales. Governor Stewart, then reigning at Jefferson City and an executive with a use for corkscrews, came down to give dignity to those entertainments where-with St. Louis offered welcome to the Prince.

In a bloodless East, his Royal Highness had been met with nothing more reliable than claret and kindred anæmic commodities. Governor Stewart introduced him to whiskey of the kind called Willow Run. It was a potent tippie, prodigiously pleasant to the Prince, who took to it like a Scotchman.

The more the Prince saw of the Governor, and the more the Governor saw of the Prince, and the more they both saw of the Willow Run, the better friends they became. Moreover, under the influence of Governor Stewart, that latent democracy, which abides at the foundation of every man, whether he be prince or peasant, born in the purple or under a hedge, began to struggle to the surface with his Royal Highness. The proof came when the Prince and Governor Stewart were standing on a little dais in a great ball-room—while the beauty and chivalry of St. Louis swept past them. Carried away by the scene and his feelings, Governor Stewart suddenly bestowed upon his Royal Highness a tremendous slap on the back, exclaiming:

"Prince, don't you wish you were Governor of Missouri?"

Then, to the horror of his suite, who were

petrified by the awful exhibition, the Prince—as soon as he recovered from the thump—spake these remarkable words:

"Governor, I do!"

And to his credit be it added that for a minute or so he did.

Every important American who goes to Europe has an instant vogue. Royalty in every capital seizes on him as a method of testifying to that love for America and American institutions which it does not feel. Also royalty is imitative and quick to accept example. When the King of England gave Mr. Francis that interview, every other crowned head made ready to follow his suit. Indeed, the Kaiser, whose past, if rumor have it straight, has not gone uncomfited of cards, decided to play a trump. He would not only follow the example of his relative King Edward, but following, he would overpower it.

King Edward had given Mr. Francis thirty minutes; the Kaiser gave him an hour, and asked more questions than a divorce lawyer on cross-examination. In the end, the Kaiser exuberantly promised the German favor to the Fair; then Mr. Francis took himself over the border into France.

President Loubet outdid even French politeness in his reception of Mr. Francis; and after the French interview that good business man went to Spain and Portugal and other states in Europe. He was received and dined and wine and smiled upon; all European things were promised him, and the Fair; and when all was done he returned to us in splendor, having hobnobbed with royalty to an extent that has not had its equal since General Grant, like another Magellan, travelled round the world. Mr. Francis was received by St. Louis and the Fair with widespread arms, both—on the principle of the moon and sun—feeling dazzled at second hand by those rays of royal notice which glanced from the polished Mr. Francis to smite them glorious.

In person Mr. Francis is tall and straight and lean. You get the scent of power from him—power mental and physical. His nose is long and a bit beaky, eyes good but set too close together, cheek-bones high, mouth firm to the point of hardness, jaw square and sharp at the angles, chin prominent and short and on the cat order, ears generous, forehead high, light hair and mustache—which last helps the mouth to a softness not its own—to match the steel-blue eyes. The head is widest at the base of the brain with a

wideness that speaks of force and selfishness and a strength to live and get three meals a day although everybody else gets two.

Under all conditions of light and shade, and whichever way you turn him, Mr. Francis occurs as a man of action rather than of thought. The last man he would make you think of is Benjamin Franklin, while, with his strong, predatory face, he would be a perfect model for a statue of Sir Francis Drake. Eliminate the mustache, give him a horsehair wig, stain him the color of a saddle, and he would make an admirable Tecumseh. You get a militant effect with Mr. Francis; he makes you remember combat. In business, private as well as public, he has been found immovable, just and right. He took positions only because he believed in them; and he would not surrender. Given a proper setting, one could picture Mr. Francis as a great soldier; or, with less intelligence and a ruder bringing up, a great desperado. Senator Coke once voiced this thought in regard to Senator Hill:

"That man Hill ith a natural dethperado," said Senator Coke, with his funny lisp. It was on an occasion when Senator Hill had wandered into debate and recklessly stirred up Senators Vest, Morgan, Vitas, Blackburn, Teller and Hoar and all the rest of the Senate tigers at once; "that man Hill ith a natural dethperado. If he'd been brought up in Texath, he'd 'a' killed a dozen men by now."

And somehow that thought of Senator Coke describes the atmosphere of Mr. Francis. Given a cause or a purpose, or something to conquer or defend, it would take more than mere words to stop him—more than a theory to trip him up.

One has no right in the case of any man to go behind the returns with a surmise. One has no right to say that when Mr. Francis declares for art, literature and music and claims a love for them, that the declaration and the claim are affectations. And yet it is as though a twelve-inch gun took one into its confidence, and told one that it too loved art, literature and music. Still, as stated, one must not fight a record with a guess. Mr. Francis stands of his own choice for all that is elevated, refined and double-distilled in the higher social, literary, musical and artistic life of his town. By the word of those about him—and they are capable of judgment—he is the Admirable Crichton of the Middle West; and they speak of him now for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

The Wings of the Morning

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

PHŒBE usually faced the morning in a spirit of joyousness. A word could quench the mood, reducing her—not to sulkiness, but to the business-like gravity of the ante-coffee majority. Sturgis, who began the day somewhat sourly, often had the word on his lips, finding cause for irritation in the little rushes of song that sounded above early splashing, the flying swoops to closet and dressing-room, the tendency to hop down the stairs to the breakfast-room. But an impersonal appreciation of something exquisite in this first joy, something not to be gained later in the day by any manner of good news, usually kept the word back. He had a heavy foreboding that if Phœbe should die, it would be the memory of these brimming moods that would rack him most cruelly, force home to him most poignantly the pity of it. If he could not soar with her, he could at least leave her daily flight unspoiled. This idea sometimes harried him into laying down the morning paper and forcing his reluctant lips to some friendly question of the "What are you going to do to-day?" order. Phœbe met it happily.

"I don't see how you do it!" he exclaimed one morning, when the June sunlight seemed to have set her mad.

"Oh, I know!" She dropped into her place at the head of the table. "I know just how you feel. Everybody loathes me for it. It is the unforgivable fault, not to be decently glum before breakfast. I'm a pariah among my kind."

"Well, you're a good girl otherwise," he consoled her somewhat absently, unfolding his newspaper.

"And no one ever thinks of my side of it," she went on, growing plaintive. "Never anyone to be gay with me, to see that first heavenly flush over the world, to feel everything inside swelling and bubbling—my dear, I am very fond of you, but if I found a living man who felt the wings of the morning the way I do, I should leave you for him like *that*. But I sha'n't—I am the only one on earth."

"Thank the Lord," murmured Sturgis, ambiguously, shaking out his paper with some ostentation.

"Oh, I know I am interrupting," she admitted. "But you brought it on yourself. You noticed me, and it went to my head." There was irony in her lifted eyebrows and unwilling amusement in Sturgis's face.

"Poor girl," he said. "I'll buy you a pup—that's what you need."

"I'd rather have a faun," she sighed. "Coffee brings me down to the human level, but before that I am an untamed spirit, if you only knew it."

"I'm entertaining a nymph unawares, I suppose," he mumbled.

"Oh, no—not entertaining her, dear!" And Mrs. Sturgis, now all mortal again, subsided into her letters. Presently one of them drew from her an exclamation.

"Ralph is back," she explained. "How glad they must be. Well, if he is as nice at twenty-five as he was at eighteen——"

"Let's have him down," said her husband.

Sturgis should have been enjoying his breakfast, for there was no one to interrupt his reading or make demands on his sympathy. Nevertheless the day's news was receiving a very perfunctory attention and every sound set him listening tensely. He had no cause for complaint: he had been granted simply what he had always sighed for—and at last poor Phœbe had found her heart's desire, a comrade who greeted the morning with a shout. It was all as it should be. Yet he listened miserably.

Phœbe and Ralph had discovered each other the first morning, meeting at the head of the stairs with ecstatic song. Straightway they had formed an alliance on the strength of their similar experiences with an unsympathetic world, and had revelled frankly in each other, leaving Sturgis to drink his coffee in peace. Which was, of course, exactly what he most desired. He was glad Phœbe had someone to amuse her.

This morning she had slipped out early, very careful not to awaken him, and gone for a country walk with Ralph—though it looked more like a country run to anyone who happened to lift a shade and glance after them. Even from a second-story window one could see how splendidly alive they were, how their feet gave back the warm pressure of the earth. Ralph caught at a level branch and “chinned” himself briskly, hanging slim and youthful in his light flannel clothes. Phœbe did it even more briskly. They went on laughing.

Now their breakfast was growing cold and Ralph, who went up to town every day, was obviously destined to miss his train. Therefore Sturgis frowned at his watch and began again an article he had already read through twice.

They came in adorned with buttercups, bits of wet grass clinging to their shoes, flushed and clear-eyed.

“It was so beautiful!” Phœbe exclaimed, patting her husband’s shoulder as she passed him. “We have had what the Irish must mean by ‘the top of the morning.’ I wish you could feel it, too. But I suppose you have had your ideal breakfast, without us.”

“I have had a decent, quiet meal—just what breakfast should be,” Sturgis declared, bravely. It occurred to him later as he took the train that he had always been drearily old and heavy. Looking at it impartially, he could not see what there was in him to attract any living being—least of all a creature of fire and dew like Phœbe. He could not even appreciate: he remembered a plaintive comment of hers—“Someway, the thing that outsiders consider your chief charm always seems to enrage your family.” Yes, he had snubbed persistently this vividness that was the very essence of her. No wonder she warmed to sympathy. He was a soulless lump, and life was bitter to the taste.

Phœbe and Ralph were pulling off the dead blossoms of the pansy-bed the next morning when he awoke. They began on the yellows with their usual gaiety, the early sun steeping their backs as they knelt, Phœbe’s bronze hair turned into a golden halo; but as they worked through the blues, seriousness came over them, their voices fell to a steady murmur; and by the time they had reached the deep purple they were sitting idly on the ground with their little heaps of wilted blossoms beside them, Ralph talking eagerly and Phœbe listening.

Sturgis flung up his window, but they did not notice, and he could not call down to them. Breakfast-time passed, but they did not come in. Sturgis had unbroken quiet for the enjoyment of his paper. The natural way to the train lay past the pansy-bed, but he slipped out by the other side without saying “good-by” to Phœbe.

“She is having a good time; what’s the use of breaking in on it?” he explained to himself. “I hate to talk in the morning, anyway.” And he turned doggedly to the station. There was a place on the road where, looking back, he could have seen the pansy-bed, but he kept his eyes on the path.

As ashamed of his misery as a hurt animal, Sturgis worked late the next few nights, getting home when Phœbe was too far gone in sleep to find him out. Friday night the heat of the city forced him away, and he plodded wearily up the path in the June dusk, to find Ralph and Phœbe sitting on the front steps. Ralph’s eager voice stopped abruptly when he appeared. Phœbe pulled him down beside them.

“Poor, tired old man!” she said, kindly.

“Yes, I’m poor and tired and old—and, I suppose, a man,” said Sturgis, dropping his face into his hands.

“You have been working too hard,” she accused him. “I wish you would come with us to-morrow; but there is no use asking you. You would scorn it.”

“Some daybreak party, I suppose.”

“Yes. We are going to walk ’way to Pine Top and carry our breakfast with us. Ralph isn’t going up until a late train. It would do you so much good!” Sturgis rose with a shrug of protest.

“Give me the good home breakfast-table and the morning paper,” he declared, and went heavily in-doors.

In the morning a sparkling coolness had come. The sunlight was changed from a hot stream to a fresh ripple, clean and clear and dancing. Sturgis, who had heard the clock strike every hour of the night, knew when the change came, and when Phœbe, after various sleepy stirrings, made the discovery and started up with a little bound of delight. He heard the laughter on the porch below, the slam of the gate, a distant trail of song—“Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field!”—and then they were gone. And Sturgis realized that if he had known they were walking together out of his life, he would have lain just as passive and let them

go without a sign. He could not fight to keep what he most cared for.

He knew when they left the road for the path across the meadows, and when they came to the stepping-stones; he saw them pass beyond the low ridge to the south and plunge into the woods of solitary Pine Top; he was with them when they came out into the open of its bare summit and drew deep breaths for the shining beauty of the world below; and every step of the way he had seen Ralph's eager face turned to Phœbe as they sped together on the wings of the morning. She was his, his by natural right, and he, Sturgis, was only a dull obstacle that had clumsily intervened.

When he sat down to a pretence of breakfast he knew that they were building their fire on Pine Top. An hour later his train whistled, but he did not even start in his chair, for they were climbing down through the woods now, and into his tired brain was coming some unexplained necessity for going to meet them. He had no definite idea of what he would say: only, he could not stand this impending desolation another hour. He must go to meet it.

At the gate a boy gave him a telegram for Ralph. When he saw them at the top of the ridge above him he was suddenly glad of the message in his hand: it made the meeting simpler.

Ralph broke open the envelope, read, then read again, his lips parted, a flush mounting to his forehead; then he lifted radiant eyes to Phœbe.

"She—she telegraphed!" he stammered. Phœbe's face lit up in answer.

"Then it's all right? And we can tell?" she cried. He nodded, thrusting the paper into his pocket.

"Yes—you tell him," he said, and turning from them, plunged abruptly down the steep path. Phœbe's eyes followed him with a little laugh, followed by a sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed. "Oh, my dear, I have nursed love-affairs before, but never quite such an exhausting one. She is a girl out West, you see, and things were not quite settled when he left, but their letters have been growing more and more so, and then he wrote——"

"And she telegraphed 'yes,'" put in Sturgis, staring down through a lattice of dancing leaves to the golden meadows spread beneath. All the splendor of the morning seemed to be pouring through him: his eyes brimmed over with sudden joyousness. With a hand under her arm he raced her recklessly down the path till she pulled back, panting and laughing.

"Don't!" she protested. "Don't you acquire early morning high spirits—I couldn't stand it!" She leaned against the trunk of a maple to get her breath. "Ralph has cost me five pounds already: another week and I should take to my bed," she went on. "No—I will do the morning joy for the family, dear man. Two nymphs in one household are exhausting—I have learned that." She smiled up at him, and something in his face made her draw him to her. "It is so good to have you home," she said, impulsively.

He stooped to disentangle a brier from her gown, that she might not see and understand his misty eyes.

The Solitary

MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

STEP after step he climbed with eager feet
The heights of learning, till he knew all lore
And thought to hold within himself complete
The lessons won from wisdom's gathered store.

A giant form against the sky he seemed
Content among those lonely peaks of stone.
Till through the valley, where we lived and dreamed,
Loud rang the echoed cry—Alone! Alone!



"OUR WALTZ, NELLY."

The Youth of Nelly McChesney

By MARGARET L. KNAPP

Illustrated by Henry S. Watson

I CAME home from my store on the stroke of six, to take Katie to the Hibernians' Ball. In my hand I'd a bunch of violets that I'd stepped in to buy. It was a fine night, clear yellow in the west, with stars coming out overhead, and a feel in the cold air like the nights when I was young.

I found my best coat on the bed beside Katie's purple silk, and my scarf-pin and tie on the bureau. Katie, with her hair done up already, was rustling around in her starched petticoats, boiling the tea.

"You're in good season, Michael," says she, well pleased with me. "I want to be there when the Grand March begins."

"We'll march ourselves if you want."

"Leave that to the younger ones. Who are the floor managers?"

"Tim McChesney is one. Have you seen his girl yet?"

"And who is it now?" asked Katie, turning around with the teapot.

"Miss Fitzpatrick, from Davenport," says I, enjoying the situation. "What's more, I hear Tim means it this time, and is going to settle down."

"I'll believe it when I see it," says Katie.

Tim McChesney was an electrician at the City Light and Power Works, and a better workman they never had, quick with his head or his hands. Handy with his eyes, too, as all the girls could tell you. Big and blue

they were, with a beseeching look, full of fun one minute, and tender enough the next to drive womankind distracted. He ought to have been born a girl.

The hall was trimmed with flags and long green festoons, the band was playing its best. Edmund Casey, the cornet, had had the one glass that set loose all the music in him. Katie's feet tapped in time to it.

"Mike, it's fine! You'll have to take me on for a quadrille."

"I thought you would be saying so. There comes Tim now."

Tim had a hopping way of getting across the floor that all the other fellows envied him for. You never saw him slip. With his white satin tie, and the crest of his hair a little wavier than common, he was the best-looking boy in the hall. Soon he came over to us with his partner on his arm.

"I want to make you acquainted with my young lady," he began. "Miss Fitzpatrick, let me introduce Mr. Burke—and Mrs. Burke."

I had a start when Nelly Fitzpatrick looked into my face. Handsomer girls I've seen; it was the way she held her head, so high and yet modest, and the steady look she gave me under her straight brows, with her eyes just streaming with joy. She was dressed in white, with lace about her pretty neck, and some pink roses on, that Tim had brought her.

"We're neighbors to Tim," added Katie. "There's a nice seat here we'd be glad to keep for you, Miss Fitzpatrick."

"I'll bring her back to you," says Tim, very grand, as if she was glass to be handled with care. "Our waltz, Nelly."

Katie looked after them with a sigh. "She's a sweet girl, Mike! Did you ever see anyone so young as she is to-night? The rest are having a good time, but she's living! She don't feel the floor under her feet—it's happiness she walks on! Was I as pretty as that, Mike, a long time ago?"

"You are now," says I.

They were married a little while afterward. Tim took a tenement near us. Four rooms it had, and Nelly helped to furnish them with her own money. She'd been five years in a fancy store where they thought the world of her good sense and pleasing manners. When she left to get married the other clerks gave her a pair of vases for her parlor. "The world's such a kind place!" says Nelly, crying over them.

They'd walk up to sit on our steps with us that first summer. Once or twice we went down there to tea. Nelly had learned to cook at her Working Girls' Club, and she'd have a tasty supper, but I couldn't get rid of the idea that they were playing at house-keeping, like a table set for the dolls. Once Nelly came to my store to buy strawberries for tea. Tim caught up with her on the way home, and when they got to the back porch, where the morning-glories were twined about, what did they do but sit down on the steps and eat the berries out of the basket till they were half gone, each feeding the other. You'd never have guessed their carryings on, though, to see them going to mass together Sunday mornings.

"She's sobered him down; he's twice the man he was," I told Katie.

"I hope it'll last," says Katie.

Tim ran up one night, half crazy. He had left Nelly alone to go and telephone for the doctor. Katie began to dress when she heard his voice.

That was when Terence was born, and a mighty fine baby he was, although he came before they were ready for him. "Tell Tim not to be frightened, I'm all right!" cried Nelly, over and over, but her eyes followed Katie about. She had no mother to come to her, the little woman!

The first time I saw the child, Nelly was sitting up in the rocking-chair with the bit of a bundle on her lap, and Tim hovered around, glad if you'd throw in a word to him.

"Isn't his head a little too large, I don't know?" I whispered Katie, for I wanted Nelly's baby to be all right.

"They'll never make you judge at a baby show, Mike! His head is just the size for the rest of him to grow to—isn't it, my pitty-iddy-ootsey-tootsey?"

"We'd better go home before you make an idiot of me with all that talk," says I, pretending I didn't like it. "However do you stand it, Tim?"

Tim ran his fingers through his hair till it stood out seven ways at once. "Oh, I'm getting used to it now," says he.

Nelly laughed out sudden. "Indeed and indeed you are!"

Did you ever hear anyone laugh like that, so innocent and young? If she'd been tried for her life, and the jury'd heard her, they'd have acquitted her on the spot.

There was a new summer theatre opened in town that spring. When the day of the

first performance came, the manager sent over to the City Light Works in a hurry to say that the electric lights were working badly, and they must have a smart man to help them. The firm sent up Tim. While he went about the house trying the lights the company were holding a rehearsal, and the sun came in and showed the empty seats. It looked lone and strange to Tim, for he'd never seen the inside of a theatre by daylight.

It didn't take him long to find out what was wrong with the lights and set it right. Then the manager gave him a pass for the evening, to be on hand in case there was any further hitch, and Tim started out by the stage door. Half a dozen girls stood in the passage-way with their hats on, talking.

"Ah, look out, for God's sake!" cried Tim, suddenly, for he saw the tall step-ladder against the wall topple over. He had just time to snatch the one that was nearest to it out of harm's way before it came down with a crash. The rest of them jumped this way and that, screaming, but the girl Tim held never made a sound. She was a pale thing with black eyes, and so light, he had taken her off her feet in one arm and thought nothing of it.

"Did you get hurt? Did it hit you?" he asked, for he felt her heart shake under his hand.

"No," she says, looking up at him and catching her breath, "I'm not hurt—thank you. You're very strong!"

When Tim had been there awhile that evening he stepped into the wings, where he thought he'd be out of everybody's way. There was a woman there, but she didn't speak, she only moved to make room for him. She was huddled up in an old cloak as if she

might be one of the dressers, and she seemed to be watching the ballet. It was gay to see, with light, tripping music, and Tim was pleased with it. By and by the woman turned her head, and he saw it was the one he had saved that morning.

"Oh, it's Mr. McChesney," she says, as if she had asked his name. "Are you Irish?"

"I am."

"Proud of it, too, I suppose?"

"I am; and I'm an American as well, and I'm proud of that, too."

"I'm part Irish, part Spanish," says she; "it's a queer mixture."

Just then the music began a new measure.



H. S. WATSON.

WHEN THEY GOT TO THE BACK PORCH.

"That calls me," said the girl, and twitching off her cloak she threw it at him and was on the stage. All dazzling to his eyes she was for one second; the next, the others had closed in behind her as she ran down to the footlights. He held his programme to the light. There it was: "Première danseuse, Miss Kate Ramirez."

He waited for her with the cloak, but she went off by another door. The passage swarmed with girls. They all looked alike to him. "Miss Ramirez?" says one. "She won't see you. She don't see anyone after her dance. Give me the cloak; I'll give it to her."

You needn't ask if he went again. He sat where he could see her come on. She shot through to the front like a streak of flame. She was all in red to the heels of her slippers. It made her hair blacker and her face more pale. Those who had seen her the night before began to clap, but her eyes never changed, her mouth seemed to scorn to smile.

To tell how she danced is beyond me. It was like a fire, with a fairy's cold face in the middle of it. When she stopped you would have thought it was thundering in the house. Then she smiled and looked pleased. Tim caught her eye-beam and thought it was for him. Many another thought the same.

After that, Tim went again and again, till the girls of the ballet knew his face as well as their own. "I wish I had his long eyelashes," they'd say, laughing. "He has a wife and a baby, Miss Ramirez."

"And what have I to do with that?" asked Kate Ramirez.

I never could make out the woman. Many's the time I've asked myself was she playing with Tim, or what was it she wanted? They said she lived quiet. Tim got into the way of standing behind the scenes with her before she went on. Once he touched her hands. "Your hands are cold as ice," he says.

"No matter," she says. "Nothing matters at all."

"It matters to me," says Tim, taking them and warming them between his. She looked at him without saying a word. When she came off the stage she leaned against the side wall, panting.

"It's over for to-night. I'm burning hot now."

"You ought to have your cloak on," says Tim, wrapping it around her. His arm was as strong as steel. Maybe it felt good to her, I don't know.

"There, that'll do," she says after a minute, turning her shoulder away from him.

"Will it?" says Tim, giving her a glance. Ah, better for him had he been around in front, thinking of the dancer instead of the woman.

"Does he care for her, tell me that?" Katie asked me, when she heard of it.

I thought awhile. "He's mad about her." I said at last. "He can't get her out of his head. I don't know about the love. He's hypnotized—that's what it is."

"He's playing with his wife's soul!" says Katie, solemnly. "She's married sorrow with him, Mike! Ah, you men, you men!"

Well, I said a word to him, but where was the good of it? I dropped in on him at the works, where two big dynamos were whirring day and night, and stuck to him all the way home. He heard me out sullen. I'd rather seen him angry.

"You don't know anything about it, Burke," he said. His eyes were bloodshot.

"'Tis true," I told him; "the daylight never shone for me but in one woman's eyes, but if it was otherwise, I would be a man and struggle with it until I had the life out of it!"

"You might if you were the only one concerned," says Tim, under his breath. I thought of Nelly; but 'twas the other one he meant.

One evening I went to Tim's house. The light showed under the crack of the door as I knocked. "Who is it?" said Nelly's voice. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Burke. Come in."

The room was sweet as a flower. Nelly sat in the rocking-chair. Terence had a cold, and she was warming his bare feet at the stove. She looked no more than a child herself as she sat there all alone. Where was Tim? Well I knew.

Terence opened one eye all big with sleepiness and shut it again, crooning away. I put my hand on his head. I felt a wet spot in his hair, and I knew it was tears that made it. I shifted in my chair, and wished it had been Katie instead of me. To see her grieving and deserted like that melted the heart within me.

"I'm not so neighborly as I could wish," says I, at last; "but you know you have two good friends in Katie and me, Nelly, and it's only too glad we'd be to do anything for you."

Nelly looked at me steady; her cheeks were pink. "You're very kind," says she, smiling up at me bright, "and if Terence

should be sick there'd be no one I'd sooner call on than you and Mrs. Burke, but he's getting on so well now that I don't need to trouble anybody, and I thank you just the same."

I hadn't a corner to get in another word. "Good-evening, Nelly."

"And how long is this going to last, Tim?" she asked.

"Is what going to last?" says Tim.

"Do you want me to pretend not to know where you go?"

Tim looked out of the window, drumming on the pane.



H. S. WATSON.

THE BIT OF A BUNDLE ON HER LAP, AND TIM HOVERING AROUND.

"Good-evening. Give my love to Mrs. Burke," she says.

So it went till, one evening after supper, Nelly took her courage between her two hands. Tim was looking around for his hat while her back was turned. She wheeled about and faced him.

"I've thought about it long, and it's for both our sakes I'm speaking. You're not yourself. It's doing you harm—you're spoiling your life, Tim."

"That's true enough," muttered Tim to himself. "I haven't a friend to my name."

It was a queer thing about Tim; whether

he was doing right or wrong, he wanted comfort in it.

"You're wrong there; I'm your friend," says Nelly.

He looked around at that. She stood by the table with her head held high, looking at him straight.

"I'll stand by you the best I know how; I can't say more." Then her cheeks flushed, and she went up to him with her hands out. "Tim, *tell* me about her!" she says. "Tell me what's going on in your heart! Who'll you talk to, if it's not to your wife?"

Tim colored up to the roots of his hair. "You're too good for the likes of me, Nelly," he says. He was going to kiss her, but she stopped that easy, with a smile.

"No," she says, "'tis not needed between friends."

That sobered him, and he went off without a word. Nelly cleared off the table, working very fast, and splashed the soap in her dish-pan. All at once she threw her arm up across her eyes.

"Oh! Oh! I've read of such things in books, but I never thought they'd happen to me!" she sobbed.

"You'll be calling in at the theatre to see Miss Ramirez, Tim?" she asked, the next evening.

"Maybe; I don't know," answered Tim. He thought she'd ask him to stay home.

"I'll leave the door so you can get in," says Nelly.

It made him feel bad. If she'd coaxed him or cried, he'd have understood it better, and got rid of it sooner. Nelly was a sweet wife to him, but it had been getting to be an old story. Now, he couldn't see daylight in it. Was she changed to him? Little Nelly, who had cried in his arms before Terence was born, and said she feared she wasn't good enough to be the mother of a child?

"A city asleep at two in the morning is not more silent than you," says Kate Ramirez that evening.

"Am I expected to be talking all the time as a general thing?" asked Tim. He acted sullen.

"Talking or thinking, you're not very gay."

"I wish I was dead!" he broke out. "It would be better for me if I was dead and buried."

"And what call have *you* to wish you were dead and buried?" asked Kate Ramirez. "Do you hear bells in your head when you

lie awake nights? Do you feel everything sinking down, down under you? Do you see lights glaring, and crowds of faces everywhere, that don't care anything for you, only to make you keep on? Oh, it's hell!"

"What makes you keep on, then?" asked Tim.

"What makes me? Oh, I do it for amusement!" she laughed. "You're brighter than usual to-night. You'd better be at home with your wife and the baby——"

Tim thrust his arm behind her and took hold of her other shoulder with a grip. "We'll not speak of her if you please!" he said.

He looked to see her break away from him and be angry, but she only leaned back against his arm, and shut her eyes.

"Caramba!" she says with a sob, "how strong you are—how *strong*!"

It wasn't long after this that Nelly surprised him again by telling him she wanted to go home for a visit. "I haven't been since Terence was born, and our club has a reunion, and I'd like to be there."

"What madness, Katie!" says I.

"I'm not so sure of that," she answered me. "He'll maybe miss her more."

Miss her, was it? You would have thought she'd deserted him. He got on well enough, being a handy fellow, but he was lost entirely. He might have gone to the theatre every night if he wanted, but he'd come up and sit on our steps with his head in his hands. When Katie asked him about Nelly he'd take her letters out of his pocket, and read bits from them. She wrote every two or three days, and it was like hearing her speak, the nice words and all. "It's an elegant letter," Katie'd say.

"I couldn't write a letter like that to save me," says Tim.

But I knew he answered them, for one Sunday when I went down to smoke a pipe with him, he was in his shirt-sleeves at the table, with his feet curled about the legs of his chair, and his tongue sticking out of his mouth. You could hear the squeak of his pen outside the door. "How do you spell 'which,' Burke?" he asked. I told him.

"I've got a 't' in it; I thought it didn't look natural," he says, scratching away.

"What makes Tim so forlorn?" Katie asked me another day, seeing him pass.

"Oh, nothing at all," says I, winking at her. "Nelly's written to say that she'll not be home till next week."

"D'y'ever see a rooster moult'n'?" says



TIM GOT INTO THE WAY OF STANDING BEHIND THE SCENES.

Katie, laughing, and then, facing about with her face all changed, "And what of the other one, Mike?"

Now I'll tell you one thing. The way of a woman is like that sky full of clouds, and the moon riding high and alone in the midst of them. Look as long as you will you never know what'll happen next. "And what of the other one?" says Katie. "Mike, I want you to take me to see her dance."

There were empty places in the house the night we went. The swells who had come earlier in the season had gone somewhere else. Katie touched my arm when Kate Ramirez came on.

"She put a spell on me," she whispered afterward. "I couldn't take my eyes off her and her white face."

"I saw her look about for someone."

"Mike, I'm sorry for her!" says Katie.

Three or four times I saw Kate Ramirez, and never spoke a word to her, but if I shut my eyes I can see her now, dancing, dancing all the time. Did she care for Tim, or what was it she wanted? I'll never know.

Tim burst in one morning full of joy. "She's coming home to-morrow," he cried. He was at the station to meet her, and gave her a kiss before she was off the train. Then "Hasn't Terence grown?" he asked, eying him over.

"Of course he has. Terence, who is that?"

"Pop-pa?" says Terence.

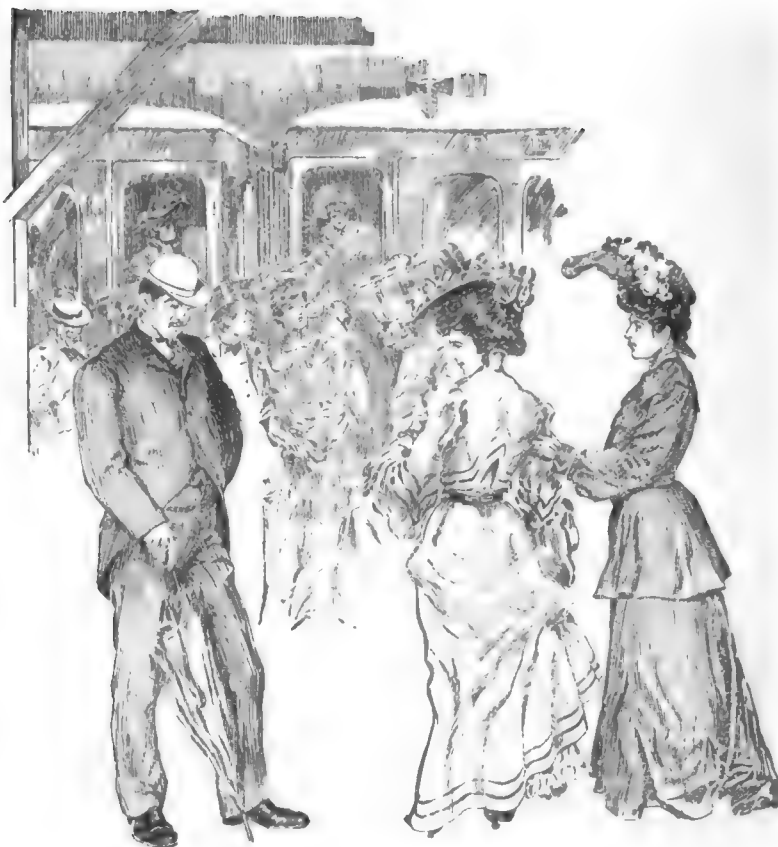
Tim colored up. "You taught him that!" he says.

"Don't he say it nice? Say 'Mamma,' Terence."

"Pop-pa! Pop-pa!" squealed Terence. Tim snatched him up to his knee and kissed him. He carried him into the house on his shoulder.

"Now I've got a home," he says, as he opened the front door.

Nelly must have seen in the paper that the Gaiety Company were going West, now the season was over, but she said nothing. One Sunday afternoon she and Tim were coming home from a call. It was between daylight and dark, with the electric lights flaring up



MR. S. WATSON.

"WELL, YOU'VE BEEN A FOOL."

one minute and dying down blue the next, and the stones were so wet with the cold mist that they turned on to walk along the covered platform of the railway station as far as their way went. A train was making up outside, and there were people getting on. Tim pulled his hat over his eyes, and hurried along. They had got past the train to the rear platform when they saw a woman coming up the steps toward them, and what with her hurrying so fast and its being wet underfoot, no sooner had she got to the top than her foot slipped, and she fell down all in a heap.

"Oh, the poor woman is hurt!" cried Nelly, and breaking away from Tim she ran over to see what she could do.

"'Twas too bad you should slip!" she says. "Can you get up with me to help you? Take hold of me now—that's right. There! I hope you're not much hurt?"

For the poor thing was shaking all over

and panting for breath, with one hand pressed to her side and the other holding to Nelly. A year or two older than Nelly she might be, and it was easy to see she'd been mighty good-looking and was still, only her white face was thin, and it gave Nelly a start when she looked at her, her eyes were so big, and black, and dreary. Indeed, she looked bad; and when I read in the papers that winter how she was found dead and cold in her bed one morning, after dancing the night before, I thought maybe she had been dying all the time.

"You are very kind," she said. "I don't know how I—came to fall."

"Wouldn't you like some water? My husband will get you some. Tim."

Kate Ramirez turned her head quickly. She hadn't seen anyone but Nelly. Tim came up, for he always minded Nelly, but he felt queer

"Is she your wife, McChesney?" asked Kate Ramirez.

"She is," says Tim.

Then Nelly saw how it was, but she never let go. Kate Ramirez turned her eyes around to Nelly, and looked her over from head to foot; then she laughed, a wild little laugh all to herself.

"Well, you've been a fool," she says. And with that she started for the train, for the girls were calling to her that she'd get left. Nelly walked along by her side, and when they reached the high step she just put her two hands out and helped her up all right. Kate Ramirez turned around, holding on to the railing. There was no time to say anything, but they looked at each other once, as women will when they begin to feel kind; and that was all.

Nelly came back and took Tim's arm, for he had not gone up to the train. They went down the steps where Kate Ramirez had come up, and walked down the wet street under the umbrella. By and by Tim cleared his throat.

"She's right, Nelly!"

Nelly was silent.

"I've been a fool, and you know it. Don't you know it, Nelly?"

"Yes," says Nelly, very quiet, but it staggered him for all that. It was just common-sense, the way she said it.

"That's over, Tim," she went on; "I want to hear no more about it. We're going home to Terence."

"Do you mean you'll take me back?" says Tim, squeezing her hand to him.

"Yes." She had to speak strong to keep back a sob.

"And it'll all be as it was before?" Tim choked. He didn't notice that Nelly didn't answer. "Nelly dear! Nelly dear!"

Well, that ended it. Ask anyone in our street who cares the most for his home, and they'll all tell you—Tim McChesney. Is it this, or is it that—all he thinks of is what will please Nelly. He's getting on, and he'll have a fine house for her yet. When he comes home the children run out and grab hold of him round his knees—they have a little girleen now, and she is Tim's favorite, but Nelly loves Terence the best. I don't know why, but Katie says she does.

"I don't know but they're happier now than they were before," I told Katie once.

"Tim is. He's got all over it."

"And Nellie?"

Katie gave me a look as much as to say "Stupid!"

"Nelly's forgiven, Tim's forgotten—that's how it is. She'll never be young any more, Mike. Do you know what was the worst she had to bear? 'Twas that she couldn't go to her husband with her trouble."

I think maybe that's true. Anyhow, there's a look on Nelly's face—I'm not saying it's sad—but it'll never go off from it till they lay her in her coffin. Far be that day!

The Captive

By EMERY POTTLE

THE feet of them who bear away the Day
Grow restless at the valley door's green sill.
With eyes compassionate, lips dumb and chill,
They wait, an ancient brotherhood and gray,
To lead the captive down the slow, sad way
Where battlements of Night brood high and still;
And if her destiny be good or ill,
None save the ancient brotherhood can say.

Beside a pool of jade and pearl she kneels;
A shadowed wing across the surface steals
As of some soul in flight—the hour is spent;
The timid winds from pitying hills unpent,
The birds, and streams, do grieve that she must go
A way no eye hath seen, no heart may know.

Is America Developing an Aristocracy?

This article has been obtained from a gentleman who for obvious reasons desires to withhold his name from this expression of his social philosophy, since it is necessarily illustrated by personalities. The keenness of the observation here exhibited is very striking, and no less so is the calmness and independence of judgment, which personal associations have neither warped nor made cynical.—THE EDITOR.

THERE is valid reason for making a short study of a typical group of the sons of American millionaires. For a scrutiny of some of these young men is as yet our only means for answering an important sociological question—Is an American aristocracy being developed?

"Tell me," said the owner of an ocean yacht to his guests, one evening last August, "have we developed an American aristocracy?"

"Aristocracy? pooh!" answered a woman of famous wealth, coming back from the quarter-deck rail, "you can't even get an agreement from those who want to be aristocrats as to what aristocracy is. My opinion is that our little local aristocracies are our only real approach to it. All the good old counties have had for two hundred years their good old families who have stayed right there. They're proud as any gentry in the world, and as the children scatter they carry their pride like a birthright."

"But such an unorganized, unconnected unindorsed lot of self-assertions can never make an American aristocracy," said a man whose daughter had married an earl. "The real thing, if we ever have it, must be as single and as conspicuous as that sail up there. It has got to be universally acknowledged as an authentic and organic body."

"That's just what I meant," replied the woman. "Every community has its own legitimate best society, but if we ever have a nationally recognized body in this country it must grow up around the grandsons and great-grandsons of the best-blooded millionaires of to-day. And I say frankly that I don't see the promise yet. I think most of our millionaire families will get back to shirt-sleeves before long. Where's their energy? Where's their invention and originality? How will they hold their fortunes together long enough to get beyond the embryo stage of aristocracy?"

I think the lady on the yacht gave the

wheel one right turn. She was right, first, in declaring that if an organic aristocracy is ever developed here it will grow out of the families who have now enormous commercial supremacy as their first distinction, for no other set of families have either the cohesion, or the means, or the desire to establish themselves in such a body. She was correct, also, in her view that the success of these ambitious families depends wholly on the question: How strong are your sons and your son's sons? Can they carry the thing through?

But what is aristocracy?

In its European sense, aristocracy is a permanence of family superiority, persisting through generations, in spite of all vicissitudes.

This is the universal essential in Europe. It is a family superiority which began in the distinction of some ancestor, which has been bequeathed as a heritage of pride, and which has frequently been strengthened by fresh distinctions. It has been supported by the eminence of title and by enough money to compel recognition for hundreds of years. Are we likely to develop an aristocracy of that type in America? It is a question for the next two generations, but evidence is available which will enable us to form a judgment. Let us, then, consider the careers and personalities of some of the descendants of the most conspicuous American families.

Two representative young sons of millionaires are Harry Payne Whitney and J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr. Both are in the third generation of distinction.

Mr. Whitney's grandfather was General James S. Whitney, of Massachusetts. Mr. Morgan's grandfather was Junius Spencer Morgan, the partner of George Peabody. Mr. Whitney's father, however, inherited only a high name and noble traditions; while Mr. Morgan's father inherited ten million dollars together with the most rigorous training and extended education; few now know that Mr.



"OLD TANTIVY" COACH, MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, WHIP.



GEORGE GOULD, HIS SONS KINGDON AND JAY, AND MR. BEN NICOLLS.



MR. HOWARD GOULD AND PACK OF OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS (BOBTAILS) AT "CASTLE-GOULD," PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.



MR. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., IN HIS MERCEDES RACER.

With him are Mr. James L. Wilson, Jr., and Mr. Arthur Kemp. The picture was taken just after the ten-mile race, in which Mr. Vanderbilt beat the record with an average speed of forty-one seconds per mile.



Photograph by Pach Bros.

MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN HIS NEW TOURING CAR.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., so distinguished himself in mathematics while at Heidelberg, that he was invited to become a teacher of mathematics in that ancient university.

Both boys were their fathers' intimates, and both were initiated as soon as they graduated from college into the details of business. Young Whitney began in a bank, and when he had got the science of banking as a foundation, his father took him in hand to teach him higher finance. Young Morgan began in his father's office, and was shifted around until he had mastered the intricacies of the great banker's processes. Then his opportunity came when the London office was without a head and he was sent over to take charge of it in 1898. That was a position of most trying responsibility, as everyone knows what the world-wide relations of the house of Morgan have been.

Both boys commended themselves satisfactorily to their fathers. When William C. Whitney died, his confidence in the ability and the high probity of his son was such that after giving him the larger portion of the estate, he left the balance in his hands in trust without bonds, specifying that he was never to be called on for an inventory or accounting.

Whether these sterling young men will ever equal their fathers is yet to be seen; but they do not seem likely to faint by the way.

Another group of exceedingly forceful heirs of vast wealth, is in the Gould, Mackay, Gates, and Rockefeller families.

George Gould, Clarence Mackay, Charles Gates, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Belmonts, Foxhall Keene, are only of the second generation of distinction, and so are not, from our point of view, as significant in this study as



MR. AUGUST BELMONT.

A representative country gentleman, owning a beautiful country estate at Hempstead, Long Island, and a stock farm at Lexington, Ky.

the Whitney, Morgan, and Vanderbilt boys ; but from another point of view they are deeply important, for they are instances before our eyes of the immediate force of heredity and paternal training.

The early youth of Mr. George Gould was no merry playtime. The iron of the parental will was in the discipline meted out to the elder son of the house. He began in his father's office as poorly paid as any other young man whose aim was to learn business in Wall Street, and until Jay Gould's death he was kept on a meagre salary in order that he might learn economy and that his energy and ambition might be stimulated by an experience of necessity. In the "Wizard's" will there was a paternal recognition of these years of forced economy in a special legacy of a sum representing "salary not paid."

If the son has not as yet matched his extraordinary father in originality and enormous grasp of new situations, he has won a reputation of his own as an able railroad general, and has not only kept the vast inheritance of the family fortified against depreda-

tions, but has tremendously increased its value. Judicious, untiring, unyielding, he is a characteristic son of Jay Gould. His own young sons, Kingdon, Jay, and George, he is training in a wise rigorousness. He varies their studies under their tutors with excursions into business. They are taken on trips of instruction over his railroads, and the oldest, who is almost seventeen, already is more familiar with the actual conditions of these roads than many men on Wall Street. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable business education of young boys which the country has seen.

At home, Mr. Gould follows large and healthful ideals. His residence, Georgian Court at Lakewood, is fitted with every equipment of country sport, including three polo-fields. Long horseback rides with his boys, bareheaded, is a favorite diversion, as with President Roosevelt. In the stiff training of body and mind which his boys are receiving there is little chance for softness and every encouragement for daring and skill.



FRANK GOULD AND HIS FAVORITE PAIR.

Of the other three sons of Jay Gould, only one, Howard, has shown steadfastness of character. This young man has thus far been contented with a life of money-spending gayety, with an accompaniment of scandal. But Edwin has planted himself as a regular and creditable man of business, although signally without his father's talent; and Frank, the youngest, who was brought up under the happy tutelage of his sister Helen, is showing a sturdy ambition in railroad affairs, and has begun to hold positions of responsibility.

Of course the unique product of the Gould family is the large-hearted daughter. In her the strong hereditary energy has bloomed into a genius of human sympathy and beneficence. For her effective practicality of disinterestedness she will have a fadeless name.

Two other young men who have inherited their father's in-

stinct for power and business judgment are Clarence Mackay and Charles Gates.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF YACHTSMEN

Of which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the central figure.



HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY ON THE POLO FIELD.

Both know the indulgent side of life to which their wealth invited, perhaps considerably more than less of it.

But when the elder Mackay died, the son, Clarence, abandoned the energy-consuming pleasures of the idle rich, pulled himself together, and undertook the responsibilities of his new positions. His cheerful industry and eagerness to learn have commended him to the old associates of his father. He insisted on the completion of the great projects under way at the time of the elder Mackay's death; he went forward and finished the great Pacific cable enterprise; he shows in deciding disputed points which arise in every big institution conservatism and good sense, and he seems also to have inherited something of the elder Mackay's grasp of affairs. He will develop under the stress of his responsibilities into a sterling man of business.

His social standing is not less established. His mother, the humble maiden of a rough

frontier, had amazed foreign courts by her adaptability and unostentatious certainty of herself. The son's instincts have been as felicitous, and a judicious marriage alliance with the Duer family has still further underwritten the Mackay rank.

Young Mr. Gates is a copy of his prodigious father, the plunger in railway and industrial stocks, the man who once forced Mr. Morgan to buy at his own price. The father frequently declared that he would rather teach his son the mastery of poker than send him to college. This view of the straightest means to an end had at least the merit of simple candor. The young man is now his father's representative, and manages the family enterprises on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He is perhaps as yet too much interested in the casual pleasures offered by his wealth to take profound interest in building an impregnable social position. But there is no question that if the idea ever

seizes this clever young plunger he will go after the prize with just such audacity and directness as characterizes his ventures in finance.

Another and a very conspicuous young man also must be named in this group of forceful sons of millionaires.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has besides his

while he was serving his apprenticeship, it is related with unction that young Rockefeller seldom spent more than thirty cents on luncheon. He has not been criticised for having a lighter hand than his father, nor does he give promise, either, of more mercifulness to small competitors, or of methods more in accord with gen-



Photograph by George G. Bain.

THE MASTER OF THE MEADOW BROOK FOX HOUNDS.

Mr. Foxhall Keene on the lawn before his home, surrounded by the famous pack.

energy of action a projecting individuality. While it is like that of his father in its main lines, it varies enough to give the young man a place of his own. Although Chicago University was created by his father, the son went to the modest Brown University. In that quiet institution he was noted for his unostentation and economy. He entered the Standard Oil Company, and with assiduity mastered one department after another, and is now in many enterprises his father's plenary executive. In the period of probation

eral moral standards. Like his father, he is a recluse; he is not seen at theatre or opera. Domestic in his tastes, he married a daughter of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. He abhors the ways of the modern money-spenders; his chief amusement is his violin.

The one outside interest of this future Cræsus is more original than automobiles or yachts or polo. It is a famous Bible Class at a Fifth Avenue Baptist church. Here he teaches how easy it really is to acquire millions and not violate the Sermon on the



MR. REGINALD VANDERBILT, WITH HIS WINNING PAIR, "IRIS" AND "MUZETTE."

Mount, in which Christ laid down the fundamental ethics of his service. Here is certainly an extraordinary young man whose force and initiative have not been weakened by his wealth; and though he seems to care nothing for fashionable society, he is winning the glory and the money with which his sons may claim the highest social place.

One might prolong this phase of the discussion by entering upon the careers of August Belmont and his brothers, who inherited both social distinction and great wealth, and who loom up at intervals in connection with affairs of business or pleasure. The eldest, August Belmont, alone maintains the important tradition of the family. There also are the Goelets, prominent recently because of the union of a daughter of that house with the Duke of Roxburghe. Immense wealth is here, and solidly based, but the present generation shows no inclination to take any responsibilities outside Society and sport. They are mere ambitious butterflies, so far. Another of this class is Foxhall Keene, descendant of that daring operator of the stock-mar-

ket, James R. Keene, who has abandoned the rough work of Wall Street for the spirited play of polo and following the hounds—a very elegant gentleman of aristocratic sport.

There has been but one reason for calling up the personalities of this small troop of young men of inherited wealth. That reason certainly has not been morbid interest in them because they are rich men's sons. It is that, if an organic aristocracy is ever developed here in America, these urgent young men are the kind of men, and their successes are the kind of distinction, that will bring it to pass. Such families of push and wealth will make it, if it ever is made.

Why? Because no other set of families have the capacity and at the same time the desire to become constituents of a national aristocracy.

The many charming families of the army and navy lack the power even if they had the desire. The Colonial and Revolutionary societies lack the means and the social cohesion. The excellent families which have been locally so distinguished for a century or

two lack the desire to be otherwise than they are. Yet what a superb list of names they include; the names of Adams, Quincy, Peabody, Gerry, Gallatin, Spencer, Biddle, Drexel, Bayard, Lee, Pinckney, and of scores of others, whom it is almost invidious not to repeat, make a list of titles of ancestral and present distinction which could most properly claim place in a recognized alliance of aristocrats. But these families never had any such undemocratic ambition; they never tried to combine in a permanent social alignment; they have been content to be what they are—well-bred people, sure of themselves, proud of their traditions and ancestors, measurably wealthy—but Americans first of all.

But the luxurious families of the new multimillionaires have, on their part, not been content with winning commercial dominion; they carry their aggressiveness into social relations and make a business of winning the dominion of Society. They have the money to support it in a peerless magnificence. They consolidate socially as they do in business, and when they agree upon what is acceptable, there is none to insist on another standard.

Why should they not? If there is to be an established aristocracy in the Republic, these families of Morgans, Goulds, Whitneys, Mackays, Rockefellers, have a good basis in which to start as ancestors. The aristocracies of the old world were started by the men in armor, the mightiest in battle. If a new aristocracy is to arise, it is natural that it should be founded by the picked, unconquered swordsmen of finance. These new warriors are men of incomparable personal power, and their triumphs are as dazzling as the sun to the mass of people. No other deeds are equally romantic to the populace. And when you contrast these achievements with those of the mailed and murderous ancestors of the European aristocracy, you must admit that they are better for the world than the ancient ways of blood.

But because such families are of the conquering type, it does not follow that they can establish a substantial aristocracy. Because they may have the desire, as they surely have the present means, it does not follow that they can perpetuate what they start.

Here, indeed, is the one question on which the whole proposition hangs. You see there are no titles here to give glamour. There are no traditional habits of aristocracy to steady it when it staggers. There is no cus-

tom which gives it a special chance in the public service, and it is as yet too selfish to want to be in that service. So, if at some early stage the family fortune is scattered, who will pull the failure out of the mud? What distinction is there left?

"It's almost wholly a matter of the fourth generation," remarked that astute observer of affairs, Mr. Henry Clews. "There will never be an American aristocracy, because the fourth generation is scarcely ever able to take care of itself. One or two exceptions don't make an aristocracy any more than one or two robins make a summer. In most cases the rich families will go down, for they have no titles or traditions to carry them over as they have in Europe. The would-be aristocrats depend on publicity and the admiration of the envious. But the adoring American public quits its adoring very suddenly, as soon as an illusion is broken. There are too many new men of new power coming along and 'butting in.' The thin blood of the fourth generation can't stand before this new blood. And the Americans insist that their idols shall be strong."

The keen banker comprehended a great deal in these sentences. The fact is that any American aristocracy is a question of one generation at a time. Disintegration lies in wait at every successive probate.

So the decisive challenge which always will face the families of an embryonic aristocracy is, Can your sons carry the thing on?

That is the question which the Vanderbilts are now busy with.

The old Commodore, a Staten Island boy, who refused to stay in school long enough to learn to spell, who had earned a capital of \$1,000 before he was seventeen, who was the lord of New York Bay before he was twenty, who was lord of every transportation line he touched before he died, was a perfectly ideal ancestor for a lordly race. He brought up his sons under a despotic discipline, so that they extended the father's commercial empire. The third generation also knew the vigor of sharp training, and did not lose the inherited dominion. But these grandsons developed a high social ambition, and were effective therein, and captured the social leadership of New York, and still maintain it at home and abroad with wonderful splendor.

Now the fourth generation of sons is on the stage. Brought up in unprecedented

luxury, their discipline has not had its proper chance. The eldest, Cornelius, however, shows the fibrous stock of his ancestor. He was a lad of his own ideas—obstinate, perhaps, but also brave. He dared to marry against his father's will, and he was practically disinherited as the head of the family, the bulk of the fortune going to his younger brother. That misfortune has proved no detriment to him. He has developed a very real talent for mechanics and invented a new type of fire-box—now in use on the Vanderbilt system. He has an engineering office of his own in New York, and has interested himself and his fortune in several great enterprises in which his mechanical skill has made him a real factor. He has also shown a sense of civic responsibilities, joining the National Guard, participating in conventions, and, latterly, acting as one of ex-Mayor Low's Civil Service Commissioners. The interest that the career of this self-reliant young man had inspired in the public was curiously exhibited during the severe attack of typhoid fever, to which he nearly succumbed. He was obviously the real figure of the Vanderbilt clan, even though the millions had gone elsewhere. Here is a great-grandson who is a credit to his sires, but he is a long way from being extremely rich.

Alfred, the younger brother of Cornelius, is nominally the head of the Cornelius Vanderbilt family. He is about twenty-eight, and has done nothing of a practical nature. He devotes himself wholly to the Newport system of Society, to coasting, and leaves the management of his inheritance to other hands. He cannot be the head of the whole Vanderbilt interest as long as his uncle, William K., lives. Whether he has the brain and balance ever to grasp his opportunity of power is at present very doubtful. He seems rather a colorless young man, whose main interest in life is the horse, and whose chief pleasure is in driving a public coach to Ardsley. But he is no spendthrift, and, though his income is easily two millions a year, he has never indulged in any gilt-edged extravagances.

Reginald, the third brother, has acquired a certain unenviable reputation. His public career was begun when Yale, the college the Vanderbilt family has done so much for, refused him a diploma at the end of his term there. Nor was he popular personally: he did not get "Bones" or "Keys," the fraternities his brothers made, but fell back on "Wolf's

Head," a new organization, which took him for his name. Then there was the unfortunate affair at Canfield's gambling-house, where he lost a lot of money and gained a degree of notoriety which has kept him in the papers ever since. His marriage to an exceedingly fine and popular girl has been his most promising effort.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the cousin of these three boys, has been much with his father, William K., in his Parisian life. He is now about thirty. Thus far his chief fame is in automobiling, and he has shown real energy in the promotion of that sport. His forcefulness has not, as yet, taken any practical channel; but if he goes at business with the same degree of strenuousness that he has gone after automobiling records, he should be heard from. There is a virile strain in him, especially on the mother's side, which may make itself manifest one of these days. The young man has recently opened an office in New York with the apparent intention of looking after his business affairs and fitting himself to succeed his father in the handling of the estate.

If the formation of a permanent aristocracy depended alone on the Vanderbilts, the present promise would be shaky. Here is a group of the fourth generation, and the only man of undoubted pith is the estranged and disinherited one. If the estate should now disintegrate, there would apparently be nothing left but the memory of a great name. Of inward superiority there seems no mark save in Cornelius, who, so to speak, with six or seven millions, is beginning at the bottom again. The race-current appears very thin now; the only momentum is in the wealth, and if that should by hap be pulverized under some mighty attack by a new swordsman, the Vanderbilts would scatter off just like any other American citizens, and the name, which for twenty-five years has been crowded on public attention as the symbol of American splendor and rank, would become a past glory.

The Astor estate is still more solid than that of the Vanderbilts. Nothing short of a socialistic cyclone could upset its value, apparently. And John Jacob Astor is the fifth generation. Here, it would seem, is a breaking of the rule of "shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves by the fourth generation." For seventy-five years the Astor family have enjoyed a primacy in wealth and standing. They are only one generation ahead of the

Vanderbilts, yet when the Vanderbilts began to be social leaders, the Astors were felt to represent a type of the real thing which the Vanderbilts never could attain. The original Astor, born in 1764, a bold trader in furs, made millions at a time when private millions were an uncomprehended figure. But, one generation ahead in this country is as yet a great deal.

Mr. John Jacob Astor is an excellent type of a stout line thinning out, and yet preserving high traditions and assuming duteous responsibilities. In the business field he shows an obvious diminishing. As a business man he is intelligent, but neither creative nor dominant. On the other hand, he has a high sense of his civic duty. He does not try to escape jury service. He is willing to pay his taxes. If he had a fair chance of election, he would enter politics. He has an enthusiastic Americanism. At the beginning of the war with Spain, he offered to the President his yacht *Nourmahal* without price; he equipped at a cost of \$75,000 the *Astor Battery*, which did brilliant service in the Philippines; he himself enlisted and served at Santiago. He also has artistic tastes and has written a creditable novel.

The remnants of his inherited strength have taken direction in these highly commendable lines. The Astors have never been vulgar "rounders"; cleanliness and moderate beneficence have been their characteristics; consequently they have never dissipated their blood in moral degeneracy. There is no apparent reason why they may not go on and achieve more extensive graces.

But the chances are against it. There is too much competition. Powerful new families, with gold bells on their fingers and toes, with conquering ambitions, will presently occupy the stage, doing the same things which the earlier Astors did. The inward superiority, which they may preserve, will carry them a good way and will maintain their honor. But the social supremacy of the hour will fall to garish splendor, at least as long as Americans continue as they are.

Such a case illustrates clearly the utter impossibility of a persisting aristocracy here. The effective carrying power from generation to generation is bound to miss fire. A fine, broad, moderate character as a gentleman is not enough; it may be too fine, too broad, too moderate for the intense, furious action of America. What is needed here to pre-

serve that which the ancestors started is perpetual creation, perpetual energy of action, perpetual fibre.

That is what the training of wealth sooner or later fails to give. The same kind of decadence which has now overtaken several young men of the present generation in the Vanderbilt family, has been meeting the sons of other multi-millionaires in large numbers. These weak fellows have furnished abundant notoriety. Thus, the Pullman boys made wreck of their father's hopes. Young Elkins and young Brice have apparently been busy only in the irresponsible spending of their father's makings; they have missed the carrying power. The erratic son of the great Leiter and brother of Lady Curzon, notwithstanding his spasms of brilliancy in speculation, has shown a lack of business balance which will bar him from ever being in his father's class. The list of such young men who have received their millions into uncertain hands would make a good-sized directory. They are the large majority of inheritors. Their dull faces are familiar in certain clubs and cafés and at the boulevard tables in Paris. Many of them are without brains, without purpose, without inward resource; they are their own caricatures, worthless, asinine, hopeless. Others of them are a few degrees superior, and under some exigency or in response, at last to the electrical air of America, they may throw off their senseless pose and show that they have fibre.

But all of them suffer from the handicap of the over-indulgence of wealth. The usual experience of boys in very rich families is devitalizing.

"It's no wonder that rich boys, as a rule, don't show originality or the energy that conquers," remarked a celebrated magazine editor on the piazza of a country club, where he was sitting with several men of fortune. They had been talking about the weak-headed sons of certain important capitalists, and had freely expressed their disgust. The editor went on:

"There is young —, for example, who just trundled off in his big automobile. What chance did he ever have for a natural American evolution? Take his playthings: did he ever have a free field for his imagination and invention by having to make his own playthings out of old scraps? Did he have to whittle out his own boats? Did he make his own cars out of boxes and spools? Did he cut his own fish-poles? While other boys

were doing these things and stimulating their own resourcefulness, he was having wonderful and costly toys pushed on him before he even knew that he wanted them. Instead of inventing, he had to measure up to his new playthings.

"Then he never had the free democracy of a public school, did he? No. He never knew what it was to scrap in order to keep living. He never felt himself one of a big, hooting herd. That may not be choice, but it makes a boy keen.

"Instead of that training, he was learning accomplishments. He learned to swim, safely, under an instructor. He handled a sail-boat, alone, before he was fourteen. He had a pony before he was ten. He played polo, and he had a guide and a fly-rod and a magazine-gun in the Adirondacks before he went to college. At the university he had his club, as exclusive as this, his automobile, and his chorus-girl probably; certainly all the money he could use for his fun."

"There's another side to all that," spoke up a man. "What else can rich parents do? Besides, those opportunities are advantages. You would like your boy to have them. It's an all-around training—the fit thing for a gentleman. It makes him sure of himself."

"But see what he has been deprived of," uttered the editor. "He's never had a genuine boyhood, such as belongs to the mass of fellows who will be competing with him for his position—the eager, imaginative, inventing, creative kind. I admit he is a young man of many accomplishments, and

is expert in a lot of things. But he has been narrowed in the more important lines. He is oppressed by his own distinction, while poorer boys have their distinction to create.

"Boys of that training may or may not drop into the extremes of folly; they may or may not throw up their moral grip. But suppose they do stay steady and clean—I say that they are not likely to show great energy as men if they have had indulgence as boys; they won't show originality and invention unless they have had necessity."

"But how about Billy Hearst? He shows originality," broke in another man; "no matter whether he devised his kind of journalism himself or whether he knew enough to take it from his editors, he did it and accepted the responsibility. No matter whether he is a wily demagogue only, or whether he has arrived at genuine convictions, he has made millions of people believe in him, and by an altogether new method, yet he is the son of unlimited money."

"The very exceptionality of Hearst proves what I have been saying," answered the magazine editor. "A hundred other men are as conspicuous for their originality as he is, but all of them began as poor boys. He is the only rich man's son, out of thousands, who has struck a new, big thing. It only shows that if a young fellow has something irrepressible in him it will come out in spite of every soft cushion piled on top of him."

But the cushions are no less depressing, and the ordinary rich boy won't ever break through.

To a Flute Player

By CLARENCE URMY

DOWN through the shadow-years has come a word
 Or two of Lamia, who, with her flute,
 Lulled Care to sleep, bade Grief and Strife be mute,
 And calmed the heart by Pain and Passion stirred;
 Men called her Dryad, Zephyr, Sylvan Bird,
 She led them by such pleasant, tranquil route,
 O'er-hung with blossom-bough and trellised fruit,
 To haunts where naught but dreamland sounds are heard.
 To-day, you play—along that path of bliss,
 Dream-sandalled, I am wooed afar, afar
 To where your strains are echoed in a star
 That slowly sinks beyond a crimson crest—
 Play on—my soul knows nothing else but this:
 The calm, the perfect calm of raptured rest.

The Boy Who Didn't Catch Things

By MARY HEATON VORSE



IT was Jimmie Bates's stigma that "he'd never had anything." The boys taunted him with it.

"Huh! you ain't had nuthin'."

"I got an awful bee sting; Ma said she never see a worse one!"

"Bee stings ain't anything—all you got to do's stand near a bee's nest. Your ma said you ain't ever caught a thing."

"I had *eve'ything*," said Lizzie Crowell, proudly.

"Yes, she's had everything, an' she's only four."

"She ain't had the whoopin'-cough——"

"She's had measles an' mumps an' chicken-pox an' scarlatina," said her elder sister, proudly.

Jimmie slunk away. He was nearly eight, and Lizzie, only half his age, a baby, a girl baby, had had everything. To add to his shame his mother bragged about it to visitors.

"No, Jimmie don't catch things," she would say, proudly. "No, Mrs. Blake, not even measles. All the other children had it, an' *of course*, I 'spected nothing but what Jimmie'd come down too. Isolate him? No, *ma'am*. I don't believe in such foolishness. If you got one child down with measles, might as well have the hull bilin' of 'em get it and be done. Why, seems like Jimmie *can't* catch things! Stop pullin' my dress an' pinchin' me, Jimmie. Land sakes! You act like a moskeeter, pinchin' me that way. As I was sayin', he ain't ever had a *thing*. What does the child want? Didn't I *tell* you not to pinch me like that? He was an awful hard teether. I walked with *him*, I tell you, day an' night. I always did say that hard teethin' children wasn't so liable to get things."

"I was a awful hard teether," Jimmie reported to the boys.

"What's teethin'!" said Fred Crowell. "My little sister jest hollers with her teeth an' she got the measles so quick."

"Well, mebbe I'll get everythin' yet, an' I won't have to go to school a hull term, p'raps —'tain't no use havin' things when you're too little to go to school, anyway."

This sounded like sense, but Jimmie felt his deficiency. It was only the week after that that the oldest Crowell girl raised her hand after prayers and said:

"Please, Miss Williams, ma says please excuse Fred. He's got the measles."

"Why, Libby, didn't Fred have the measles three years ago?"

"Yes'm," said Libby, with subdued pride; "Ma says we mostly get measles *twict* in our family!"

It was when school was out that Jimmie went to visit Aunt Jane, at the other end of the village.

"What you coughin' about, Jimmie?" asked his aunt. "Don't you feel good?"



"I HAD EVERYTHING!"

"No'm, m' head aches an' I feel queer. Guess I'd better go home."

"Hear the child!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "You waltz right in the settin'-room an' don't you stir. You got a fever," she said, feeling his head. "You been lookin' real peaked the last few days, anyhow."

"I want to go back to Ma," complained Jimmie.

"You're not goin' a step, Jimmie Bates. You look like you was comin' down with sompthin'. You ain't goin' home to expose your six-weeks-old sister. You hear *me*."

"I don't never catch things," said Jimmie, with pessimism. "I want'er go home."

"Yes, doctor," said Aunt Jane. "He's feverish an' got the headache, an' no appetite, an' he coughs awful."

Jimmie clutched the edge of the table. His cough racked him, and it ended with an unmistakable long-drawn "Whoo-oop."

"The whoopin'-cough!" said Aunt Jane. "I thought so."

"Unmistakably the whooping-cough," agreed the doctor.

"Goody! Have I got sumpin' catchin'?" asked Jimmie, tears in his eyes from coughing.

"Yes, you hev, an' got it bad, too," snapped Aunt Jane.

One advantage of Aunt Jane's was that it

was on the street. You could get at the "fellers," and be off with little danger of being called back. As soon as Aunt Jane's back was turned Jimmie sneaked off to the Crowells', three houses distant. He felt miserably, but satisfaction was stronger than sickness. He had had no such feeling of greatness since he went into trousers.

He strolled into the kitchen. Libby was helping with the dishes. Lizzie was playing on the floor. Fred was loafing about, other Crowells ran in and out.

"I got the whoopin'-cough," announced Jimmie, proudly.

All work stopped. Jimmie was surprised to see Libby seize Lizzie and disappear, and Mrs. Crowell, the gentlest of women, turned on him with—

"You get out o' here! What you mean comin' an' exposin' my children!"

"Don't you come near me! I don't want your old cough," warned Fred.

"Keep back, children, don't come here," shouted Mrs. Crowell. "What you standin' there for, Jimmie? Are you *dumb*?" and as Jimmie began to cough she lifted him up and carried him out of the door. "Now you march right along of me back to your Aunt Jane's. Keep back, Jennie Lee, Jimmie's got the whoopin'-cough!" she cried, warning off a little girl

who scurried down the street.

"Whoopin'-cough or no whoopin'-cough, I'll learn you to go an' expose a hull family!" said Aunt Jane, grimly, as she took a menacing hair-brush from her bureau.

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"DON'T COME NIGH ME!"

Jimmie felt injured. After this experience no more Crowells for him, and they more than anyone else were always "catching things" and making him feel small. There were other more sympathetic persons to brag to: guess Ma couldn't say any more, "seems 's if Jimmie *couldn't* get things." Meantime Aunt Jane kept a suspicious eye on him.

"Hev I gotter sit on this stoop all day?" whined Jimmie.

"Yes, you hev."

"When can I go home?"

"You can't go home under two months, Jimmie Bates, so you make up your mind to be patient. It's a real mean, tedious disease, Jimmie," she added, kindly.

Later when Aunt Jane went "up street" Jimmie strolled out of the yard. Sammy Perkins, his particular chum, was careering down the street, evidently bound for Jimmie's.

"Hello, Sam! I got the whoopin'-cough," said Jimmie, importantly.

Sam backed away, and his face fell.

"I whooped fierce this mornin'," continued Jimmie, with relish.

"Don't come nigh *me*," said Sammy, backing still farther away. "I'll catch it——"

"Why, don't you want ter catch it?" said Jimmie.

"You must be silly," said Sam, with scorn. "Naw! I don't want ter be shet up fur weeks." And he made off.

And Sammy had always bragged about the things he had had

Jimmie crept dolefully into the house. His world was withdrawing from him, and more than this, he felt he had been fooled. His illusions were crushed, and Aunt Jane, from an indulgent aunt, had turned into a relentless jailer.

"I guess I'd better go to bed an' have Ma come and nurse me," said Jimmie.

"Why, Jimmie, how you talk! Your Ma nurse you and her hands full with a baby! You don't need nursing any more'n I do. You stay out in the fresh air."

This was the death of the last illusion. No nursing. No people coming to inquire in hushed voices. No flowers and jellies sent in. Nothing but solitude on Aunt Jane's stoop, and a horrid medicine poured down every two hours.

Jimmie wanted his mother. He knew that only babies like Gil cried for their



"I'VE GOT THE WHOOPING-COUGH!"

mothers, but he didn't care. He succumbed to that weakness boldly. Aunt Jane felt so for him that she scolded him severely to hide her emotion. After three days, which seemed weeks long, he resolved to go home. He sneaked cautiously out of the yard and cut across lots.

He finally reached home and came into the yard. Everything looked homelike and inviting. His sister Jane was feeding the chickens. Under the "ellum" tree sat his mother rocking his baby sister. Even Gil, his little brother, whose puerile games Jimmie usually scorned, seemed an enviable playfellow. Jimmie began to trot up the yard.

"Why, Ma! Here's Jimmy!" screamed Jane.

To Jimmie's horror, his mother, the baby in her arms, ran for the house.

"Don't come nigh *me*," called Gil, as he

and Jane made for the kitchen and slammed the door.

If Jimmie had known what a leper was he would have said he felt like one. He flung himself down on the grass and wept. He didn't care who saw him. Even his mother had gone back on him. Pa, coming from behind the barn, saw the desolate Jimmie.

"Stop cryin'," he said, gently, "an' come with me."

"I ain't gotter go back to Aunt Jane's, hev I?" wailed Jimmie.

"Listen, Jimmie," said his father. "If your little sister was to ketch the whoopin'-cough now she might *die*. I'll have to take you back."

So Jimmie, the Outcast, and his father proceeded sadly down the street. The sense of having been made a fool of by the boys when they led him to suppose that "catching things" was desirable, had gone, and the sense of injury had gone. He felt alone in all the world, a sick child, whose mother, even, had cast him off.

"People die o' whoopin'-cough, don't they?" he asked his aunt, with gloomy hopefulness.

"Don't you fret, *you* ain't goin' to die," returned his aunt, cheerfully.

Jimmie's heart sank; there were to be eight to ten more weeks of this (the doctor might as well have said years) and he hadn't a chance of dying.

After an endless week the recklessness of despair seized Jimmie, and under Aunt Jane's nose he ran away. He didn't care where. He heard her panting behind him and calling, and he dodged in up the driveway of the Hathaway place, stubbed his toe

and fell; his cough seized him and he lay crying in hopeless defeat, his head buried in the grass. He heard his aunt's voice say: "I'm real sorry, Miss Hathaway. He's been a bad boy. He run away, an' he's got the whoopin'-cough."

"Nobody comes near me," sobbed Jimmie. "Ma won't have me near the house. The boys run away from me."

Then he heard the voice of Miss Hathaway, whom all the boys feared, who had enviable garden and stables and collie pups, say:

"Poor little chap! Why can't he come here and play every day, Mrs. Woodin? There are no children. I had a forlorn time with whooping-cough myself once——"

As Jimmie wended his way to the Hathaway place next day Sam called to him, "What you doin' out er your Aunt Jane's yard?"

"I'm goin' to spend the day at Miss Hathaway's," said Jimmie. "She *likes* folks with whoopin'-cough."

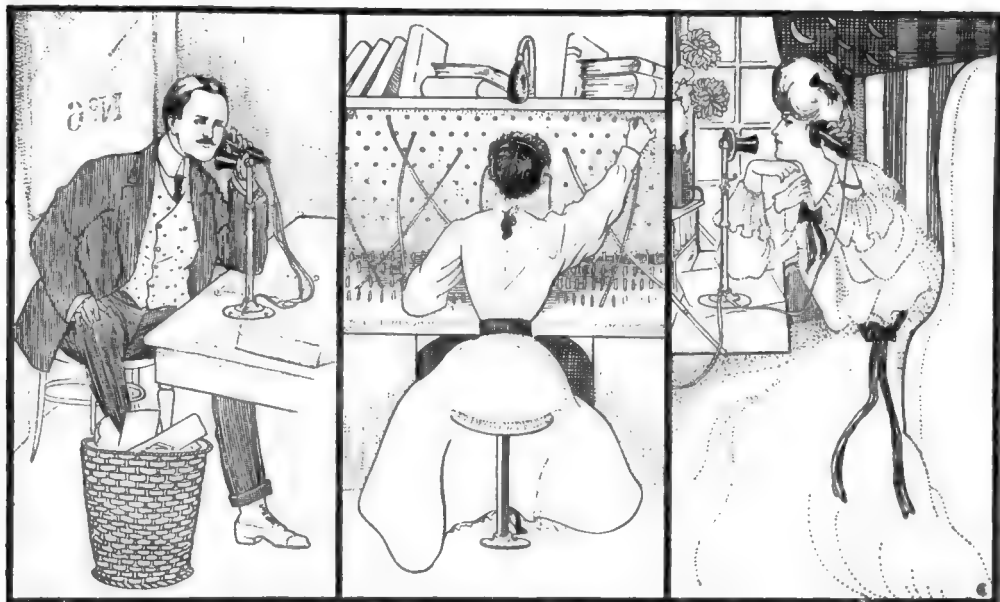
"I guess—I guess I'll come too," said Sammy. "Guess you're over the ketchin'est part."

"Oh, no, I ain't," said Jimmie, grimly. "If you come with me, Sammy, I'll *whoop* at you."

At the end of many weeks, just in time for the fall term, Jimmie was again restored to his own. His manner was supercilious. When Sammy tried to say something about measles being more important than "whoopin'-cough, 'cause you were sick a-bed," he turned fiercely:

"If anyone tries to rig me 'bout not hevin' things catchin' I'll punch 'em—Miss Hathaway's coachman showed me—you fellers all lied to me. I'm glad I don't get things, and don't you forget it, Sammy Perkins, I'll punch you ef you say measles to me!"





The Wetherell Wedding

By INEZ HAYNES

Illustrated by Sootson Clark

(LUKE MERRILL; *in the telephone-box at the Lyric Club, New York.*) Saturday forenoon.

HELLO, Central, I want to talk to Boston. How long will it take to get them? I'm in a terrible hurry . . . Yes, I'll wait an hour if necessary . . . All right. Give me Back Bay 1731. I want to talk to Miss Wetherell . . . W-E-T-H-E-R-E-L-L . . . Miss Vesta.

Hello, is that you, Vesta? . . . Yes, it's Luke . . . I say, Vesta, I got a cable from the London office of the company this afternoon. I've got to go to Siberia right away. There's no possible way of getting out of it. I have to catch the Etruria on Wednesday . . .

But I've positively *got* to go! It means losing my whole chance with the company if I don't. It's a big opportunity, Vesta, a place I didn't think I could get for five years yet . . . Why, I shall have to be there

three years at the shortest, but there's a lot of money in it . . .

No, we've got to be married before Wednesday, so that you can come along with me. I won't even have time to come on to Boston. I've got about a thousand men to see and I'm up to my ears in work. You must come on to New York, as quick as you can get your things packed, and we'll be married Tuesday night . . .

Well, why not? You can get all the clothes you want in London. Bring your mother and Gertrude along if you want to—only you won't have time for any style . . .

Well, what difference does that make? . . . Of course, it isn't conventional, but the circumstances are exceptional, aren't they? Besides, it will save a lot of bother . . .

All right, Central, don't cut us off . . . No, it's absurd to wait three years. Do you want a wedding more than you do me? . . . You can't love me the way I love you if you let a little thing like that stand in the way . . . But I *can't* come to Boston *possibly* . . . But the telephone-girl—I don't

care. But you've got to decide at once—I've got to make my plans . . . Don't you love me, Vesta? . . . You *can't* love me if you can talk like that . . . I'm not asking any more than any man would ask of the woman he loves under the circumstances . . .

Well, do you want me to release you from your engagement? I certainly *don't* think you seem to care very much . . . Very well, that's all there is to it, then . . . Well, good-by, Vesta, of course I'm not likely to see you again for some time, but I can't say any more than I have . . . That settles it . . . Good-by . . .

(AGNES ST. CLAIR; in her apartment at the Belmont, Madison Avenue, New York.) Saturday evening.

I'd like Boston, please . . . Back Bay 1731 . . . Miss Wetherell . . . Yes, Miss, not Mrs. . . .

Is this you, Vesta? . . . Oh, my dear, isn't it *awful*? I never heard *anything* like it. Luke's been here—he's just gone. He told Tom and me all about it, and Tom

thinks and I think—that is—if you would *only*—you and Luke ought to see each other and talk this matter over. It's perfectly *terrible* his going away like that. See here, Vesta, why don't you come on to New York and see him again. He simply *can't* go to Boston—he's got *loads* of things to do. You really *ought* to come on, dear, and see if something can't be arranged . . .

I *thought* that you might have been thinking it over, and hoped you'd changed your mind . . . Yes, of course, it *is* an extraordinary thing to do, but at the same *time* . . . Why, of course I'd do it in an *instant* if it were I . . . Yes, he does feel *terribly* about it . . . As far as that goes, Vesta, I've got a lot of new things that Molly brought me from Paris. You're welcome to them if you want them. They're perfectly dear—nuns' work, too . . . Vesta, you're *crazy* if you let that man go; he's one of a thousand, and he's terribly in love with you . . . Why, I'd marry him in a *walking-skirt* if there was no other way . . .

Yes, why don't you take the midnight to-night—you've got just time if you'll hurry!

Be *sure* and get a Pennsylvania cab at the station and come right up . . . Yes, Luke will be there to-morrow forenoon to talk over the mine with Tom. Tom and I'll get out of the house and leave you alone there . . . Well, good-by, you'll have to hurry. Don't miss your train.

(LUKE MERRILL; in telephone-box A, Grand Central Station, New York.) Saturday evening.

Gramercy 2022 . . . Is this the Lyric Club? . . . Is Mr. St. Clair there? . . . Will he be back to-night? . . . If he comes in, tell him Mr. Merrill had to take the midnight train to Boston to-night and won't be able to see him to-morrow morning . . . Yes, that's all.

(MRS. ST. CLAIR; in her apartment at the Belmont, New York.) Sunday noon.

Yes, this is Mrs. St. Clair



"I'M BEST MAN AT A TELEPHONE WEDDING WITH FOUR RINGS."

—who is it, please? . . .
What, *Boston*? . . . Miss
Wetherell? . . . Yes, Miss
Wetherell's right here, I'll call
her. Hold the wire . . .

(Oh, *Vesta*, someone wants
to talk with you from Boston!
Hurry up! I *do* believe it's
Luke.)

(VESTA WETHERELL; *the same
place and time.*)

Hello, who is it, please?
. . . Oh! Luke, I'm *so* sorry!
Isn't it too bad! What in the
world did you go to Boston
for? I thought you didn't
have time . . . To see me,
really? Why I just came to
New York to see you . . .
Isn't it terrible? . . . Yes, I
changed my mind. I thought
it all over and decided that I
was a goose. The first moment
I was alone I realized what it
all meant. Really I *do* love
you—you know that. But
Luke, dear, do you realize
what I was giving up? I'd
asked all the girls—and there
was grandmother's lace veil
that the Wetherells have *always* worn—and
mother's heart was set on having Dr. Martin
—and I don't know *what* Gertrude will say
when she finds out she's not going to be
maid-of-honor—it's her first season, you
know . . .

Oh, no, I *can't* do that. I've got to go
right back to Boston to get some things—I
didn't bring anything but a suit-case . . .
Can't you wait for me in Boston? . . . Oh,
I see, of course you won't have time . . .
Well, I'll tell you. I'll go home on the mid-
night train to-night, and pack and come back
with mother and Gertrude and Rob to-mor-
row night. Meanwhile you can arrange for
everything here with Agnes . . . No, don't be
afraid, I've made up my mind—I'm terribly
happy now that it's all decided. Oh, Luke,
I'm *awfully* glad . . . Well, till Tuesday
then . . . Good-by, dear . . .

(LUKE MERRILL; *at his office in the Ex-
change Building, Duane Street, New
York.*) Monday evening.

Hello, Central, give me the general man-
ager . . . Well, then, the division superin-



"I'D MARRY HIM IN A WALKING-SKIRT."

tendent, or whoever is in charge of the of-
fice . . . Hello, is this the superintendent?
. . . This is Mr. L. Merrill, speaking, Si-
berian International Development Company,
Exchange Building . . . See here, I want to
lease your Boston wire for an hour. Can
you give me the right of way until nine
o'clock with all the Boston switches I want?
. . . I don't care if it costs a thousand dol-
lars. I *must* have a clear line for an hour
. . . All right, you send a boy round right
away, and I'll give him a check.

Central, I want Boston . . . Give me
Brookline 2717 . . . Yes, rush it right
through.

Hello! Dr. Martin? . . . This is Luke
Merrill . . . NO! I'm in my office in New
York . . . Doctor, I want to know if you
will be willing to marry Miss Wetherell and
me on the telephone . . . Why, I've got to
start unexpectedly for San Francisco to-
morrow at half-past seven, so Miss Wetherell
can't possibly get here in time. The only
way I can possibly see out of it is to be
married by telephone . . . Of course it's ex-
traordinary, but I don't see why it isn't all



"MARRIED NOW? IMMEDIATELY? WHY, I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY FISH YET!"

right . . . Why, not at all! The marriage will be in New York, and you know you don't need a license here . . . Well, your *voice* will be in New York, won't it? That's all that's necessary . . . That doesn't make any difference . . . Don't stop to finish your shaving, because I'm going to get them all together right away . . . No, don't hang up—I'll have them all on the same wire . . . All right, I'll hurry.

(VESTA WETHERELL; in her private sitting-room, 1001 Marlborough Street, Boston, at her desk-telephone.) Monday evening.

Well? . . . Oh, hello, Luke! What's the matter now? *Don't* tell me you're not going after all . . . By way of San Francisco? Why, I didn't know there were any stockholders there . . . Half-past seven in the morning? On Tuesday? . . . How *can* we get married? I don't get in till seven o'clock . . . What! Married *Now*? On the *telephone*? You're crazy! . . . I never heard of such a thing . . . Oh, Luke, haven't you made me go through *enough* without joking

at a time like this? . . . You really *mean* it? . . . Why, *certainly* not. It's out of the question. I should never feel as if we'd been married at all . . . I don't think the ceremony would be legal . . . Yes, I *have* heard of one case, but I think it was only a newspaper story, and *besides* mother'd *never* consent in the *world* . . . Do you mean to say that Dr. Martin has agreed to do that?

Why, is that *you*, Dr. Martin? . . . Have you been on the wire all this time? . . . Do you *really* think I ought to do it? . . . Well, I've a good mind to do it, but it's the most outrageous thing I ever heard!

Mother's dining at the Meades' to-night. Ring her up at Back Bay 1432. I must have the family present. She'll be horrified. And Bob's probably playing poker at the Cosmos Club. And Gertrude's at a fancy-dress party at the Casserleys' . . . But we *must* have them!

You just wait while I slip something on . . . Why, no, I *can't* get married *this* way . . . I won't *tell* you . . . Well, hurry up, I won't bother, then.

(MRS. WETHERELL; at the hall telephone outside the hall dining-room at the Meades', 21 Newbury Street, Boston.) A minute later.

Hello, who is it, please? . . . Is that you Vesta? . . . Why, Luke, I thought you'd gone back to New York . . . You *are* in New York? . . . What in the world— . . . Why, how do you *do*, Dr. Martin? . . . Why, I don't understand. Do you mean to say you're all on the wire from different places? Why, how extraordinary! I didn't know that you could do things like that on the telephone . . . Married *over the telephone*? Are you *crazy*, all of you? Married *now*? . . . Immediately? . . . Why, I haven't finished my fish yet!

(Mrs. Meade, do come here and listen to this. I don't know what we're coming to in these days. Vesta's getting married to Mr. Merrill over the telephone at this

blessed minute. Now. Do give me a glass of sherry. I think it's perfectly scandalous. If Dr. Martin weren't there, I should think I was dreaming. When I was a girl—)

I'll wait. I suppose I'll have to. (Here, Mrs. Meade, take this napkin, will you? Do tell those people to keep quiet. The Doctor's begun already.)

(GERTRUDE WETHERELL; *at the telephone at the top of the stairs in the Casserleys', Beacon Street, Boston.*) Another minute later.

Hello! . . . Oh, hello, Luke! I thought you'd gone to Siberia! . . . Why, Ves, are you there? . . . Mamma? Well, I never! Well, this is a family party. (Jack, let go my hand. You're hurting me. No, you mayn't kiss me. Not even my cheek. Hush, they'll hear.) . . . You're going to be—what? Pleasespellit . . . Married! . . . Howperfectly lovely! Why, Ves, I never thought that you would do anything romantic—you're improving, really . . . (Jack, if you do that again, I never'll speak to you again as long as I live. Please behave, I'm at a wedding.) Go ahead, Luke, the orchestra's playing Lohengrin downstairs. They won't believe me when I tell them I've been bridesmaid-while-you-wait. Do speak up loud so I can hear you, Ves. When you promise to obey I want to hear it. (Now, Jack, please remember I'm being a bridesmaid, and I can't allow my attention to be distracted.) Go ahead, Doctor, I'll stop.

(ROBERT WETHERELL; *at the telephone, off the billiard-room of the Cosmos Club.*) Another minute later.

Hello. What is it? Oh, hello, Luke. What's the matter? Want me to use my influence with Ves? Sorry, old man, but I had a row with her myself only this morning, and the old lady, too . . . What, you there, mother! Pardon me, I didn't know you were eaves-dropping . . . Where'd you come from, Gert? I thought you were supposed to be at the

Casserleys' . . . Oh, how'd you do, Doctor? . . . Well, I'll be— Well, what are you giving me, anyway, a grand transcontinental jolly? Married! Well, I say, that's the limit for hair-trigger weddings! . . . Don't mind me! Go right ahead. If Vesta will stand for it, I guess I can . . .

(Shut up, you fellows! Don't make such an infernal racket! I'm giving my sister away. I'm being best man at a telephone-wedding with four rings.)

Say, Luke, if you expect me to pay the Doctor his tip in a white envelope, I haven't got but two dollars on me . . . All right, Vesta, I'll shut up. Go ahead and take the fatal plunge. Only this lets me out of any wedding-present. I'm not going to have weddings sprung on me at a minute's notice between shots . . . Yes, mother, I'll be good, and try to stand up straight . . . Go ahead up the aisle now . . . Yes, I'm all ready.

(LUKE MERRILL; *in his office in New York.*)

. . . I do.



"GO AHEAD, LUKE, THE ORCHESTRA'S PLAYING 'LOHENGRIN' DOWNSTAIRS."

(VESTA WETHERELL; in her sitting-room, Boston.)

. . . I do.

(DR. MARTIN; in his study, Brookline.)

. . . I pronounce you man and wife . . .

VESTA MERRILL, *née* WETHERELL.

You *wait* until I get on the train, Luke Merrill, I'll pay you for this. I'll henpeck you for the rest of your days.

LUKE MERRILL.

That's all right, Vesta, you can have a regular wedding with twenty-seven bridesmaids if you want, the next time you're married.

DR. MARTIN.

Now, Mrs. Merrill, permit me to congratulate you. I'm only sorry that I cannot claim my privilege of kissing the bride.

MRS. WETHERELL.

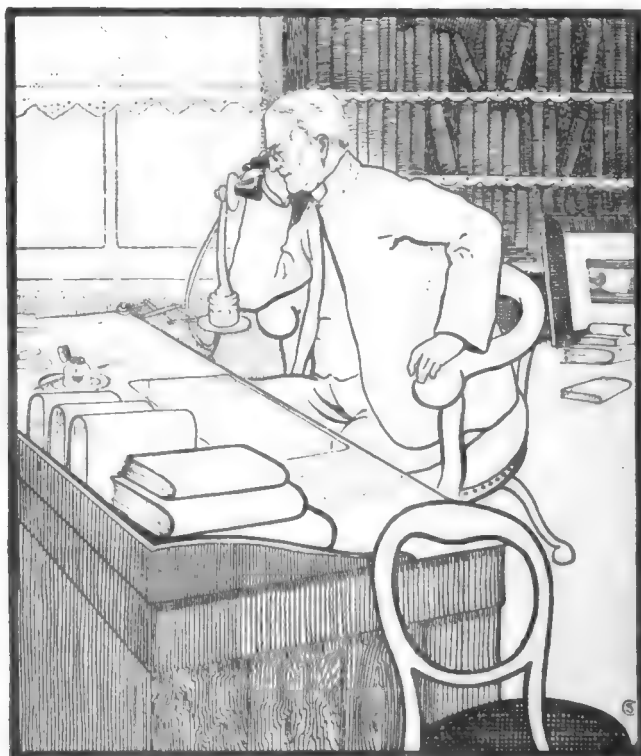
Now you children have had your own way, I suppose I can go back to my dinner. I've missed the *entrée* and the roast, but perhaps I can catch up on the dessert.

ROBERT WETHERELL.

I say, Luke, you'd better not stop long in Chicago—there's no telling how these married-in-haste brides will act, in the great divorce-belt.

GERTRUDE WETHERELL.

Well, now it's over, Ves, I'll tell you that you've interrupted a most interesting proposal . . . But I'm going to be married to a groom who's visible to the naked eye, I'll tell you that! But I'll come right home, Vesta, and tie a white slipper on your telephone!



"I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE."

Consumption, the Great White Plague

Consumption is Curable

By EUGENE WOOD

Article II

In the issue of last month it was shown that consumption kills one in every ten, and that one in three of all who die between the ages of twenty and thirty, the period of youth and ambition, dies of tuberculosis; that the loss of wages from such early deaths in the United States amounts to a billion and a third of dollars every year, which means that more money goes out of this country in hearses than comes in in ships, an outgo entirely wasteful because it is within our power to stop this sacrifice of life, this loss of wages, for consumption is preventable, because it is catching. The contagion is spread by spitting. If nobody spat where others have to tread, the disease would practically disappear.—*Editor's Note.*

OF the three declarations which modern medical science makes concerning consumption:

*It is Catching,
It is Preventable,
It is Curable,*

the statement that it is catching is the most important. So long as it was considered a mysterious hereditary influence, we could make no successful battle against it. But when we know it is catching, then we set to work to find out how it is catching, and what to do to stop the spread of that disease which carries off one-tenth of all our people. When we learn that it is a germ-disease; that in the phlegm of the consumptive lies the contagion that endangers your life and mine, the life of your child and mine, then we see that it is a preventable disease, and all that is necessary to put an end to this fearful loss of life is to get people to dispose of what they eject from their air-passages as carefully as they dispose of other refuse of the body. We cannot stop spitting, but we can spit where it will not be trodden upon and tracked into the house. To overcome untidy habits of spitting is to overcome this Captain of the Men of Death.

All this interests us in so far as we have hearts for others' woes; in so far as we are good citizens, kindly affectioned one to another. But when modern medical science says: Consumption is curable, an interest is awakened far more deep and pungent. With some of us, with many who now read these pages, it is a matter of life and death with

all that that implies. Until recently, every recovery from the Great White Plague has seemed a miracle, and we have come to look askance at miracles. There is great store of them if you believe all you hear; there is great scarcity of them after you have learned that testimony is not necessarily evidence. Not any and every case is curable, but consumption as a disease is. This is to tell you how.

Almost as valuable as learning how a thing can be done is to learn how it cannot be done. When it is known that consumption is not a mysterious hereditary blight, but a very definite form of low plant-life feeding upon the tissues of the lungs, on that very instant it occurs to everyone: there must be something that will kill these germs.

There are a number of things that will. What are called disinfectants will destroy them in a few minutes or a few hours. The tuberculosis germs are like the germs which turn milk sour, and these can be killed by heating the milk for fifteen minutes to something lower than the boiling-point. The germs of tuberculosis die when exposed to clean water and the sunlight. Radio-activity will kill them. But how shall we get at these germs when they are in the lung-tissue? It seems a simple thing to fill the air with medicated vapor which, breathed into the lungs, may do battle with the germs. But they lie hidden under cover of thick mucus. How are they to be got at? How can we kill them without killing the patient, too? Disinfectants are poisons. If moths are in the beehive, how shall we kill the

moths without also killing the bees? These questions are too difficult.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller has offered to give seven million dollars to the man who will discover a specific for consumption. He might just as well have made it seventy million, or seventy billion. Nobody will ever collect that money. There is no specific. I do not think it ever will be discovered.

No medicine that ever came out of a bottle will cure consumption.

But what about the remedies so flamingly advertised as sure and certain cures? Lying swindles, every one of them. Cruel, conscienceless, murdering swindles, every one of them. If any physician discovered such a remedy, he could not keep it to himself to make his everlasting fortune out of. He is oath-bound to give it to the world. If he patents it, he is cut dead by every other physician the world over, ostracized, excommunicated. He becomes a quack. Who, then, is there to discover such a remedy?

Hear what the Committee on Tuberculosis of the New York Charity Organization Society has to say in formal resolution upon "so-called specific medicines, and special methods of cure for tuberculosis." *They are without special value, and do not at all justify the extravagant claims made for them, and serve chiefly to enrich the promoters at the expense of the poor and frequently ignorant or credulous consumptives.*

This calm but earnest statement was signed unanimously by the whole committee of thirty-three, among them physicians of world-wide renown for their researches in tuberculosis, such men as Dr. Herman M. Biggs, medical officer of the New York Board of Health, whose system of organization against tuberculosis has been pronounced by Robert Koch himself as the most thorough in the world; S. A. Knopf, whose essay on tuberculosis won the prize from the German Kaiser in competition with the whole world; E. L. Trudeau, whose own experience in the cure of the Great White Plague reads like a novel; J. M. Huddleston, A. Jacobi, Walter B. James, E. G. Janeway, T. Mitchell Prudden, Henry T. Loomis, and others equally illustrious. If there was a specific, I should think they'd know of it.

But how do these patent medicines get the testimonials they print? Sometimes they regularly bulldoze them out of helpless people. The Charity Organization Society has

instances of such conduct on its records. Oftener the promoters buy and pay for these lies. Oftener still the people are deluded into thinking they are cured, to learn the terrible truth when it is too late. A man who will advertise that he can cure consumption with a specific medicine will do anything for money. If you think this is too strong a statement, I beg to quote to you the headline of one such advertised in a New York daily newspaper which circulates most largely among the poor, the ignorant, the credulous. It says: "Best climate for the consumptive is the fireside of home." I have known mighty low-down things to be done to get a little money, but this beats all I have ever heard of. If the men who promote this medicine know anything at all about the proper treatment of consumption, they must know that there is no surer way to kill a sufferer from that disease than to tell him to stay by his fireside. If he follows their advice he is as good as dead. This is nothing less than murder organized as a business. They must know, if they know anything, that the man's only chance is to get right away from that shut-in life. But they know that he fears the open air. He is chilly as it is. They know he dreads the notion of going away from home among strangers, sick as he is. They know that any other than the way of living to which he is accustomed seems to him unreasonable, unnecessary, unimaginable—in a word, impossible. They know he wants to be well again as soon as possible, and that he believes there is a proper drug for every disease; all you have to do is to get the right medicine and take enough of it. They know that when he reads the testimonials from men who say they were so weak they couldn't walk up four steps, and yet got well inside eleven weeks, he will never investigate and find out what black lies they are. They bank on all this. What do they care how many die, these conscienceless advertisers, so long as they can sell six bottles for \$5?

A certain whiskey is advertised as being so extremely pure that it will cure consumption. I am no judge of whiskey, but those who are tell me it is wretched stuff. Poor people stint themselves of food to buy this whiskey. Why, it is drinking whiskey makes people have consumption! A little liquor as a stimulant, administered by a physician, helps in the cure, but it isn't the whiskey that does the curing.

I said that if moths got into a beehive we shouldn't know what would kill the moths and not the bees. The illustration is as good as I can make it. How are they got rid of? If the colony is strong enough, the members sting the moths to death and carry out their bodies. What they cannot get out they cover over and seal up with wax. But if the colony is weak, the moths get the upper hand.

It is just so with us when germ-diseases fasten on us. If we have learned the lesson

kind we are either under or over the normal, then the power of the system to repair injury is taxed too much, and consumption fastens itself upon us.

Just as the beehive is defended against intruders, so is our body. But even when the enemy gets past the gate, when it gets into the blood it encounters myriads of tiny soldiers, leucocytes, white corpuscles which gobble up harmful organisms. The invaders may be too many for them. But with half a chance, with good support from the blood-



"CHASING THE CURE" AT NORDRACH RANCH, COLORADO SPRINGS.

of how to live, and keep our bodies in first-rate condition, we can resist the enemy. But when we break ourselves down by too much whiskey, too much tea and coffee and tobacco; when we starve ourselves, because we do not get enough to eat, or because we eat what we like and not what nourishes, or because we gobble it down without first chewing it so that it can be digested; when we stint ourselves in sleep and rest; when we poison ourselves by habitually breathing air, thick with the breath of others and the exhalations of their bodies; when we overwork and overworry; when we put on too much muscle or too much fat (one is as bad as the other); when by disease or excess of any

making functions of the body, the salts of the blood form a shell of true stone about the infected spot, and the wound is united with the same fibrous scar-tissue that fastens together the edges of a gash. Plenty of men have had consumption and got well of it without their ever knowing that they had it. When they have died of something else, their lungs have been dissected open and these old scars of consumption found. The bacilli have been sealed up with this scar-tissue, just as the bees seal up intruders in the hive. *It isn't medicine out of a bottle that will cure you of consumption; it is your own resisting power, your ability to supply the blood with fighting soldiers, your ability to*



STONY WOLD SANATORIUM AT KUSHAQUA, N. Y.

grow scar-tissue to unite the wounds the germs have made.

In one sense, though, there is a specific for the Great White Plague. Without it you cannot recover. It is the hardest thing in all the world to get in sufficient quantity, and it is what in all the world there is the most of. That is fresh air.

How many hours of the twenty-four do you breathe clean, fresh air? One? I doubt it. Do you sleep with your bedroom window open, even in zero weather? How wide is it open? Half an inch? If you

sleep with your window wide open all the year round, you are one out of a thousand. It is to the ignorant nine hundred and ninety-nine that the quack appeals with his murdering talk about the "climate of the fireside of home," which means impure air day in, day out. You do not stint yourself in food, but you do in oxygen. You can live a month without food; you cannot live five minutes without oxygen. You ought to absorb into your system daily one and three-quarters pounds of oxygen, which is more than a harvest-hand absorbs of food. If you are to maintain your-



BOULDER DODGE SANATORIUM AT FORT DODGE, IOWA



SLEEPING QUARTERS, LOOMIS SANATORIUM, LIBERTY, N. Y.

self in vigorous health you must breathe pure air twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four.

The open window is good, but if you have consumption it isn't good enough. You have urgent need for vigorous health if you are to make good, and more than make good the ravages of a consuming disease. Out-of-doors is where you get pure air. Where the out-of-doors is does not greatly matter. The only advantage of a warm, dry climate is that it is possible to stay out-of-doors all the time, day and night, without much extra preparation. No climate is so good that con-

sumption will not start in it. It may even become more dangerous because it is so good. Consumptives go there in large numbers and spit without a care, and so the place becomes infected with the germs. A man that goes to Colorado in search of health will never find it, sitting up till all hours in an airtight room, playing cards, and drinking whiskey and smoking.

Where it is warm and dry, consumptives make good recoveries. But in Canada and in the Adirondacks, when the thermometer sinks to forty degrees below zero, it is dry because



MUSKOKA COTTAGE SANATORIUM, NEAR GRAVENHURST, ONTARIO.

the moisture is all frozen out of the air; certainly it is hardly balmy. Yet consumptives make good recoveries there, too. The extreme cold is bracing and up-building, not because it is cold, but because one gets so much more oxygen in a lungful. It is the oxygen does the healing, keeps the fever down, helps the digestion, and gives refreshing sleep. The patients must not suffer from the cold, so they are warmly wrapped in fleecy blankets. They wear "pontiacs" and moccasins for the legs and feet, fur mittens, and woollen caps that draw down over the ears. Persons with long noses wear foot-ball guards to keep off frost-bite. Those not strong enough to tramp about on snowshoes, sit out-of-doors all the day long. There you will hear no nonsense about the night-air being bad for you. What other air is there to breathe at night but night-air? The only choice we have is between pure night-air and impure night-air. There you will hear no nonsense about keeping out of draughts, or that you must never sit down in the shade when it is cool, or that you mustn't go out-of-doors after 4 P.M. or before 9 A.M. If words can kill, these are the words. The tents the patients sleep in do not depend for ventilation upon the air passing through the meshes of the canvas. They are made of the most impervious of all cloth. The best models are those which imitate the Indian teepee. The air enters at the sides and flows continually upward out of the top. You might have an open fire in one of them and the smoke would never trouble you. It would go right out at the top.

This out-of-door life sharpens the appetite, but in the treatment of consumption little heed is paid to appetite. You have to eat, hungry or not. There are no big gorges to overwork the stomach, but there are six meals a day of moderate size. Some patients can eat full meals and then swallow thirty-six raw eggs a day. The aim of the treatment in these sanatoria is to get the sick man to drink three quarts of milk and eat a dozen raw eggs a day in addition to his regular meals of simple food.

I think some people would almost rather die than drink milk. If there is anything on earth they are resolved to have nothing whatever to do with, it is milk. Terrible stuff! Rank poison! It is of no use to tell them that at one time they lived upon it to the exclusion of all other food. It may do for children, but a grown man wants solid food.

I suppose they think their food goes into their blood in chunks and not in a milk-like fluid. It won't do at all for them, they say. It makes them bilious. It curdles in their stomachs in a livery, indigestible wad. As a matter of fact, milk is the surest all-round ration that can be found. If you've got consumption, you'll have to learn to drink it. Drink it or die. Take your choice. In that period of life in which you lived entirely upon it, you drew it into your mouth in small quantities and you had to work your tongue and cheeks hard to get it at all. If you will take it by teaspoonfuls now and work your mouth just as hard, it won't make you bilious. It won't curdle in your stomach. It will be digested before it gets to your stomach.

And this is one reason why toast, and bread so hard you have to gnaw it and chew on it for a long while before you can swallow it, are to be preferred for consumptives—for all people, indeed. The saliva has a chance to permeate and digest every crumb before it is swallowed down. Oatmeal porridge is nourishing, but we don't get half the good of it, because we gulp it down before it is anything like insalivated.

And you must eat meat, and plenty of it. Don't cut the fat off. The cow got most of the good out of the lean in her lifetime. The fat is what will do you good. All that there is to cod-liver oil that makes it worth while is that it is a fat easy to assimilate. Bacon-fat is nearly as easy to digest, and about five hundred times as easy to take. I had a dose of cod-liver oil about eleven years ago. I believe I can taste it yet.

Fruits and salads you may eat, merely to amuse yourself and pass the time. But you are wasting stomach-room on them. Milk, eggs, meat, and hard breads for you if you are to get well. Not a great deal at a time, but often.

To fresh air and food you must add rest of mind and body. It is easy to say: Don't worry. It is difficult to keep from worrying sometimes. But more difficult things, more repugnant things a man will do with the cold muzzle of a revolver making a ring on his forehead. Consider that death menaces you in just the same way. What's your business? book-keeper, bank president, tailor, clergyman? No! No! Not at all! Your business is to get well. Drop everything for a year. If you don't, you will drop everything forever before long. Do you want to die before



Photo by T. H. McAllister.

LUMBER-CAMP FOR THE "WINTER CURE."

your time? Every day's delay means one less chance of life.

Rest for the body does not mean alone sound sleep. There must be no exercise as exercise. If you are able and feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die, who began work in a gymnasium and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. You mustn't believe all the physical-culture people tell you, any more than all the patent-medicine people tell you. They're both in the miracle business. When the lung-tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by this fibrous, scar-material filling in the cavity. No new lung-tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar-material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand, and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken, or you "expand the lungs" you have to work the lung-tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar-material useless for breathing when it does get well. It is the practice now to make the

affected lung immobile with strips of adhesive plaster, and to inject it with nitrogen gas, so that the lung won't work.

There is no doubt at all that, so far from effecting a cure, exercise has killed many and many a consumptive who might otherwise have recovered. And the notion that by athletics you can make yourself proof against disease is just a notion. It isn't true. It is bad for you to be a skinny, flat-chested, ill-nourished man, but it is just as bad for you to be one of these fellows that get their pictures in the physical-culture magazines, all knots and knobs and bunches of muscle. They don't live long. Almost all of them have hypertrophied hearts. These men with great, big, pouter-pigeon chests die of consumption. The fastest half-mile runner of the world died of consumption. To be above or below the normal, to be too thin, to be too fat, all are against you. Muscular power does not necessarily mean resisting power; it may mean just the opposite.

If you can arrange to do it, I should strongly advise you to go to a sanatorium; where, it doesn't much matter, so long as it is conducted properly. The Charity Organization Society of New York, which is deep-

ly interested in tuberculosis, will send you a list of sanatoria if you ask for it. I should advise against your going alone to any place merely because of its climate. Without medical attendance and good nursing, without proper food, lonely and homesick, worrying, I should think a man's chances in the best of climates would be rather slender. Besides, you are likely to be scattering infection all about you. In the cold climates, in those sanatoria which receive only incipient cases, from seventy to seventy-five per cent. are discharged cured. In Germany, the life-insurance companies find it is better to send consumptive risks to sanatoria and have them get well, so as to go on as premium producers, than to let them die, and have to pay death benefits. Insurance there is on a different basis from what it is in this country. Here it would not pay, but insurance companies have figured on the proposition.

The most urgent need this country has today is the need of sanatoria where those who cannot afford to pay for their treatment may go without cost. It is not so much that many bread-winners, who must shortly die after a greater or less period of disability, would be restored to health and enabled to go to work again at full wages. That would be a grand, good thing in itself. But it is the experience of all that every sanatorium for consumptives becomes the centre of propaganda of the gospel of fresh air, the college where is taught the lesson of How to Live. With plenty of these sanatoria not only would the Great White Plague be cured, but it would be prevented.

If I were a very rich man, it seems to me I could do better with my money than endow a university in a country where they are as thick as flies, or speckle the land with free libraries. These are, no doubt, good ways to get one's name up, but I don't really think we are perishing for the lack of places where a young man may learn to say *hic, haec, hoc* without the book. It elevates the mind, they tell me, to know that *utor, fruor, fungor, vescor*, and *potior* take the ablative, or the genitive, I've forgotten which. I used to know, though. I see around me men dying of a preventable and curable disease. They are capable, honest, hard-working, useful citizens, doing their best to earn a living and to bring up their families decently. For them to lay off a whole year from work is almost impossible. It is quite impossible for them to maintain themselves at a sanatorium. They

could get well there. They could come back able to make full wages. As it is, they have to drop their skilled employ and take such other work, ill-paid work, as their feeble health will permit. The wife and little ones are stinted of their food and clothing. They who tried to keep themselves tidy and respectable sink to cheaper and poorer apartments. And then I see a day arrive when the bread-winner no longer can work at anything. It seems as if he cannot die. Months and months he lingers, panting for his breath, burned with fever, torn and shaken with his dreadful cough. Worst of all, spreading infection every day.

It isn't merely folly to build more colleges, and institute, more places where we may fuddle our minds with fiction. It is something to make us burn with indignation. It is their own money the millionaires have to spend. I know that. I know that, but why mock our need with ornamental fripperies when it is possible to cure and to prevent a disease that carries off one-third of all that die between the ages of twenty and thirty?

One rich man, at least, is doing his country a good service with his money. Henry Phipps, sometime Mayor of Philadelphia, has given a million dollars to establish sanatoria in abandoned lumber-camps, and only the other day, gave to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore another \$20,000 for an out-of-door-patient department for consumptives. Who shall say how many, otherwise too poor to fight a winning battle against the Great White Plague, may by his benefaction get their strength back, and keep their families from being broken up? Who shall compute the good that will accrue when these returning ones shall teach the lesson of How to Live? As a general thing, I don't approve of millionaires, but I take off my hat to Mr. Phipps. I wish I knew what words to use to tell how noble is the work that he is doing. It is too fine, too precious an action to be described in words.

But, if the treatment is only fresh air, nourishing food, and rest for mind and body, why go to a sanatorium at all? Why not "the fireside of home"?

It isn't absolutely necessary that you should leave your home, but it is better so. You need to make a total and complete change in your way of living. The old way gave you consumption; it cannot cure you of it. At home, the neighbors will think you're



SHARON SANATORIUM AT SHARON, MASS.

crazy if you sleep out-doors in all weathers : they will even gossip about you as a crank if you keep your windows open nights. If you live at home you must dress as well people do, and fret yourself with all the foolish multiplicity of buttons and fixings. The freedom of pajamas or a long loose robe in the daytime is hardly possible. People come in and talk, and tell you how there is no hope for you if once you get consumption. They had a sister Jennie, and she took the galloping consumption. They tell you of some patent medicine that is sure to cure you. They read about it in the paper. Why don't you try it? They tell you you'll catch cold if you go out in the night-air. They'll fret the life and soul out of you if you'll let them. Then again, it inconveniences the other members of the family if twice as many meals a day as usual are served. You cannot spoil their fun for them, and if they want to have a little party, it seems hard that you can't sit up till all hours like other people.

In the sanatorium all social obligations, the necessity of dressing for functions—everything—must bow and bend to your getting well. You aren't the only sick one. There are others getting well and going home. So

will you. Everything is cheerful and sanitary and you aren't running chances on doing the right thing. You aren't scattering disease wherever you go. It is a war against consumption conducted by the regular troops, not the volunteers.

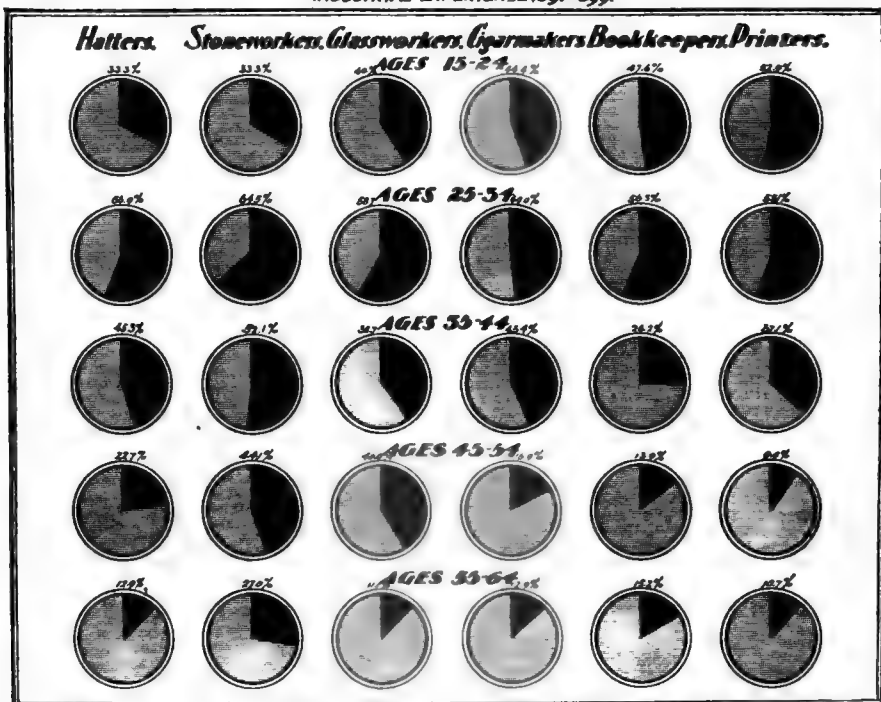
Nevertheless, ninety-eight per cent. of those who have tuberculosis of the lungs, if they get well at all, will have to do so at home. But not "by the fireside." Even in tenement-houses people have made good recoveries, but it has been by lying under a wide-open window all day long and all night long, by extra feeding, by rest, and by good courage. There are wondrous possibilities on back porches and in sheltered nooks. It isn't the coldness of the air, nor yet the sweltering heat of the sun that heals. It is the fresh, pure air in comfort. The patient must not be annoyed by cold or heat, but must be dressed so as to be comfortable. Sleep out-of-doors, shielded from the storm, and dress in-doors where it is warm.

And what are your chances?

You need not fear heredity, if that is against you. The Prudential Life Insurance Company is very much interested in consumption, for it costs that company \$800,000 every year. Because consumptives die so

Mortality from Consumption in Selected Occupations—Distinction—Age

INDUSTRIAL EXPERIENCE 1897-1899.



young it receives from them premiums on industrial insurance only to the average amount of \$24, and pays out death benefits, in the average, of \$134. It has acquired data which show that risks, declined on account of family history of consumption, terminated fatally in that disease in only nine per cent. of forty thousand cases. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the company, said before the British Tuberculosis Congress: "An applicant with a family record of consumption, if otherwise in physical good health, may be safely accepted for life insurance."

Your chances of recovery from consumption, when it is unattended by disorders of the heart, kidneys, digestive apparatus, or the blood-making functions, are good. If you are fastidious in your appetite, have a distaste for meat, particularly for fat meat, if you are more than ordinarily affected by alcoholic stimulation, if you get red in the face and garrulous after one drink, your chances are not so good.

It is a hopeful sign if you have little fever. It is the fever that wears the patient out. When the tubercles break down in decay,

pus-forming germs get in and generate poisons which the system tries hard to throw off. The patient feels chilly in the morning, has a fever later in the day, and a profuse perspiration in the night. These are the "night-sweats" ignorantly thought to be profoundly weakening. As a matter of fact, all that the sick man loses by them is water and a little salt, easily replaced. The rest of the perspiration is poison, well away. The patient says the "night-sweats" are killing him. He may be dying, but he is dying from what causes the night-sweats. The night-sweats are remedial. They make him feel uncomfortable, but they have so far kept him alive.

Also, you need not be afraid of hemorrhages. It is the property of blood and particularly of shed blood to destroy tubercle germs. When the disease breaks through the walls of the tubes of blood and lets it flow over the affected part it kills the germs and knits the wound together with the fibrous scar-material.

Coughing is not harmful either unless it keeps you waking when you ought to sleep. Try lying on the well side, and see if you don't rest better.

It is against you if you are light of weight in proportion to your stature. It is against you if you are a stone-worker; if you are unmarried; if you earn small wages. Even though you are as well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, and have the same strength as another man getting \$12 a week while you get \$10 a week, he has a better chance than you.

It is against you if you are impatient, headstrong, insubordinate. It has taken the disease a long time to get a lodgment in your system. On the average it takes five implantations of the germs to give consumption. It takes a good while to make a final cure. Don't be in a hurry to count yourself cured. People have done this, have gained in weight, and then they have thought they could go the pace they used to in the old days. They have in the end been snuffed out like a candle. At the very least you ought to stay in the sanatorium six months. Better make it a year. Then after you are apparently cured, before you are certainly cured, there must be two years without a relapse. Two years during which you must be careful.

You can never go back safely to the old mode of life. Luckily, after you have once enjoyed the blessings of pure air, you cannot be content again to live half-smothered by foul air. You will never be as good as new. The lung-tissue, once destroyed, is not replaced. The fibrous scar-material takes its place, but you cannot breathe with that. You will always be short of breath. But it is a good deal to be alive. To be a dead man confers no great distinction, not half so much as having fought and conquered the Captain of the Men of Death. That proves the moral hero.

Consumption is curable, not by man-made medicines, choked down at "the fire-side of home," but by God Almighty's medicines, the fresh, clean air twenty-four hours

out of the twenty-four; the blessed sunlight; refreshing sleep, and rest of mind and body; nourishing food six times a day. But understand this very distinctly: While the only things that will cure you of consumption are God's remedies, natural remedies, you will be committing the greatest possible folly if you do not submit yourself to medical advice and supervision. The physician is trained to observe and his experience, far larger than yours, will enable him to supplement these natural remedies at just the right moment so that you can make a surer and speedier recovery. He has special training where you have not. He won't give you drugs unless you need them. Trust him for that. And that momentary need of a drug may be just what will tide you over the critical period. Get the best medical advice and follow it to the letter.

Consumption is preventable, if by individual and communal effort we stop discharging the refuse of our air-passages where the tubercle bacilli, which infest the nose and throat of practically everybody, can be tracked into the house, the conservatory of consumption. If all such as have the disease spit what they raise into paper cups, books of old newspaper, moist rags, and then burn these with fire, the spread of the Great White Plague, which carries off one in every ten, will be checked immediately, for it is only by what comes away from infected lungs that Consumption is Catching.

Be done forever with Patient Resignation. Fight this enemy of the race. Never trouble about learning How to Die. Learn How to Live. The latest word of modern medical science is:

*Consumption is Catching,
It is Preventable,
It is Curable.*

If any unusual cure has come under your notice, or if you know of anything in the line of prevention or cure that would be helpful to the great army of the stricken or those exposed to contagion, write your experiences or opinions briefly for our department "Straight Talk."—THE PUBLISHERS.





As In a Glass Darkly

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

THE thrumming of Aislesworth's guitar made itself heard above the sullen, distant roar of the Falls, the sing-song drone of native voices, chanting monotonously, the far-off throbbing of drums that pulsed across the night like the beat of a giant heart. Darkness had fallen with a heavy sultriness, a hushed tension in the air, with never a breath of breeze to stir the day's stagnant heat. In front of the cabin, half a mile away, the river took its swollen course westward, toward the setting sun and the lands that were clean and good; hidden from view by a strip of jungle, booming hoarsely over the Falls of the Grande Riviere. Back of the cabin was the forest, black and inscrutable, whispering tales of the hot life that went on in full blast beneath the shelter of its skirts, of the evil lore of ancient days which was given to its keeping, of the rites of savagery enacted, of the dances danced, the sacrifices offered, the sights and sounds safe hidden in its trackless depths.

In the cabin five men sat, drained by fever, toughened by exposure, exiled from the life of their world and thrust into a world which would not receive them: Henderson, thin and wizened, with tired brown eyes, fresh from his lonely station twenty miles up-river, where for twenty-nine days out of the month he saw no white face, heard no tongue save the chatter of barbarous, bastard French;

Bloodgood, young and clean-cut and lean as a racer, weakened and pale beneath his tan from the crisis of acclimatization, luxuriating in Port-au-Prince, where was life and color and the hum of the lives of many men, if nothing more; Darnley, called the Professor, small and shrivelled, and nearly bald, beaming elderly cheerfulness from behind gold-mounted spectacles, an earnest seeker after all that was bizarre and strange in Haytian life—and of this there is more than one may tell—with a taste for mechanics and the occult; Starrell, tall and dark and moody, of whom one knew little, save that he was gloomy and taciturn and hated blacks, hunting ebony under a reluctant permit from the Government, for the Morris-Shipman Company, of Liverpool and Portland; and Aislesworth, who was red-headed and dark-eyed and prone to take life easily, who lived with the Professor in the cabin half a mile from the booming Falls, and was trying to get a concession from the powers that were, to start various coffee plantations near Thomazeau for an American syndicate.

Once a month the five foregathered at his cabin and drank cooling drinks of unnamable native fruits and compared the tale of their lonely lives. At home, none would have thought the other of any great account; they would have been casual acquaintances, nothing more. Here, since the land is not

a white man's land, but a country where all things are alien and antagonistic, and since blood calls aloud to blood and will not be denied, they fraternized intimately, knowing more, each of the other, in a week, than at home they would ever have thought or cared of knowing.

Aislesworth was playing the "Suwanee River," softly, with a rippling accompaniment full of tender little chords and arpeggios which made Bloodgood feel very badly. Bloodgood was not long out from home, and was desperately homesick and still more desperately afraid that somebody would find it out. He sat outside the circle of lamplight, in an attitude of jaunty indifference which belied his sunken boy's face and hungry eyes. There was a girl at home who had sung that "Suwanee River" not so very long ago, and it brought up recollections which Bloodgood felt were unprofitable. His face expressed, quite as clearly as many words could have done, a devout wish that Aislesworth would either shut up or try something else. Henderson and the Professor were also very quiet; Starrell, sprawling in a broken-down steamer chair, whistled through his teeth a soft tenor to the melody and was obviously unconcerned.

"Why don't you play something threadbare, Mac?" Bloodgood suggested with an attempt at withering sarcasm. The girl's voice and eyes were becoming painfully vivid. "There was a thing going the rounds when I came out——"

He took the guitar from Aislesworth's unwilling hands and thumped upon it villainously.

"Give it here!" cried Aislesworth, in alarm. "You'll break a string with your pawing and I have no extra ones."

"I am about to make an experiment which I should like to show you men," the Professor interpolated, in his prim voice.

Bloodgood laid the guitar upon the floor, prepared to listen, and Aislesworth rescued it and sank at once into tranquillity.

"It is a rather extraordinary experiment," said the Professor, and walked up and down the floor, hands behind him, in his class-room attitude. "In fact I do not in the least understand it myself." He paused, to see that he held the attention of the four. "You may call it a manifestation of vaudoux, or a—well, even a miracle, if you like, but if you will call it a fact I shall be quite satisfied. It was shown me to-day by a *papaloi* whom I

found in a village to the south—I have the name written down on one of my cuffs, I believe. And it is, to say the least, uncanny."

"If it was one of their vaudoux tricks," Starrell put in, from his corner, "you may expect to find it merely rot."

"I don't agree with you there!" the Professor returned with spirit. "There's nothing supernatural about it, of course; but no person who has come at all in contact with vaudoux can deny that these priests and priestesses possess knowledge which as yet is hidden from us, and which it is plain they use only too often for evil. Whether this experiment is rot or not, it may serve to pass the time, since no one appears disposed to assist in the entertainment in any way. Have you, for instance, anything better to suggest?"

Bloodgood chuckled; Starrell laughed aloud and said:

"Vantage out! You're right, Professor. To make it up, I'll help you in your experiment, if you like. What is it?"

The Professor felt in the capacious pockets of his coat-tails, built for the reception of "specimens" of sorts. "This. It has no name that I can pronounce or that you could understand if it were pronounced. Hands off, please, for the present."

Gravely he produced a misshapen gourd, exceedingly commonplace to look at. Over this he wagged a solemn head, twisting and turning it and explaining as he worked.

"The old sinner who sold it to me—ferociously dirty old party he was!—said that by manipulating it correctly it might be opened and—er—untold secrets be brought to light by means of what was within."

The Professor's voice was impressive; he cast a twinkling eye upon the four, who had lapsed from frank irritability and boredom into a faint awakening spasm of interest.

"I do not in the least object to playing monkey for the crowd," the Professor observed, unexpectedly, in his precise, class-room voice; "but I must request implicit attention on your part, and—er—allowance for the fact that I am not yet familiar with the machine. Now J^{ésu} believes—and in this I am inclined to agree—that a thing which has in the past influenced a man strongly is bound to leave its mark upon him somehow. He declares that a man, looking at the reflection of another's face in this contrivance, will be enabled to see, as it were, the shadow of the event or events which

have most strongly influenced the man's life."

"And you expect us to sit up here and have our youthful sins and wickednesses shown up by that contraption?" Henderson interrupted. "Oh, come off, Professor! That's too thin!"

The Professor ruffled his plumage.

"I merely wish to ascertain whether there is anything in it or not——"

"And are willing to experiment on us. That's kind and thoughtful of you!" quoth Aislesworth, with an air of engaging frankness. "Speaking personally, I don't take any stock in this sort of thing. It strikes me as being rather flat and futile. Whoever heard of such an idea, anyhow?" His tone was lordly.

"There's nothing in it, of course; I agree with you there. So why shouldn't you stand up to it and entertain the crowd?" Bloodgood wished to know, so that Aislesworth grinned at him. "You can't deny that, as the Professor says, these niggers are up to all sorts of ungodly practices that we can't pretend to understand. We've all of us seen things since we've been here, I suppose, that—well, if we'd heard a fellow tell of them two years ago, at home, we know what we'd have called him. And if I told a man that I had seen what you saw yourself, Professor, two months ago just outside Jacmel, I'd have been called whatever the man happened to think of first."

"I'm not denying that queer things have happened and are happening all the time," Aislesworth protested, stoutly. "But I do think that in this case the Professor's drawn a blank. If he opens his little old gourd and expects to see a ghost of Bloodgood's dead past mirrored in it, I'm afraid he'll be disappointed. There might be a past—he winked at Bloodgood—"but he wouldn't see it. Jésu got his money's worth that time, I guess. Still, as you say, it'll do to liven things up." Aislesworth suddenly bestirred himself. "Bloodgood, you're young and innocent and have favored the scheme—get up and show us what sort of a character the magic pot gives you. If the surface remains unpictured"—his tone became grandiloquent; he flourished an arm oratorically—"and your lily-white pinions remain unsmirched, I'll try it myself, just to keep you company and amuse our friends."

The Professor looked at Starrell, smiling indulgence at Aislesworth's flow of soul.

"I shall need assistance," he said, "and as you have volunteered, I'll press you into service."

They went into Aislesworth's bedroom and shut the door. Starrell, glancing at the Professor, observed a grin spreading over his prim and elderly face.

"Is it a joke?" he inquired, with interest.

The Professor countered.

"I believe you once told me that you had been an actor?"

Starrell nodded curtly.

"I believe I did. Fate pulled the strings—and I danced and gibbered."

The Professor patted the fat brown side of his gourd.

"Very good. Ex-actly the thing."

He opened the gourd, with great care, his head on one side, his lips pursed with earnestness. The bowl formed by the lower part was half full of liquid, crystal clear, which gave forth a faint and aromatic perfume.

"You are to hold the bowl like this," quoth the Professor. "Better rest it on the table, for even your breath will cause the stuff to quiver. When Bloodgood looks into the bowl, you look in also, with an appearance of great earnestness."

"Then it is a joke?" Starrell said. His tone was somewhat relieved.

"It is and it isn't," the Professor answered, with unexpected gravity. "The fact is, I couldn't tell, to save my life, whether there actually was anything reflected in the bowl or not. From all the standpoints of reason, I should say not. You will notice that the bowl is half full. In a little while the stuff will rise in it, without more being added, until the gourd is filled to the brim. This may be caused by the warmth of a person's hands on the thin shell of the gourd." Being busy, he did not notice Starrell's smile of pity. "When Bloodgood looks into the bowl, you must do your part. Like the rest of you, I don't think I believe for a moment in Jésu's yarn—this is simply for amusement. But afterward I want to analyze this liquid, if possible."

"I see. Trust me," said Starrell. "We can work up a pretty good turn if we mind our cues. Rather rough on Bloodgood, don't you think?"

"Oh, no," the Professor said, easily. "He can take a joke even when it's on him—and all I want is to liven you boys up a little. Positively you were getting on my—er—nerves. Besides, Bloodgood's the likeliest of



"THE OLD SINNER WHO SOLD IT TO ME."



SINGING LOUDLY A DITTY OF THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.

the lot," the Professor added, with an after-thought, naively. "He's the youngest, and—well, I fancy if there did happen to be anything in Jésu's romance, his bowl would be most likely to remain blank."

Whereat Starrell carefully suppressed a smile.

They returned to the next room, the Professor bearing his bowl with dignity. Aislesworth had taken to the guitar again, and was singing loudly a ditty of the London music-halls, excessively popular and quite unprintable. Henderson was rolling cigarettes with

one hand, after the manner of the Mexican *vaqueros*, from whom he had learned the trick. Bloodgood, in the steamer chair, watched the operation with interest, his head on one side like an attentive fox-terrier.

"I can do it with either hand," Henderson was saying, above Aislesworth's racket. "It's odd, but all right-handed people seem to do them better with the left hand, and all left-handed ones, with the right. You begin it so, you see, between the thumb and little finger, roll it on to the third and second, holding it so, and use the index finger——"

"Sorry to interrupt, gentlemen," said the Professor, advancing to the table in the centre of the room, "but this stuff will begin to try experiments on its own account if we don't hurry a bit."

Starrell cleared away a litter of papers, pipes, tobacco tins, spurs, and tin cups from one side of the table, and brought up a chair. Into this Bloodgood obediently doubled his six feet two of muscular length. Behind him the Professor placed Starrell, arranging the two so that both might look into the gourd in Starrell's

hands. Bloodgood sniffled.

"What's that you've got there?" he demanded, with suspicion. "Starrell, don't go poking that thing under my nose. How do you know the fumes won't poison every mother's son of us?"

"Look into the bowl, Bloodgood," the Professor directed, in the tone of one coaxing a refractory child into submission. He placed himself where he could watch the faces of the two. Henderson and Aislesworth drew closer, pleased at the prospect of something doing. Bloodgood docilely fixed his eyes on

the crystal-clear liquid in the bowl. It had settled into absolute quiet; not a quiver crossed its surface.

The Professor raised his hand.

"Whatever happens, you two, Henderson and Mac, will remain silent," he said, in an odd voice. "Starrell, hold the gourd so the heat of your hands will penetrate as much as possible to the liquid."

Aislesworth and Henderson sat stiffly upright, their eyes glued to Starrell's face. Starrell's manner, the Professor's solemnity, had done their work. The Professor faced the table, his spectacles glaring in the lamp-light, holding the back of a chair. Bloodgood, sitting very still, stared into the bowl; Starrell, somewhat behind him, stared also, with knitted brows. The room was silent save for the men's breathing. Outside, the natives' songs had ceased. The Falls boomed on endlessly; mingled with their thunder was the fevered throbbing of distant drums, like the very pulses of the night itself. The lamp, standing in the draught of the open door, shed a wavering light on the men's faces, half interested, half amused, and on the barrack-like bareness of the room.

And quite suddenly Starrell spoke, in an odd, breathless voice, his eyes fixed always upon the crystal liquid in the gourd.

"Darnley—Darnley, the stuff is rising. I'm holding it still, but it's——"

His voice stopped on the word. Henderson and Aislesworth leaned forward simultaneously. Their faces lightened to sudden and genuine interest. Only the Professor saw that Bloodgood's hands had gripped the edges of his chair. Starrell's voice fell into the silence again, so that the Professor hugged himself with secret glee.

"There's—there's something coming—I see a face—Bloodgood's face—reflected——"

"Keep still, man!" the Professor muttered between his teeth, as Bloodgood started, ever so slightly.

"It's changing to—to——"

Starrell stopped with a gasp. Bloodgood sat tense and rigid; on his hands that gripped his chair the veins stood out like cords. Henderson and Aislesworth watched wide-eyed.

"Oh, bully, bully!" murmured the prim Professor, below his breath.

But then Starrell spoke again, in quick jerking sentences, with a new note in his voice which made the Professor glance at him in sudden apprehension.

"Darnley, there *is* something. 'Fore God, I'm not joking now—there is something in this hellish pot. I can't make out—it's growing. There's a man's face, but it—why, good Lord! that's not Bloodgood!"

And again the Professor saw that Bloodgood started, and that he turned quite white and his jaw set hard. It was as though he listened intently, bracing himself for something which was to come. The Professor leaned forward. The secret glee had left his face; his eyes were full of wonder and a dawning suspicion, and the greed of the scientist on the brink of a new discovery.

"It's a pale face, with a crooked nose and a black beard," Starrell said, in the same tense and hurried voice. Always he stared into the bowl between his hands; but his face also had changed. In it was amazement, and fear, and a certain shrinking, as though he wished to look away and could not.

"It's—he's only got one eye," he whispered. "It's black, and it glitters, and the empty socket is red—red."

The Professor, forgetting Bloodgood, looked at Starrell. Here was no acting; something had happened, something unforeseen, not to be measured by any of his existing standards. A bit of the veil which hid the past of primeval lands, unnamable and better left unknown, was being rent before his eyes; for one instant he looked deep into the black heart of the East, with its teeming mysteries. Its unlawful secrets, age-old and sinister, whose answer the eyes of no white man might read, its evil knowledge which could compass things such as these. Grim tragedy stared from behind the mask of their idle comedy. As he opened his mouth to speak, Starrell said, hoarsely:

"It's growing clearer. He's got a—it looks like a—a cross cut in the flesh of his breast." His voice rose to sudden menace. "Bloodgood! did you ever see that man?"

There was an abrupt movement—a crash, at which Henderson and Aislesworth jumped as though they had been shot. Bloodgood had risen to his feet, knocking over his chair. The Professor saw that heavy drops of sweat beaded his forehead; his fists were balled as for attack. An instant he stared at Starrell, and the Professor held his breath. The others were utterly forgotten. Bloodgood said, his voice shaking, his face stamped with livid horror:

"Starrell, for—for God's sake say that man has no—no cross! It can't be! Nobody

ever knew—my Lord in heaven! nobody ever knew!”

“Bloodgood!” cried the Professor, finding voice—“man, you don’t—you can’t mean that you’ve—you’ve seen such a man—that we’ve hit on anything——”

“A cross cut in the flesh of his breast,” Starrell repeated, hoarsely, nor raised his eyes from the bowl between his hands. And then, at the look which came to Bloodgood’s face the Professor threw his hands out, crying:

“This—upon my soul this has gone far enough! Tell him it’s a hoax, Starrell—tell him it’s a hoax!”

Starrell paid no heed whatever. He raised his eyes and looked at Bloodgood with something very like fear; and the Professor followed his glance. And Bloodgood, standing with clenched hands and drops of sweat beading his forehead, was saying, over and over:

“Nobody ever knew! How did you find it out? I tell you, nobody ever knew!” And then, hoarsely, “There might have been two with black beards—and broken noses—and one black eye and an empty socket—but never but one with the cross—never but one! Day and night I’ve seen that empty socket and that cross—day and night for all these years—and now! my God! *now!*”

He flung himself into the chair the Professor had held, and buried his face in his arms upon the table.

For an instant was utter stillness. Then the Professor took up his babbling.

“Tell him it’s a hoax, Starrell—upon my soul, this thing has gone far enough! Tell him it’s a hoax!”

Starrell straightened up and looked at him, and the same fear was in his eyes.

“Ay, man!” he said, impatiently. “But look at him—*is* it a hoax?”

And at that Aislesworth swore below his breath, and Henderson ejaculated: “My mother in heaven!”

Bloodgood raised his head from his arms. His face was drawn and gray and ten years older.

“I don’t know by what devil’s work you found this out,” he said, huskily. “But that—that is the man—with the cross cut in the flesh of his breast.” He stopped, swallowing hard. “All these years I’ve tried to shake him off, to forget the look of him—and I’ve repented—God knows I’ve repented!” They watched him in deadly fascination, all four, transfixed with sheer fright.

“But repentance isn’t what is wanted! For every drop of blood I made him sweat, he’s made me sweat three. For every curse I gave him, he’s given me three. There’s no way I can get rid of him—no way on earth!”

The Professor laid a hand upon his shoulder.

“Lad, lad, what in heaven’s name is this? We were just trying an experiment—we wanted to see if there was something in it—it’s a hoax—upon my soul it’s nothing but a hoax!”

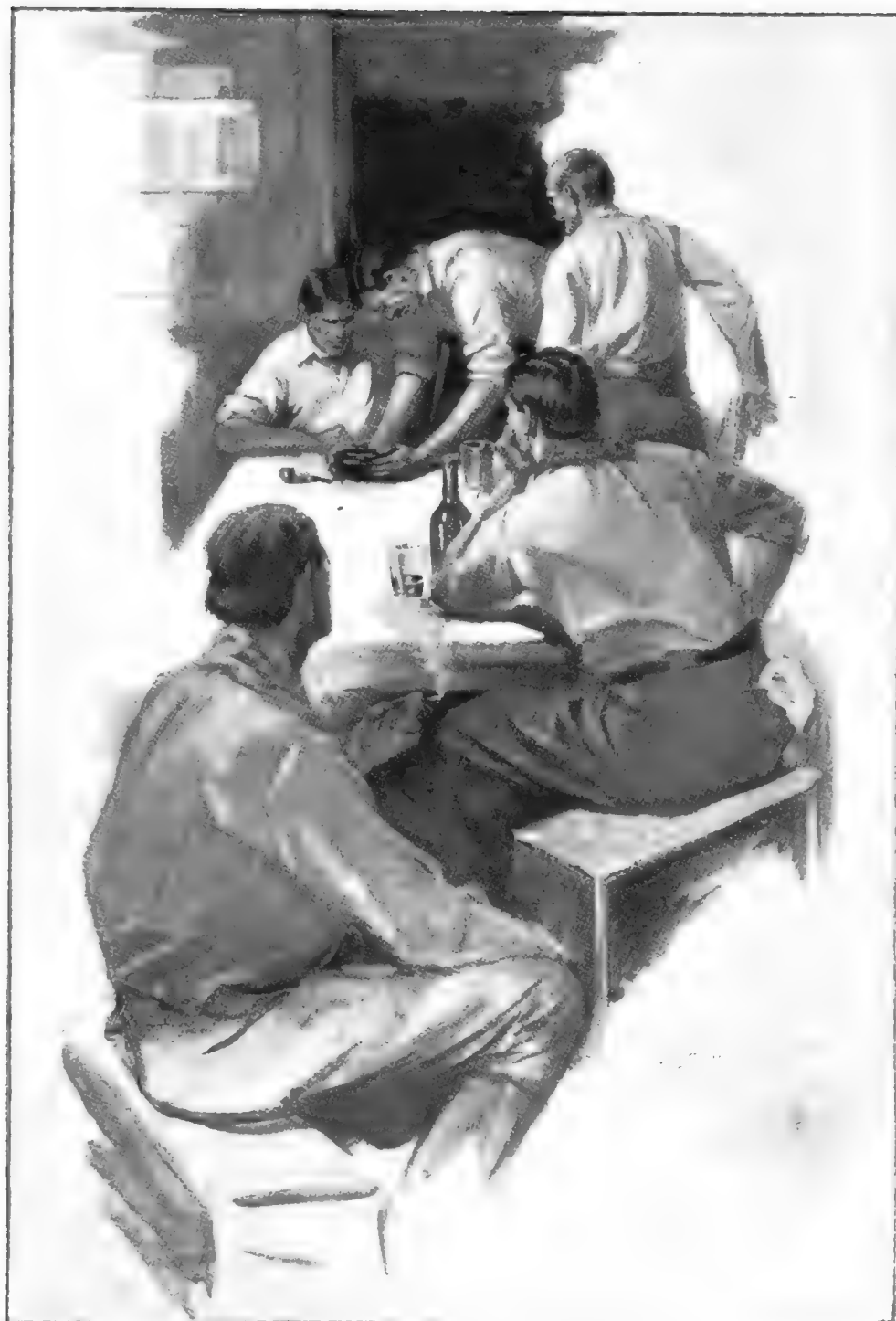
“Go to the devil!” Bloodgood said, and shook him off. “I tell you”—his eyes flashed—“you’ve been spying on me; you’ve been worming out of Blondin all he knows about me! That’s how you have found out about”—he checked himself and bit off a word between his teeth—“about him. And I thought it was past and done with. Nothing ever is past and done with!—first thing you know it’ll crop out and hit you in the face. I made every reparation in my power—perhaps Blondin didn’t tell you that, the cur! Oh, I’ll take it out of him for this! I’ll hide him till he’s raw—I’ll——”

His voice choked and stopped. Again he buried his face in his arms on the table, but this time his broad shoulders heaved and shook.

Henderson rose slowly from beside Aislesworth, glancing from one to the other and to the man beside the table. His wizened face and tired brown eyes were very grave.

“I guess,” he said, slowly, clearing his throat, “that we’ve run up against something we weren’t meant to see. We didn’t want to see it. It was an—an accident. But whatever it is—was—I think—I think we oughtn’t to forget that we’re the—almost the only white men out here in this heathenish place, and we’ve got to stand by each other, every one of us, no matter what happens or what has happened. This business is none of our affair. We didn’t find it out by any lawful means, and it’s not up to us to judge it one way or another. It may not have been something against Bloodgood, and it may have been. But whatever it was, I stand in with him while we’re out here. And after that—oh, well, one doesn’t remember things very long about this place when one gets away from it. I only want to say that I don’t know what this is all about, but Bloodgood can count on me, if he wants to, every time.”

“Me, too,” said Aislesworth. “Come along, Hen; we’re not in this.”



"I SEE A FACE—BLOODGOOD'S FACE—REFLECTED—"

But Bloodgood lifted his head from the table.

"Thanks, you fellows," he said, unsteadily. "I won't forget this in a hurry. No; don't go. I've made several sorts of an ass of myself—but if you had a thing sprung at you like this, you might not have had time to remember your manners. I hope, Starrell, that you and the Professor are satisfied with your experiment. Oh, you needn't get off your little song and dance about it's being a hoax. If it were a hoax, how should Starrell have happened to hit on—on a man with a cross slashed on his breast? Tell me that, Professor! But I am pleased if I have afforded you an evening's entertainment."

"Don't, old chap!" Henderson said, quickly. "We didn't know the beastly thing would work—you must believe that. We're all tremendously sorry, of course," he added, lamely, "and we'd do anything at all——"

Bloodgood looked squarely into the Professor's eyes.

"Is that so?" he demanded.

"Why, upon my soul—yes, of course!" said the Professor. He was obviously much shaken.

"Then give me that infernal machine," said Bloodgood, calmly. "I'll take precious good care no other poor devil gets trapped like this!"

The Professor started, and cast a dismayed glance at the gourd upon the table. His experiment was not yet finished; nay, in view of what had passed, was hardly yet begun. But the Professor's word was given. Silently, with manifest reluctance, he handed over the gourd. Bloodgood went to the door and poured the crystal liquid upon the ground. A faint aromatic breath floated back to them into the room, last memory of the mystery which had been. Bloodgood set his heel upon the gourd, and crushed it, and kicked the pieces over the threshold into the night. Then he came back to the table.

"I, too, have had my evening's entertainment," he said, and his voice was mocking. "Aislesworth, I'll accept your invitation down here next month only on condition that no experiments in—in human souls—are to be tried."

"You're not going?" Aislesworth said, aghast.

"No," Bloodgood answered, wearily. He passed a hand across his forehead. "A thirty-mile ride to the city is no joke at midnight. I think your place is big enough

to hold the Professor and myself—for a while yet. But I think I'll turn in. I've had enough entertainment for one evening."

Soon the cabin was wrapped in silence, with a faint persistent breath of aromatic perfume hovering always around its door. In the distance the roar of the Falls sounded sullenly and endlessly, and the measured, vibrant drum-beat throbbed across the night.

Upon a time, some days after the experiment, Starrell, jogging out of Port-au-Prince with his weekly mail, met the Professor, on mule-back, coming in. Said Starrell, with exceeding earnestness:

"I've been doing some pretty tall thinking about that affair with Bloodgood. Had a minute's talk with him to-day. I think I see a gleam of light. I saw something in that bowl, I'll admit. It may have been a one-eyed man with a cross on his breast, but I couldn't swear to it—because I don't know what it was."

The Professor gasped slightly.

"Then *you* were putting up a hoax?" he asked, hopefully.

"I don't know!" said Starrell, with caution. "As I say, I did see something reflected in that gourd. I don't know whether the devilish power of the thing hypnotized me into believing I saw that particular man, or whether Bloodgood got me rattled enough to believe I saw anything he wanted me to see when he was through with me. That might be one explanation. I can't tell to save my life."

"And the other?" the Professor demanded. He peered at Starrell eagerly over the tops of his spectacles, his helmet pushed well back on his bald forehead.

"The other?" Starrell said, slowly. "The other is that Bloodgood was trying an experiment on us. To-day he spoke of that Blondin chap he talked about, and called him Blondel. And if you remember, it happened that I gave him his cues every time. All he did was to follow our lead. Oh, I tell you, I've been thinking about it!"

For many seconds the Professor stared at him, his jaw dropping in amazement. Then a grin of enlightenment spread itself over his prim and elderly face; he slapped his knee so that his mule jumped.

"Trying—an experiment—on—Us!" cried the Professor. "I—why, upon my soul, Starrell! I—believe—I begin to see what you mean!"



The Surrender: An Idyl

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

Illustrated by Charlotte Weber

I

IT was July. The metallic rasping of the myriads of locusts served but to accentuate the listlessness and loneliness which seemed to pervade the world. The leaves of the trees hung motionless, the creek scarcely voiced a murmur as it slid from pool to pool, the shadows lay long on the mirror-like surface of the water, and the wide-eyed, somnolent cattle stood stock-still and ruminant in the shingly, leg-deep shallows that stretched almost stagnantly beneath the willow-trees. Just below the ford where a straggling plantation road made passage of the stream a young man sat at the edge of a shadow-flecked eddy above which he dangled but idly a long fishing-rod and line. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow clad in blue overalls; his eyes, too, were blue and his hair, so much of it as was visible, was sun-burned. Twenty yards across the stream in front of him and just at the foot of an overhanging beech there was a spring, beside which a brown gourd hung on a stick. Beyond the spring a ragged hillside cumbered with underbrush and stones and knotted roots, half-exposed, upreared itself steeply. Up the hillside, zigzagging erratically because of

the laborious climb, a little pathway led from the spring toward a brown farm-house which, though hidden by the intervening trees, stood on the plateau above.

It was this path that the loiterer was watching to the neglect of his rod and his line. When the vagrant breeze shook the bushes which obscured the narrow approach, he half rose expectantly and even after he had dropped back disappointed, the carelessness of his posture was belied by the eagerness of his gaze. Presently the bushes were stirred by other than the wind and, parting the branches before her, a girl with a bucket stepped through. She was quite a pretty girl and her pink gingham dress and white sun-bonnet lent a pleasing variety of color to the path. This time the man stood fully erect watching her and waiting.

Perceiving the intruder upon her private domain the girl gave a little start of surprise, then tilting her sun-bonnet forward she came down and leaned over the spring.

"Sa-a-y!" The man was very red. Twice he had essayed to call to her, but it seemed to him that his swiftly beating heart had each time risen into his throat and choked him. Then he had realized that his opportunity was passing and at last he had spoken, but

his voice sounded odd and strained. Would she wither him with a scornful glance or would she take up her bucket quickly and vanish along the path?

She did neither. She lifted the pail, now filled to the brim and placed it on the broad flat stone at the side of the spring; then she faced him calmly and answered him.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her eyes seemed to disconcert him and he cast about hurriedly for words. "C'n—c'n I come over there an' get a drink?"

For one moment the girl was disposed to laugh at him—to tell him that the spring and the gourd had been there ere she came and would be there after she had gone. But the man was young and goodly to look upon and the woman was a daughter of Eve, hence she cast a quick glance backward at the path. There was nothing there save a cat-bird balancing itself on a bough, so she trusted herself to look at the tempter again.

"Yes," she replied, glancing first at the stream and then back at him doubtfully, "come, if you want to."

He understood her look. "There's a foot-log below," he said, "but I'll cross so." He caught an overhanging branch and swung himself lightly. In another moment he was across and almost at her side. A look of admiration crept into her eyes as she stooped to fill the dipper. He started suddenly. "Lemme do that," he ejaculated. He caught at the dipper, and as he did so his hand touched hers. The contact thrilled him. She gave up the utensil reluctantly. Somehow it seemed to her that it would have been good to serve him even in so little a thing.

Then as he began to apologize she looked at him curiously. Last Sabbath he had been seated just opposite her in the church, and his home lay yonder not a full two miles from her own. All his life she had known of his comings and his goings, and yet never before had he spoken to her. Twenty years ago their forbears had indulged in a "falling out"—a little thing at first, but one which had speedily grown—and since that time no Simms had spoken to a Graham nor a Graham to a Simms. And yet to-day, after all these years of strife, a Simms had come of his own accord to put foot on the Graham soil, and to ask from a woman of the Grhams the favor of drink from her hands. Why had he come? To fish? She glanced at the neglected rod and smiled at the very suggestion.

When he had drunken she retook the dipper, and their fingers touched again.

"You're John Simms, aren't you?" she asked, looking up at him and smiling. Underneath the smile she was questioning as to what her father would say, should he find this visitor here.

Influenced by her smile a sudden accession of courage came to the man. He had been afraid that she might remember that quarrel which their fathers had made, and for all his six feet of stature he was unused to women and was sensitive. Moreover, above all others this woman had power to make him feel. Now, however, he was reassured, and he laughed aloud.

"Just to think," he said, "of you and me purtendin' not to know one another. Why, I've been a-knowin' you, Maggie, since you were so high"—he measured gleefully with his hand. "Lord, how pretty you were! I didn't dare speak to you, but—but—" His face was growing red again, and a new light had come into his eyes.

The woman's wit of the girl gave her a sufficient warning, and she moved uneasily. "I—I've got to be goin' now," she remarked, apologetically.

"Would you"—the man had grown nonplussed and awkward again—"would you mind, Maggie, if I—I came back sometime—to—to get another drink?"

She looked down at the hem of her apron, then gathered it up in her fingers and creased it into little folds. How angry her father would be if he but knew!

"Father—" she stammered, "father, he—" It was she who was embarrassed now. The man nodded confidentially, assuming already an air of semi-proprietorship. "I know," he said, "I know. That's why I asked *you*."

She glanced at him shyly. "I—I don't mind," she replied.

He picked up the bucket. "I wish I c'd carry it for you," he remarked. "I would, only—" He was half-minded to walk with her straight to her father's door and tell that old man that this folly of quarrelling must straightway cease, but she interrupted him.

"It wouldn't do—it would make more trouble. I must go now. Good-by—J-John."

The man stood watching her as she vanished up the path. All his life he had wished to accost her, to make himself pleasant to her, but he could not because his



"I—I'VE GOT TO BE GOIN' NOW," SHE REMARKED, APOLOGETICALLY.



PEOPLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD CALLED SAM GRAHAM A HARD MAN.

elders and hers—those elders who think themselves so wise and who wish to be as gods in regulating the affairs of their children—had ordered otherwise. Once—they were at school then and she had forgotten all

about it, no doubt—he had thrust a red apple into her hand and had run away hastily; and she being a wise little girl had eaten the apple, lest someone should be questioning. Afterward when more of maturity and self-consciousness had come to him he had hidden his preference and had looked upon her furtively. But even as he grew tall and strong so his desire had grown; and Fate and his elders were against him all the while. But to-day manhood had dawned and he had come here to take Fate by the throat and to speak to the girl. Yesterday he had been a child heedful of those who commanded him, now he was ready to make his own problems and to solve them.

When the girl had disappeared he turned back to the creek, strode through the weeds and the brushwood to the foot-log which lay below, then crossing this he took his way homeward through the sunlight that fell upon the hills.

II

FOLLOWING the path the girl came with lingering footsteps to the top of the hill and to the edge of that clover-field beyond which lay the gray porch of the weather-beaten dwelling. At the fence she halted a moment. Already the

afternoon was passing and the old house and the apple-trees at its back barred with long lines of shadow their setting of crimson and gold—the crimson of the clover-bloom and the streaming gold of the sun—while at

the gate of the clean little yard her father stood shading his eyes and looking toward the negro "cotton choppers" who were at work in a distant field.

At the sight of the grizzled old man the girl's conscience smote her suddenly. People of the neighborhood called Sam Graham a hard man and one given over to his prejudices, but he had never seemed so to her, for she was his child and her mother was long since dead. To her, therefore, he was father and mother in one; in her childhood he had nurtured her, and in her fair young womanhood he was proud of her. All this she knew; and now it seemed to her that she had sinned against him in that she had failed to scorn the man from whom he would have withheld her. And yet——

She was not willing to follow up her questionings. What she had done was done—why think further of such a trivial thing. She swung her bucket clear of the fence and lifting her skirt daintily she went toward him across the clover. He was growing old, his labors of other days had prospered, now in the evening of life he could rest, did he wish to rest. So he had left his "hands" at their work and had come for cool water and for refreshment into the shade of the apple-trees.

His eye twinkled as she approached. "Somebody mislaid the spring?" he asked, solicitously.

"Why?"

"W-e-ell, you were gone a right smart while, so I thought maybe the place had been moved an' that you was a-lookin' for it."

She passed on to a shelf that was on the porch and put the bucket away. Usually she replied to his banter in kind, but now she was silent and seemingly wished to escape.

But the old man did not notice this, for he was thinking of other things and when he had quenched his thirst and had slanted a chair-back downward against the porch-facing, he brought a pillow and placed it upon this incline which he had made and stretched himself upon the floor. There he dozed for a while and afterward he watched the girl from his half-closed lids and looked now and again at the mocking-birds which were nesting in his trees. Last year there had been but one nest, he remembered, but now, since the young birds of that other season had builded, there were two. Then as he turned his eyes away and gazed down the red stretch of the neighboring road he could

see another house which was brown and old like his own, but beyond that men were moving about—men who looked tired and small in the hot and hazy distance—and a raw, new frame of yellow pine was being reared. That was Jim Williams's place, and the new house belonged to Jim's son. The young folk were marrying off, and here and there new nests were a-building.

Presently he looked at his daughter again and a queer little jealous spasm tugged sharply at his heart. Some day—it was not a very distant day, perhaps—she too would be going. He shrank from the thought; it frightened him. One by one he told off in his mind the young men of the neighborhood—all save John Simms, there was no use counting a Simms, he told himself—and being dissatisfied he shook his head at each. With which among them all could he trust her? Even now although she was grown to be a woman he could still feel the pressure of her childish arms about his neck, the clasp of her baby fingers upon his own. She had been so little and so loving and he had spoiled her, perhaps; and this man who would take her from him wouldn't know about that—and—and—how could it be possible that she should care for that one more than she cared for "daddy"—rough, tender-hearted old "daddy" who loved her so?

So his soul was disquieted, and the broad sun slipped down and kissed the western hills and the negroes came home from the fields singing along the paths and chanting; but the girl took no heed of the undertone of sadness and of vague regret in it all, nor was she conscious of the rich blaze of fading sunset color, nor of the dying light on the hills, nor of the shadows creeping up the valleys, nor of the whippoorwills calling from the dusky pines. True, the night had come, but Maggie was thinking of the afternoon, and of the spring and of a man in dark-blue overalls. It was good, she thought, to live; and she was singing over her work.

III

BETWEEN the man and the girl there had been other meetings—such frequent meetings that the gossiping housewives of the neighborhood wagged their heads oracularly and when two or three were "gathered together in one place" they indulged themselves freely in forecasts and adventured forth into prophecy. Did they not know

Sam Graham, and was John Simms a man easily controlled and readily turned aside from his purposes?

But regardless of the comments of others the two continued to see each other, sometimes—this on meeting-days—at the church, sometimes by accident as they travelled the country roads, and if Sam Graham suspected aught he gave no sign—at least none that his daughter or the public could read. To some it seemed that the old man had shut his eyes wilfully and did not wish to see, others averred that such was Graham's hatred for a Simms that it had not even occurred to him that his daughter would look at John, much less tarry within the sound of the young man's voice or hearken to his stammering speech.

"Sam'll wake up one o' these days," said one of these apologists.

"Dunno as I blames the young folks though. John Simms, he are a man—built from the groun' up, he is, an' muscled like a steer—an' Maggie—why Maggie, bless her heart, is as red-lipped as a young damask rose, an', sir, she's clean-limbed, an' as light in her pastern j'int as a thoroughbred Morgan colt! I don't blame John—he's got a good farm, an' they'll git married one o' these days an' ole Sam, he'll r'ar then an' pitch, but his gal'll be married all right enough, so it won't do a bit o' good. Yes, *sir*, Sam's got to wake up some time. I'm right smart sorry for Sam."

In such fashion the community kept the matter forward and knew far more of its progress than old Sam did, or, as for that, even Maggie herself, or John. And yet, despite this absorbing adventure which was stirring the good folk up, Nature went her own way steadily and was neither to be diverted nor checked, so that at last the summer passed and the sunlight grew slant and pale, and the sumachs tinged the slopes with red, and the golden-rod shone yellow by the waysides and filled the long valleys with flame. And because the year lay a-dying and the old things were passing away the young man grew lonely and came once more in the afternoon stillness to the creek-side and to the spring. This time he bore no rod, and made no excuses—not even to himself—for his coming. And then, about the girl who came, meeting him there, the autumn leaves clustered robing her in gorgeous colorings and crowning her with ruddy gold, so that when he had looked at her he forgot all his shame

and his awkwardness and went to her holding out his arms.

"Won't you come to me, Maggie," he called; "won't you come now?"

The girl drew back a pace. "John," she remonstrated, "John!"

But he did not heed, scarcely had he even heard. The slant light had transfigured her, and he could not give her up now. With a swift step he reached her side and he caught her hands in his own. "I love you, Maggie," he whispered, passionately, "will you come, dear—will you come?"

Almost forcibly he drew her toward him, and she, resisting no longer, let her dark lashes droop and hid her face against his arm. "John," she whispered, "John." The words were the same as before, but the intonation had told him all.

Then, on the hillside above them a leafy bush quivered and Sam Graham, his heart beating fiercely, parted the obscuring foliage to see clearly, if he might, who this man was who had come to steal away his child.

"Simms!" he muttered. "John Simms, just like I knowed it would be. An' yet I couldn't believe—I had to just see it myself."

White-lipped and quivering the old man loosed his hold upon the branches and these fell back into place. His breath came in gasps, and a spasm, half of passion half of pain, distorted the muscles of his face. He had not wished to give his daughter up—not to any man—but he had fought out that battle with himself, but to a Simms—! The neighbors had hinted to him of this, but even in the face of the evidence he had forced himself to disbelieve and at last he had come here to see.

He parted the leaves and looked down again. Maggie was leaning against the man's arm now.

"No," he heard her say, hopelessly. "We can't tell him. He wouldn't understand—" Somehow there was a tremulous break in her tones, and the listener was strangely moved.

"But you'll go with me?" interrupted the man.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, John—but Daddy——"

The old man turned stumblingly, not waiting to hear any more. Over him, quelling his anger and frightening him, a very great change had come. She was about to leave him—what could he do, poor, doddering old man that he was, to prevent her?—and she



was all that life had left for him. How like her mother's eyes were hers, and just as long ago her mother had looked up to him, so the child was looking up to John.

In such wise the memory of his own youth came upon him and softened him. Reaching the brow of the hill, he crossed the fence and the fields, and came with lagging footsteps to a little plot shadowed by tall, straight cedar-trees and set with smooth, white stones. Not often did he turn aside here, but now he was old, and he was troubled, and it seemed to him that he stood alone.

Looking careworn and shrunken he sat himself down on the grass. He was so clumsy, he thought, so tactless and so awkward, so helpless in the face of this thing. But Mary—Mary who slept so silently there—she would have understood. He raised his head. Out along the roads the wagons were passing, the fields were white with the cotton, and rang with the negroes' songs, but under the cedars there was quiet and an infinite solitude.

IV

THE autumn night had come, there was no wind, and up in the vault of the sky there sparkled a myriad of stars crisply and frostily. In her own room in the old brown farm-house the girl moved about in stealthy yet nervous haste, for this was her wedding-night. Her fingers trembled over her task, but their intuitive, deft intelligence stood her in stead as she folded some garments and packed them into her bag. Hurried she was and afraid, for already it was late, and presently she must slip out and go down the spring path to John, who was awaiting her there.

Presently the tears came into her eyes. The homely and familiar things about her seemed to be saying good-by. Her father would never forgive her, she knew, and her

mother's picture on the mantel-shelf seemed to gaze at her reproachfully. Yes, she was leaving it all—her little belongings, her memories and the sight of her father's face. She listened, almost longingly, for some sign of the old man's presence—a movement, a cough, or a footfall. In a little while he stirred, passed across the floor, and she heard the back-door creak as he stepped out into the yard.

It seemed strange to her that one of his years should venture abroad so late—it was not his custom, and it might well be that in the darkness— Almost she was minded to go and look for him, but she could not tarry, for John—henceforth and forever *her* John—would be delayed and wondering.

She caught up her satchel and stepped out into the light of the stars. A light breeze stirred and she started nervously. From the shadows of the apple-trees great shapeless forms seemed to reach blindly and gropingly. The fear of an outcry assailed her, and she set her teeth hard and fled.

For a space she ran on breathlessly, then she recovered herself and stopped and looked back. Suddenly she turned and held out her arms appealingly.

"Daddy," she whispered. "Daddy!"

Almost as if in answer there was a footstep in the path, and a voice low and subdued broke the silence that encompassed her.

"Daughter?"—almost the girl had screamed, the strain had been so great—"is that you, daughter?"

"Y-y-yes," she stammered. "Yes, father."

He came to her and took her gently into his arms. "He's down there, Maggie," he whispered. "Right down by the spring. I went down a minute ago, an' I found him there. An'—an'—I've sent fer the preacher, Maggie; I want you ter be married at home!"

An Apostrophe

By ADAM BREEDE

MOONSHINE, Mooonshine, skippin' all 'roun',
Moonshine, Moonshine, lightin' up de groun',
Moonshine, Moonshine, peepin' thro' de trees—
Catchin' little niggers kissin' in de breeze.

Moonshine, Moonshine, sneakin' thro' de doh,
Moonshine, Moonshine, sittin' on de floh,
Moonshine, Moonshine, kissed my yaller gal—
Say, Mistah Moonshine, cayn't I be yo' pal?



GEORGE ODOM.

George Odom, Jockey

By CHARLES E. TREVATHAN

IT is an afternoon in August. All the world is at Saratoga. All Saratoga is at the race-course, for it is Handicap day, the opening day. All the best in the world of horse is come to Saratoga to race. There is a massive, commanding, black animal, his name is Waterboy, parading out from the greensward of the saddling ring toward the track. The groom stops him underneath a tree and a diminutive figure, clad in white breeches and the boots of a jockey, and wearing a jacket of gold with blue sleeves, is silently waiting under the tree as the horse is led up to him. Then a stout man with a worn and anxious look on his round and ruddy face gives the small figure a leg up on to the back of the black horse, fits the feet of the figure firmly into the stirrups, gives him the proper tie on the reins, and then looks at him with the whole of his racing soul in his eyes. With just the suggestion of a tremor in his voice, he says: "George, do the best you can."

That supplication was what, in the parlance of the turf, is known as "instructions." The trainer of a great race-horse was asking a great jockey to do the best he could, knowing that the best the boy could do would be much better than any detailed dictation to him as to what to do. The trainer let this rider take this best of all race-horses out to race for one of the richest prizes of the year, perfectly confident that the rider, using his own judgment as to the handling of the horse in the race, would employ the best means to make that horse win.

Having given his instructions, the trainer took a nervous way over into the infield, where not one movement in the race could escape his practised eye. The immense crowd swayed and murmured, and now and then broke into a ripple of applause as a public favorite walked by in the preliminary parade. The giant black horse headed the procession of thoroughbreds. The small figure astride him seemed insignificant. The

face of the figure was pale and drawn. The hands around which the reins were wrapped so as to give him firm grip were slender, almost emaciated, hands. Burning out from underneath the low-drawn visor of the cap were a pair of eyes that flashed excitement and intense emotion. For all that, the figure was the personification of suppression, of making all natural things secondary, of holding one's mind and one's body subject to but one call, and that call the needs of the black horse in the extremities which were to come to him. The small figure was up there to do the best it could. And that best meant that, come good or evil, great pleasure or crushing pain, life or death, in the next three minutes a horse must win, and the little figure must show him the way of its doing.

Over in the infield the anxious trainer waited. The horses balanced back and forth a few seconds at the barrier, and then broke swiftly into a run, with the great black horse next the rail and a surging crowd of thoroughbreds lying outside him. The mass of color in the grandstand spread itself like the opening of a fan as the people rose to their feet and leaned over to watch.

Then the trainer in the infield began to talk to himself, albeit, in his excitement, his voice sometimes rose to the pitch of a yell. His was the expert eye, watching one figure and hoping one hope. The horses swept down past the grandstand and to the first turn. Waterboy, on the rail, must be the first horse to reach that turn else the field, in closing in from the outside, will shut him off and he will drop back, losing two lengths, three lengths, four lengths mayhap, and so losing the race.

The figure astride him, with lightning intelligence, sees that and knows what to do. It is against all racing precedent to rush a high-weighted horse in the first part of the running. The little mind on the great horse also knows that. But precedent fails him here. He must do the best he can. So he sits down hard on the great black horse and drives him at that first turn as if the finishing line were just beyond it. The horse responds with enormous, distance-eating strides. And when the field rushes *en masse* at the beginning of the turn, Waterboy, on the rail, has slipped through and is in the lead. The little figure has done a masterly thing. And the trainer in the infield calls out in his enthusiasm: "Lord! Georgie, but you made it!"

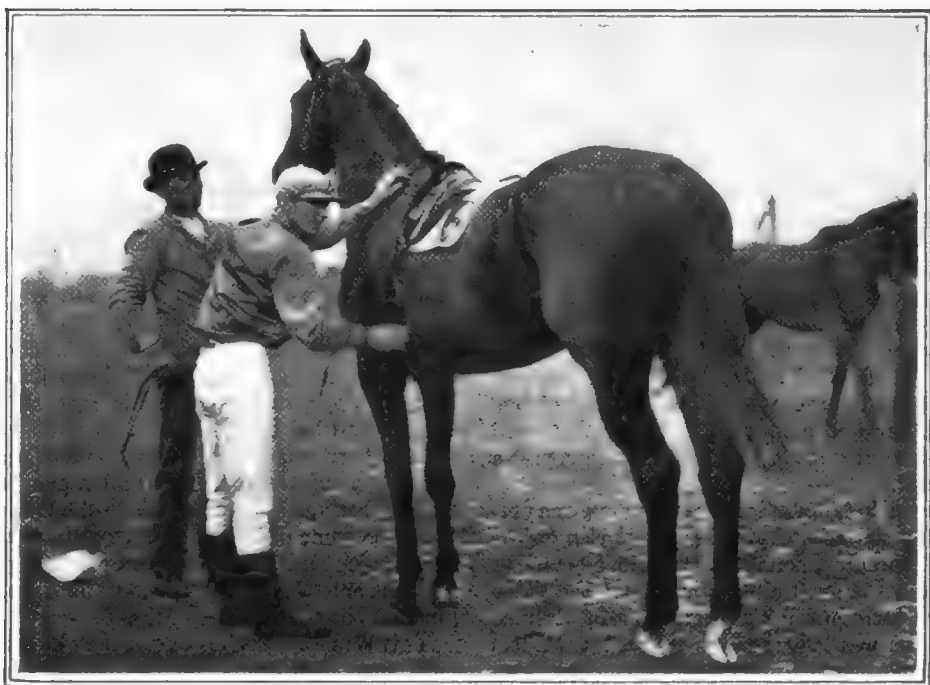
And then they go the terrific pace around the turn. Hermis comes up on the outside of Waterboy. Injunction follows Hermis. Hermis outraces Waterboy in the running down the backstretch and slightly heads him. Injunction closes up and is lapped on Waterboy on the outside. A few more strides from Hermis and he will be in front of Waterboy and will himself bear over to the rail, and Waterboy will be in a pocket. Then the trainer in the infield groans. For that matter, men, and women, too, in the grandstand, groan. Waterboy pocketed is most likely Waterboy beaten.

And then, from the trainer in the infield, comes: "Oh, Georgie, don't let 'em pocket you; don't let 'em do it." And, away over there on the backstretch, with the rush and the roar and the turmoil and the strife of battle around him, the little figure on the great black horse finds another crisis confronting him. Precedent again tells him to wait a little while with his high weight. But precedent would again betray him. The mind of him says: "Go on; go on, and catch Hermis and stop him before the field has got up and pocketed you."

And once more he sits down on the black horse and asks the question of him. The great one gives another response that takes him up along the rail to the head of Hermis. The chance to pocket Waterboy is gone and will not come again in this strife for thousands. From the trainer in the infield there is another cry of triumph: "Good boy, Georgie, good boy." And he says that like a man at his devotions.

They come into the homestretch. The great black horse is still on the rail, he is still in the lead. From the grandstand, the staccato noises have thickened until they have merged into a great, pervading murmur. Punctuating this murmur you may hear the name, "Waterboy! Waterboy! Waterboy!" And then, "Odom! Odom! Odom!"

All at once, from far back in the rear, a new horse surges into view. It is Hunter Raine. Hunter Raine is wonderfully fast in that last quarter of a mile. His presence drags a cry of apprehension out of the crowd. The trainer in the infield grips his timing-watch in his hand and again begins to pray to the little figure on the black horse. It is: "Georgie, Georgie, for Heaven's sake, Georgie, watch Hunter Raine, Georgie. He is dangerous, boy; don't let him get too



A MASSIVE, COMMANDING BLACK ANIMAL. HIS NAME IS WATERBOY.

near. Now, Georgie, now, ease him a little, Georgie. Georgie, pull your whip. Come on—now, now!”

Far up there on the homestretch, as if there were telepathic communication between the ruddy-faced man in the infield and the figure on the black horse, at the instant that the trainer is in supplication, the little figure leans forward on the black horse, takes one last glance at Hunter Raine, who is closing ground to him with a desperation that may yet win for him, and Waterboy hears the first cry from the figure to “go on.” Waterboy answers by the lengthening of his great stride and by quickening the action of it. The little figure begins to move his hands on the bit. He is shaking Waterboy up. Then he reaches down with his heels, high-strapped in his stirrups, and he sinks his spurs into the great black. The horse leaps away from the sting of it and opens up daylight between himself and the Hunter Raine danger that pursues him.

It is only a furlong from the finish. The crowd is in a paroxysm and is crying aloud, “Odom! Odom! Come on, Odom!” The trainer in the infield knows now that it is over. And his cry is, “Georgie! Georgie! Georgie! Go on! Go on, now, you’ve got him!”

And the little figure on the horse leans farther forward, sinks his spurs again and again, and asks the big horse again and again for a greater stride and a faster one. The big horse fails him never at all. He shakes off Hunter Raine. The crowd is shrieking. It is a hundred, fifty, ten yards to the wire.

One more leap. Waterboy has won the Saratoga Handicap, Hunter Raine is second, and Caughnawaga is third.

Then the trainer clears the fence from the infield on to the track, and when the figure drops wearily down from the back of the black horse and begins to unsaddle him for the weighing before the judges, the ruddy-faced man takes him by the hand and bows to him. And he says, facetiously, but with a wealth of emotion in his tone: “George, you done it.” Waterboy had won the Handicap, but George had “done it.”

This is a typical scene in the life of the man-boy: George Odom, Jockey. Measured by actual years this man-boy has just turned twenty-one. Marked by experience with the serious things of life, he is old, oh! so old! A childhood he had, away yonder in the Georgia land; but youth was lost to him, and he never knew its impulses, its pleasures, its passions, or its pains. His story is the an-

tithesis of that of Faust. In just one day he turned himself about from the freshness of a boy and became all at once a man of affairs so weighty that they brought heaviness to his eyes and gravity to his face.

The physical change and the mental elevation and dignity came to him because, in the course of a contest between horses striving for a prize, he bestrode the animal which won. A minute before he was in truth a boy. Passing the finishing line and dismounting from his animal, he was a man whom other men took into their most intimate business confidence and talked to of matters grave and portentous, with a dependence upon him and a suppliancy of him that aged him into at once a prophet, a judge, and a general.

From looking at loose silver change as presenting untold possibilities for boyish enjoyment and incursion into the world, he came to know in the swift alteration of self, the value which men put upon thousands of dollars, and he mentally ceased to deal with less than the whole fortunes of other men. You will hear of the fortune that is paid him annually for his services in the saddle. The figures will startle you and at first you will be much inclined to wonder. Then, as you look at his attenuated figure and the old, old face and note the heaviness of his speech and the sometimes pathos of his voice, then it is thrust in upon you that after all, at twenty-one, it is hardly worth while; and that George Odom, jockey, earning more each year than directors of great human events, is underpaid. The reward doesn't seem to be commensurate with the labor. There is brilliancy, acclaim, praise in extravagance, sycophantic following—all of that for the little, old man-boy who rides. But he has lost so much, and life for him in its active moments has been such a carping, racking life, that he has paid great price for the pride of his place. George Odom, jockey, is oftentimes a pitiable figure.

This lad who is now the leading horseman of the American turf comes from Columbus, Ga. He is neither a waif nor a stray, but has good parentage behind him. The Odoms of the South have been well-bred people, and in their day have been people of considerable fortune. They were the early stock that came into the South over the trail which the French Huguenots blazed, and they have been plantation owners and "gentleman" farmers through all the American generations.

George Odom's pedigree is fairly clear, and he shows blood in the exquisite contour of his face, in his manner of carriage, in facial expression, in speaking voice, in the way of manipulating his hands. Also, he has the brains that go with what the English call "a bit of blood." Very wise is this man-boy. Experience has made him so. But experience, going forth to till, found in the head of this Georgia lad good soil in which to plant.

The Odoms have been, in a way, horsemen through all their Southern days, but it was never in his father, John Odom's scheme of things that George should be a jockey. He was appointed for the life that all the Odoms had led before him.

But there was an elder son, several years the senior of George, who had a penchant for pioneering. This was Jack of the Odoms. When he came of an age to move about outside the circumspection of the paternal eye, he went across into the Carolinas and got to know William Burch.

This William Burch is one of the oldest and most respected racing men of America, and with him Jack Odom went racing. He became an assistant to Burch as a trainer, and in due course of his endeavor in that direction, reached New York. Jack Odom, having the family common sense and instinctive grasp of animal things, became a good trainer. He, on a day, took the younger brother out of the boyish atmosphere of the Georgia home and put him into a racing stable.

The apprenticeship of a jockey is generally long and painful. George Odom, going to his brother Jack at thirteen years of age, could not take the horses seriously. It was not labor, but an infinite delight to him in the early morning hours to be given a leg up on one of those handsome thoroughbreds and to be permitted to "work" a horse.

But if he did not take the horses seriously, they took him pleasurably, for the bit in their mouth had a good feeling when his hands were on the rein, and the set of the saddle on their back was a comfortable burden when this lad had his feet in the stirrups. As horsemen phrase it, George Odom had natural hands and seat. Horses ran kindly to his call and fast for his asking. Then, also, George Odom had no fear. It never occurred to him that harm could be done him by one of these nervous things which he rode.

George Odom was thirteen and in knickerbockers when his brother Jack permitted him to exercise thoroughbreds to please the fun-

loving spirit of the boy. Two years later he had slipped out of his knickerbockers and into the boots, breeches, and colors of a racing stable, and went to the starting-post at the Morris Park course, bestriding a horse called Clipper.

Through dint of the much speed present in Clipper, and the much fearless skill awakening in Odom, the horse won. Lifting his whip in salutation to the judges for permission to dismount, George Odom, boy, had become George Odom, jockey.

Not all at once did he leap into the strong glare. There were many, many days of hard striving after that first adventure with Clipper. But the boy, becoming a man, all at once grew serious and began to take his horses seriously. The joy which was his when he was just George Odom, galloping horses in the morning, was gone from him forever. The play of other days was the work of after ones. It was gallop, gallop, gallop, all the time. Turning out in the morning with the first glint of day, in weather hot or cold, cloudy or clear, George Odom swung into the saddle and exercised this horse and that, until the sun was high, and he went back to the stable more worn than any thoroughbred whose paces he had controlled, to sit down with other old men-boys and to eat a long-delayed breakfast of coarse food that seemed to him the provender of the gods. He was small and slight then, through lack of physical years. The time had not yet come when he must go hungry away from the table because of the fear of added weight.

Having ridden Clipper to victory, there were things to do. That winter his father, seeing the way of the lad, took him to New Orleans. There is racing through mud and slush during all the winter months at New Orleans. It is a hard school, and a dangerous school, and a school of slight reward except for the experience which it brings. It was for the experience that John Odom took his son to the South. If he rode at all, he must ride much and in actual races, too.

So in those New Orleans times any poor owner without the price of a jockey fee could have George Odom in the saddle for the asking. The work told on Odom and it impressed the public mind. He rode winners and then more winners. Before that meeting had come to an end George Odom was known as a "comer." That spring when he came north, still under his father's care, he was able to make a contract as the regular rider for the stable of W. L. Clark.

The best jockeys in the world ride around New York. Ten months after piloting his first winner, Odom was a duly accredited jockey in contest with the finest horsemen in the world. His brain was ever at business. He saw and made note of all that other jockeys did in a race. He learned all that great art of having a horse ready for instant effort when the barrier is raised, and of getting away in front. He found the way to hug the rail closely on the turns of the ellipse and so save precious inches of ground. He came to have knowledge of pace, and to be able to tell just how fast his horse was moving under him and how fast those in front of him were running. He recognized the value of hands over whip, and knew how to bring a tiring horse to last effort through the encouragement of voice and touch, reserving punishment for the final stride to the finish. He learned that greatest of all things, patience. He could wait with a horse. Jockeys there are who have lived greatly and died greatly who never found patience, and died less great because of it. Odom was patient even then. He is more so now. He can wait, delay, postpone, with his running animal until you, as an uninitiated, would think he never intended to come on. And then, at the right time, when the others have been done because of their hurry, he will come along with his mount, and in a last splendid burst of speed from the horse you will know why all that painful procrastination has been. Without the early saving of his thoroughbred, the horse would not have won.

For the past two years Odom has been under contract to Captain S. S. Brown, the Pittsburg millionaire, who pays him an annual retainer of \$15,000. Then he sells what is known on the turf as "second call" to John Madden, for an amount approaching half of the first contract price. When neither owner is starting a horse, Odom has the privilege of accepting outside mounts. From this source a rider of his skill accumulates as much money as he receives from regular contracts. In gifts and prizes in special races, he receives an additional amount. Odom cannot give the exact figures of his income this season until, at the end of the year, he has summed up his outside mounts and perquisites. Safely, he may count on \$30,000 as the figure which he may credit for one year of wearing the silks and satins, and riding American race-horses to splendid and sometimes unexpected victory.



THE PLAYERS



WHEN Clara Morris came upon the stage of the New Amsterdam theatre, clad in the sombre garb of *Sister Genevieve* in "The Two Orphans," to be overwhelmed with the acclaim of a great audience, my mind flashed back to the time when she had held me as has no other player. Keen and poignant is the memory of her *Mercy Merrick* in "The New Magdalene," robed all in black, standing in the centre of the stage, back from the footlights, twisting a handkerchief in her nervous, eloquent hands, as she makes confession to the clergyman she has learned to love.

One did not seem to hear words but a piercing monotone of agony, while we looked upon a naked soul, passing from one hideous torment to another: struggling with bitter intensity, hopeless, helpless, but ever struggling. The suffering, the immeasurable pathos in that vibrant voice swept one into the chill of the outer dark, where formless, shapeless things, impalpable, unknown terrors—all the more real for their intangibility—clutched at one's heart.

Never again have I seen Clara Morris play *Mercy Merrick*, and I never want to see her or any other in the play. It was horrible, that portrayal, but it was superb. When I have looked upon Duse, I have felt like an eavesdropper, studying the emotions a woman hides most sacredly; I have been thrilled by Bernhardt's power; but never has a player enthralled me as did Clara Morris in "The New Magdalene." Many times I have seen her as *Camille*, and the horror and intensity of her death-scene were very wonderful: she is a vivisectionist of emotions. I have seen her in "Article 47," and I think that Jeffreys Lewis was the better *Cora*; but in "The New Magdalene" Clara Morris reached greater emotional heights and depths than any actress I have ever been privileged to hear.

"In "The Two Orphans," she was on the stage scarce ten minutes, yet in that brief period her majestic genius flashed brilliantly.

That twang in her voice, which had been lost sight of in the pathos of distance, gave one a shock that was soon forgotten, and her originality, the disregard of accepted convention, were swiftly manifest. Years of illness, of absence from the stage, have not taken from her that great art and great power that made her fame.

Few will dispute the assertion that Clara Morris, who began her stage career as a ballet girl more than forty years ago, is the foremost emotional actress this country ever produced. She rose to the highest place in the face of tremendous obstacles: despite ill-health and poverty so dire that frequently she did not have enough to eat. She has told her own story, and to her fame as an actress she has added that which comes from brilliant graphic writing.

The all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" aroused the liveliest interest in New York, and with reason. The play itself, which laid the foundation of the success of A. M. Palmer and his Union Square stock company, had not been seen on Broadway for many years, although Kate Claxton, who was *Louise*, the blind girl, in the original production in 1874, has been playing it almost continuously ever since. It ranks as one of the four great melodramas, in the opinion of dramatic authorities, "The Silver King," by Henry Arthur Jones, in which Wilson Barrett made his greatest success, heading the list. The others of the quartette are "The Ticket of Leave Man," with which the name of Charles R. Thorne is associated in this country because *Bob Brierly* was one of his best rôles, and Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." There be many who maintain that William Gillette's "Held By the Enemy" should be ranked with the four.

So far as the American presentation is concerned, "The Two Orphans" was a good deal of an accident. A. M. Palmer, who occupies one of the foremost places in the history of the American stage, was librarian of



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VIOLA ALLEN AND JAMES YOUNG IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

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the Mercantile Library when he was persuaded by the owner of the Union Square Theatre to take over its management. It was during Mr. Palmer's third season as manager that his former secretary, Hart Jackson, who had lost all his money in the "Black Friday" panic, prevailed upon him to accept a melodrama by Adolf D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon, which Mr. Jackson himself had translated. A former play by the same authors, which Mr. Jackson had made over into English, had failed. Mr. Palmer believed this second play had sufficient merit to warrant a production, but he put it on chiefly to oblige

Mr. Jackson. It is one of the great successes of the stage.

It is rather absurd to pass upon a melodrama that has lived for thirty years and whose vitality is by no means exhausted, but there is justification for comparing it with modern examples of its kind. From a literary standpoint, "The Two Orphans" is highfalutin drivel, calculated to make the backstairs delirious with delight. As a play, it is really great: intensely absorbing in its closely interwoven stories that are nevertheless clearly told, powerful in the logical sequence of events, rapid in its action, and tremendous in its climaxes. If the dialogue were rewritten, it would make modern melodramas seem weak and insipid.

In the recent revival the all-star cast was a remarkable one for these days, with Clara Morris, Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill and Charles Warner, who are in the first rank, and with seven other players who have been successful as stars. Yet authorities agree that the acting was no better than that in the original company—and that was Mr. Palmer's regular Union Square stock company. For Charles R. Thorne, as the *Chevalier de Vaudry*, we saw Kyrle Bellew; for F. F. Mackay as *Pierre*, the cripple—James O'Neill; for McKee Rankin, as *Jacques*—Charles Warner; for Stuart Robson, as *Picard*, the valet—E. M. Holland; for Kate Claxton, as *Louise*, the blind girl—Grace George; for Kitty Blanchard, as *Henriette*—Margaret Illington; for Marie Wilkins as *Mother Frochard*—Elita Proctor Otis; for Fannie Morant, as the *Countess de Laniers*—Annie Irish; for Rose Etynge, as *Marianne*, Clara Bladick.

The younger actresses, particularly Grace George



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MAY DE SOUZA, NOW WITH "THE WIZARD OF OZ."



Photo by Hall, New York.

CLARA MORRIS AND DANIEL FROHMAN AT A REHEARSAL OF "THE TWO ORPHANS."

and Margaret Illington, did remarkably well. Miss George was really a surprise. She never looked so pretty nor acted so admirably. This young woman, who is the wife of Manager William A. Brady, has justified the hundred thousand dollars her husband spent in proving her worthy of being a star. She has done her part, too, for she has given her whole life to the hardest kind of work. She was born in Brooklyn and was educated in a convent, which she left to go on the stage, making her *début* in "The New Boy." Afterward she succeeded Odette Tyler, in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." She attracted attention in "Charley's Aunt" and in "The Wandering Minstrel," the fearsome thing in which that amazing person, Auguste von Biene, sought to combine acting, long hair and to play-

ing. Miss George made a brief excursion into vaudeville and then returned to farce, making distinct hits in "The Turtle" and "Mlle. Fifi." When Mr. Brady made her his wife he straightway set out to make her a star into the bargain, starting her first in "Countess Chiffon," which she played very well, but which was a failure. "Her Majesty" increased Miss George's reputation and further depleted Mr. Brady's bank account. "Under Southern Skies" was more successful, and then came "Pretty Peggy," in which she has been playing for two seasons and which has firmly established her as a money-making star. There are few players who have worked harder, on the stage and off, to gain distinction,

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Henry Miller, whom William Winter once
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Photo by Sarony, New York.

DE WOLFE HOPPER IN THE REVIVAL OF "WANG."

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Photo by Hall, New York.



RUDOLF CHRISTIANS, GERMANY'S FAVORITE
YOUNG LEADING MAN.

described as "one of the most industrious, laborious and conscientious players of the hour," has been unfortunate this season, because he has not had a good play. He started out with Margaret Anglin under one manager, and then they managed themselves, after which Mr. Miller came into New York under Charles Frohman's management with a pleasant little innocuous English comedy called "Man Proposes," which has one strong dramatic scene, supported by a delicious bit of comedy in the first act, which Mr. Miller and Miss Dorothy Hammond played delightfully. The chief trouble with the play was

that it was spread over four acts, when all that was needed to tell the story were two at the most.

Mr. Miller has a strong following in New York, where he has long been recognized as a "matinee idol": something that is always associated with caramels in the masculine mind. It is most innocuous, this devotion to actors of pleasing personality who make love charmingly—vicarious love-making appeals to ever so many women—and it means a big salary to a player who can win a vogue of that kind. Mr. Miller is a native of London, who came to Canada when he was twelve years old. That was in 1871, which is as difficult to believe as is the fact that he has a grown-up son—who, by the way, has gone on the stage, despite bitter parental opposition. Mr. Miller went about preparing for the stage systematically. For three years he studied under C. W. Couldock, and he made his *début* in Toronto in "Amy Robsart." He joined Daniel Frohman's Lyceum stock company in 1887, as the leading juvenile, in which company he remained three years. His first big hit was as *Kercheval West* in "Shenandoah," a part which he "created." He was also successful in "All the Comforts of Home"—it was in that farce that his wife, Bijou Heron, made her last appearance on the stage—but his greatest popularity was won as leading man in Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre stock company, in "Sowing the Wind," "Liberty Hall" and "The Masqueraders." He started forth as a star seven years ago in "Heartsease," followed it with "The Master," and then with "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," in which he was capital. "D'Arcy of the Guards" served him well, but "The Taming of Helen," his last year's vehicle, was a failure. He ended this season with Margaret Anglin in "Camille."

Dorothy Hammond, who was the *Esther Quarith* in "Man Proposes," is an English actress who came to this country to be Richard Mansfield's leading woman, and who had the usual experience of all the first actresses in his company. Next season she will be E. H. Sothern's leading woman, as Cecilia Loftus is going to star in a Zangwill comedy. Miss Hammond is a handsome woman, with a rich contralto voice that suggests cyclonic possibilities were it given full sway.

Viola Allen has profited by the Shakespearean vogue, and her production of



HENRY MILLER AND DOROTHY HAMMOND IN "MAN PROPOSES."



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

MARGARET MCKINNEY, RECENTLY WITH "THE TOREADOR."



FERDINAND BONN, OF THE IRVING PLACE THEATRE, AS *OTHELLO*.

"Twelfth Night" is a beautiful one. She makes an admirable *Viola*, and when she resumed her tour after recovering from an ear operation that threatened to end her season, her success was greater than ever. Miss Allen is one of those fortunate actresses who have always been personally conducted by their parents, and her path has been made as easy as is possible for one on the stage. She has the distinction of having begun her career as a leading lady in the title rôle of "*Esmeralda*." That was twenty-two years ago. She had been carefully trained by her father, long recognized as one of the most capable actors on the stage, and for many years a fixture in the Boston Museum



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

MASTER GABRIEL AS *BUSTER BROWN*.

company; her mother was also a player.

It is remarkable that Miss Allen should have bounded from *Esmeralda* to being John McCullough's leading woman. Later she filled the same position with the elder Salvini, so she has had an excellent Shakespearean training. She was a member of the Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence, Mrs. John Drew company, and the memory of their performance of "*The Rivals*" will never fade from the minds of those who saw it, but that was after Miss Allen had "created" the part of *Gertrude Ellingham* in "*Shenandoah*." She was also the original *Virginia Stockton* in "*Aristocracy*." She was leading lady of the Empire stock for several sea-

sons, but the greatest success of her career was won as *Glory Quayle* in the "Christian," the first year that she went forth as a star. This was followed by another Hall Caine dramatization—"The Eternal City"—the two separated by a season of the Marion Crawford play, "In the Palace of the King."

"The Wizard of Oz" came back to the Majestic Theatre to enjoy even greater success than when it was there before. May De Souza succeeded Bessie Wynne as *Sir Dashemoff Dailey*, the latter returning to "Babes in Toyland." Miss De Souza has lately been playing *Princess Soo Soo* in "A Chinese Honeymoon." She is a Chicago girl, who made her *début* in the chorus of "The Storks" at the Dearborn Theatre in that city some four or five years ago. Later she went into vaudeville, singing the dainty classic, "Dear Midnight of Love," written for her by that eminent composer, Alderman "Bath-house John" Coghlan, of Chicago. Miss De Souza was afterward in "Peggy from Paris," and she created the prima-donna rôle in "The Tenderfoot."

In the beauty of its scenery and the splendor of its mounting, "The Shepherd King" shares with "Ben Hur" the distinction of being the finest stage-production that New York has ever seen. Especially are the settings notable for their artistic value. Each of the seven is a triumph of harmonious color, of magnificent effects, and the costumes rival them in gorgeousness. As a play "The Shepherd King" is an out-and-out melodrama that gives evidence of lack of experience in its maker.

To those familiar with the methods of modern stars, the self-effacement of Wright Lorimer is scarce credible, so rare is the virtue of modesty. He is not only the chief author of the drama, but he secured the enormous amount of money necessary for the production, and directed it himself, so that there was nothing to stand in the way of his being in the lime-light every minute, had he so elected. Yet there is not the slightest indication of an effort "to hog the scenes," in the elegant vernacular of stage-land. In fact, the absolute reverse is true. Mr. Lorimer came to New York absolutely unknown and proved himself a sincere, earnest, well-trained actor, a scholarly, intelligent player, endowed with good looks, a fine physique, and an admirable voice. He is too young to have proved himself, but his acting as *David* indicates that he will travel far toward the high goal he has set for himself.

The cast is an excellent one. Charles Kent

is a powerful *Saul*, while Edward Mackay as *Jonathan* and Edmund Breeze as *Prince Phalti* are very good. The chief honors, however, went to May Buckley, as *Michal*, the daughter of *King Saul*, who never acted nor looked so well. To be sure, she was very modern and there was some justification for a critic's characterization of her as a sort of "Bethlehem soubrette," but she was captivating and altogether charming.

The tall and able-bodied DeWolf Hopper fell back on "Wang," as a wind-up for his present season, and there was an elaborate revival of that comic opera at the Lyric. "Wang" was first produced thirteen years ago, during DeWolf Hopper's second season as a star, but long before this he had been known as a comic-opera comedian. His reputation as such was made for him in the days of the McCaull Opera Company, in which Hopper—by the way, his intimates always call him "Will" Hopper—was engaged in a friendly rivalry with Jefferson de Angelis and Digby Bell. Mr. Hopper is a New Yorker by birth, and he was a famous light comedian in the days when amateur theatricals had a great vogue in this town. He was so impressed with his own cleverness that he wasted a considerable inheritance—it lasted for four years—in going about the country at the head of his own company. Of course, no one could stop him so long as he had money to pay the bills. Then came a time when he had to earn a living. He was successful with Edward Harrigan for a season but grand-opera aspirations entered his head. He studied with great hopes that his remarkable voice—which suggests that of a highly gifted William goat that has been trained by Marchesi—would carry him into the grand opera in Paris. Later he wisely gave up grand-opera ambitions to play *Pitticus Green* in "Hazel Kirke." He made his comic opera *début* with Col. McCaull in "Deseret," John Philip Souza's first opera. Mr. Hopper's first appearance as a star was in "Castles in the Air," in which Della Fox made such a hit, and this was followed by "Wang," "Panjandrum," "Dr. Syntax," "The Charlatan," and "El Capitan." Four years ago Mr. Hopper joined the Weber & Fields Company, at a salary of \$50,000 for forty weeks, which indicates that his ability as a fun-maker was capitalized at about \$1,000,000. He remained in the music hall two seasons, and last year he again went forth as a star, playing in "Mr. Pickwick."

On Guadalupe Ridge

By OSCAR KING DAVIS

OVER the rolling uplands of the Cavité "desert" the sun had been pouring his sap-sucking rays for months, uninterrupted by a solitary puff-ball of white cloud. The coarse grass, that had grown rank and tall in the rains of the late autumn, now lay withered and brown in tangles that tripped the feet and clogged the march. The feathers of the long bamboos drooped miserably, and the bright green of their once promising shoots had faded to a dull yellow. With a dry sound the cinaguela bush and the acacia scrub rattled their sere leaves in the hot breeze; even the shade of the giant mangoes, broad of branch and thick of foliage, was speckled with sun-spots. The irrigating ditch that once ran full along the ridge, distributing moisture to the fields and trees, now trickled a feeble stream, gasping in the heat.

Most of the crumbling huts scattered over the slope with the ripe rice lying uncut in the fields around them, stood deserted, their occupants having fled at rumors of the approach of the *Khakinos*. Beneath a cluster of Nipa-thatched roofs lounged the few inhabitants whom fear had not driven from their homes—too listless even to play monte. Game-cocks strutted and crowed unnoticed, cicadas piped from the leafless trees, crickets shrilled in the matted grass. Overhead a huge bird was wheeling slowly. Above the stricken earth the heat-waves quivered.

And over these uplands the rush of war was sweeping by, rolling up trouble and despair ahead of it, in its wake leaving desolation and desertion. Here and there, at exposed rises of ground, half a dozen sleepy outposts of the enemy were keeping sultry watch under the shade of a hastily built shack. Here were the beginnings of a fight; a volley or two, with five minutes of scattering fire, followed by flight back to the next line of outposts, while white-faced, weary aides, struggling to the general, reported "no casualties." But these skirmishes hardly checked the advance. The column

had moved at daylight. By ten o'clock there was nothing ahead save the leagues of Cavité desert that must be covered by nightfall.

Overcome by heat, exhausted by the pitiless march, at every mile men fell. Ambulances and stretchers picked them up, carried them to such shade as could be found, and went on. The general knew that rest and the cool of the night would revive them, and that they could either come on to join the column or make their way back to their old quarters in Manila. But hospital corps and stretcher-men do not find all who fall, and even when heat plays such havoc, the explanation of the ominous "missing" entered opposite a name in the First Sergeant's book at roll-call, may be other than exhaustion.

On the ridge below Guadalupe, where the road bends away to the westward, the dikes about the rice-fields stand taller than in the lower lands. Behind one of these dikes a man could lie and never be seen, even though a quickly passing comrade were looking for him; and if, unconscious from the shock of a bullet-wound through the chest, he could make no effort to attract attention, it would indeed be little wonder if he were overlooked.

And Wilson had marched at the extreme end of the thin line deployed as skirmishers. His left-hand man was eight or ten paces away, and no one had seen him fall. He went down against a rice-dike and for a few minutes neither knew nor cared what had happened to him. Then dim consciousness began to return and he realized, in an uncertain way, that he had been hit; but by the time a sharp, full understanding of his wound came to him, and he looked over the dike to call to someone for help, the line was far down the field and he could make no one hear. Besides, it hurt him to shout and he soon stopped.

There was little pain from the wound yet.

O. K. Davis was the *New York Sun's* war correspondent in the Philippines during the insurrection, and is now at the front on the Yalu River representing the *New York Herald*.—THE EDITOR.

The shock seemed to have made him numb all over, and had he been in the shade he would have felt fairly comfortable. He did not feel worried at being left behind—indeed, he did not think much about it, or about anything. He was very tired from the hard marching, and it was restful to lie still. Then it began to come to him what it meant to be left alone on Guadalupe Ridge shot through the chest. He tried to stand up, but the exertion was too much for him, and he fell again. The wrench gave him a sharp pain, and he realized that what hope he had lay in keeping as quiet as possible.

He remembered the first-aid package tied to his cartridge-belt and thought he could perhaps bandage himself. Slowly and carefully he shifted his position on the rice-dike in order to bring the oilskin-wrapped package free, and reaching round, tried to untie it from the belt. But he could use only one hand. He had to work behind himself and the knot would not yield. Then it occurred to him to unhook the belt and take it off. When he saw the double row of cartridges a great hope came to him. He could still see his comrades struggling on far down the ridge. If he fired his rifle, it might attract their attention. With infinite pains he tried to raise it, but could not. After all, what need? Holding the gun with one hand he braced the butt against the rice-dike and fired in the air. He watched, but no one gave any sign of hearing. Loading the magazine and bracing the rifle where he could operate it without hurting himself, rapidly he fired all his shells, one after another. No use. If any man heard, he had no thought of what it meant, but let it pass for stray shooting at a straggling outpost.

In the excitement of this effort Wilson had forgotten the first-aid packet and the idea he had had of trying to bandage his own wound. Now he remembered it and with eager haste undid the oilskin outer wrappings. He spread the bandage out before him and studied the diagrams and directions printed on it. Then for the first time he looked at his wound and received a shock. It had not bled at all. He had not thought very definitely about it, but he had expected and rather dreaded to find himself drenched in his own blood. The absence of the usual accompaniment of a wound troubled him. He feared it betokened some fatal internal hurt. He recalled, however, cases of similar wounds where the injury that seemed so se-

vere proved to be inconsiderable. There was Andrews, of the Fourteenth, who was shot squarely through the abdomen and recovered in three weeks, to the amazement of the surgeons. There was his own colonel, who, with a Remington brass-patched bullet through his lungs, had lived to organize and lead afiel the very regiment which was abandoning him. A chest wound was not so very serious after all. He looked at it again and picked up the bandage. There was just a little blue spot, hardly larger than a slate pencil.

"Mauser," he said to himself. "That's better than a brass patch anyway."

He began to work with the bandage; then:

"What's the use," he thought, "it isn't bleeding—it's all right just as it is, and this thing would only be a bother."

Presently he became conscious that something was the matter inside him. It was as if part of him were on fire. It frightened him and he tried to sit up, but that hurt the wound, so he lay still again. The new sensation did not seem to be directly connected with the wound, and yet to what else could it be due? He was lying squarely under the vertical sun, but this was not sun-heat from which he was suffering; it had its origin within and it grew even as he thought about it. He expected pain and he knew how to bear it, but this was something more. He was burning up. A rod of white-hot iron had been thrust through him, and its fierce heat was diffusing through his body. He worked at the first-aid bandage again, and made it ready to put over his shoulder. With great pain and difficulty he got his blouse off, then found that he could not get his blue shirt over his head. He had not the strength to tear it and he had no knife. A second time he gave up the idea of the bandage. After all, he had not really expected it to help him. The trouble, he well knew, was where no bandage could reach.

He lay still and thought the situation over. The column was now almost out of sight. There was no use in trying to get help from any of his own men. His best chance lay in just what he was compelled to accept—lying perfectly quiet where he was. Some straggler might run across him or he might be found by a party sent out to pick up the blanket-rolls and shelter halves thrown away by the men during the march.

He had not drunk since the start on the

early morning's march; his campaigning in the Philippines had taught him how to use his canteen and he was never prodigal of water. He had learned to go till noon of a tropic day without a drink, and then, if no opportunity offered for refilling the canteen, to husband the supply for the rest of the day. Now he knew there was no chance for more, but with the thirst of the terrible day increased tenfold by the wound that was drying him up, his throat ached with a pain worse than that of his wound. Former experiences warned him of his folly, but the thirst consumed him. He took one swallow of the tepid water in the canteen and held it in his mouth a long time, letting it slowly trickle down his throat. Had he resisted in the first place, he might have held off half an hour longer; now, in a minute, his thirst was worse than before and he was back at the canteen for another swallow. Then another, and another, and another; and then, finally for a drink, a good long drink that would have satisfied him ordinarily and given relief for several hours. But in ten minutes he was as thirsty as before, with the canteen only half filled.

He was hungry, too, but he would not eat his hardtack, nor the bacon in his haversack, his mainstay on many a hard march, for he knew that meant only greater thirst. He longed for the can of tomatoes he had thrown away early in the morning because it had struck against his leg as he walked and bothered him. That would have stopped this raging fire in his throat for half a day and satisfied his hunger as well.

He lay back against the rice-dike and got his blanket-roll behind him for a pillow. The unclouded sun swept up the burnished heaven and poured down its cruel, cruel heat. Before noon Wilson thought it had been shining for a million years straight upon him. It searched out his brain and his heart and he felt them drying up under the terrible energy. He thought of himself as slowly evaporating, and in the beginning of his despair he smiled at the feeble joke. He had tried to shade himself a little with his campaign hat, but it was small relief that he got. Then a plan occurred to him. With his bayonet he pegged one corner of his blouse to the top of the dike; he fastened another over the muzzle of his rifle and leaned it up against the little ridge of earth. It threw shadow enough so that he could get his head and shoulders under it, and pro-

tected him a little from the vertical noonday sun.

It occurred to him as he lay there that it was queer he should still keep his grip on his mind. The many men he had seen wounded lost consciousness or became delirious. It came at last to be a reason for hope to him that he had done neither. His wound could not be serious or he, too, would be overcome. This set him watching for the first symptoms of collapse; and then he began to wonder what the symptoms would be. When he had settled this in his mind it occurred to him that he might perhaps first succumb to heat and thirst, or even to hunger. That brought up a new range of symptoms to look out for, and all this so occupied him that when he recalled himself he found that the shadow of his blouse was slanting ever so slightly back of him, and he knew that it was afternoon.

It was time for the stragglers to return, if there were to be any; and with this thought of the stragglers pegging wearily back alone or in little groups over the dangerous country, came to him also the perilous work of the signal-corps men, and his heart leaped as he reflected that they would soon be coming along with their wire. Pshaw! They were far ahead of him long ago; they always kept near the firing-line. Moreover, he remembered that he had seen no signal-flag with the column that morning. It was evidently engaged in a turning movement on the bay, and when the insurgents were driven out the wire would go down along the beach. The signalmen would not come his way.

Nevertheless, the hope, though brief, had cheered him, and had helped him to forget the thirst that now came surging back upon him with a fury that he could not withstand. It was the wrong thing to do, he knew, but he was beyond caring; if it proved fatal, it would be a good end to the whole affair. He tipped up the canteen and swallowed the warm water in great gulps. When it was all gone he looked at the empty canteen a moment and then, in a sudden surge of rage, threw it as far from him as he could. He was overwhelmed with the sense of helplessness and gave way to a violent paroxysm of anger. It was a fool-business he had come on and he was a fool to have come on it. What call had he to leave his own country and go fighting other men out of theirs? What if they were but little better than savages, so much the worse for him! To be shot was

bad enough, but by a Filipino! The shame and pity of it!

His outburst of fury left him faint and exhausted and he lay for a time with closed eyes, almost without thought or sensation. But was not this one of the symptoms he had been looking for and a bad one? To relax his grip on himself and give way to such a spasm of madness was but the beginning of the ghastly end, and strong in reaction, he resolved that it should not happen again. He would *not* give up hope. Help must come. Somehow, someone would find him. There must be men going back or to the front, or the general would be sending couriers. No he would not; free for once from hampering communication with headquarters in Manila, he would stay free as long as he could.

Suddenly, without suggestion or invitation, came to Wilson the picture of his home in the Essex County mountains. The great upstanding hills, where old Hurricane heaved up his huge bulk, crested with blue haze in the clear sunlight; the solid dark green of the woods; the winds souging through the trees; the birds screaming and singing; the broad, far reach of the lake, the water ruffled into ripples by the northwest breeze; the farmhouse beside the road; the orchard where the apples were already weighing down the branches; the fields, oats, rye, and wheat beginning to turn from green to

brown; the cattle lazying through the mid-day heat under the shade of the chestnuts down by the creek, and, O God! not another glimpse of it all for him. Not another glimpse! He was only a fool and a soldier: a *Khakino* shot by a wretched Filipino and dying in the heat and eternal sunshine on Guadalupe Ridge!

The rage of it all came back. He felt it coming and strove to keep calm, but it surged up and overbore him, and he shouted aloud in his agony. He struggled to his feet and fell fainting.

Across the brown-tipped folds of the ridge the dying day threw a last gleam of glory. The sun dropped behind the jagged peaks of the Sierra Mariveles, beyond Manila Bay, and the purple haze that throughout the heat had hung about the mountains was turned into pillars of fire and columns of smoke. An idle puff of air sporting across the Cavité uplands feebly fluttered a faded khaki blouse that hung from the muzzle of a rifle leaning against a rice-dike. Beyond its quivering shadow a blue-shirted soldier lay in the tangled grass. His face was buried in a bunch of withered leaves, his arms outstretched as if reaching toward Manila. The blaze of glory beyond the Mariveles' peaks died away into a mass of dull gray, then changed into blackness; and night and death settled upon Guadalupe Ridge.

Premonition

By S. H. KEMPER

AND suddenly, in the strong noonday,
 A shadow, a chill
 Of question or fear; and the sturdy
 And resolute will
 That defeated a hundred frank foes
 Faltered faint as you heard
 A sound slight, significant—Something
 Inimical stirred.
 And divining a measureless force
 In the shadow, dismayed,
 Stout Purpose, full-statured, one minute
 Was faint and afraid.

STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

DIVES AND LAZARUS

I FIND myself wondering if Dr. Hillis really expects to be taken seriously. He seems to be utterly unacquainted with the conditions that underlie the surfaces from which he so fetchingly draws his optimistic conclusions. As though the "masses," whom he seems to address, in distinction from the "classes," of whose "tag" he appears unable to divest himself, were not social beings also, having likes and dislikes, preferences and prejudices, thoughts and unthoughts, and all equally for expression in their religious relationships, just the same as if they were pew-owners in "Plymouth" or in "Grace," and contributors to the delectable "wastes" of the same, such as high-salaried preaching, music, etc.; and further, as though these thus cattle-ized "masses" were simply waiting on the prophet of "consolidation" to be gladly herded under a common religious roof, and fatted for the skies at a common religious trough, thereby saving an expense through the conversion of sinners, according to the latest business dictum, at some thirty cents per capita.

The thing is absurd. Is it that so small a matter as human nature does not count! But suppose we ask "Mrs. Dives, of the Avenue," good woman, about it, not turning again to question "Mrs. Lazarus, of the Alley," good woman, also:

"Doctor! Doctor! what are you talking about?" Mrs. Dives replies. "Of course I want my husband to save all the wastes in his business that he can. It would be just awful if he should fail, and we have to move off the Avenue, and give up our pew in 'Plymouth,' and I couldn't have my new Easter bonnet."

Exit Mrs. Dives, who will put up hundreds for her pastor's comfort, or for missions, or for the poor, just for the asking, but not a dollar for the "Consolidated," where on worship days she is expected to rub elbows with Mrs. Lazarus, and look pleasant.

There are other difficulties:

1. The fixed and fast bigotry (?) on the part of many people who are satisfied in their present church connections, and to whom, unlike the Princess Badroulboudour, the magician's seductive offer of "new lamps for old ones" presents no attraction.

2. The differences of tastes with regard to ritual forms, etc.

3. The lack of some forty thousand world-renowned orators for a weekly supply at all points, and especially at the country school-houses; and

4. The loathness on the part of some one hundred and fifty thousand preachers, of small talents,

perhaps, but some influence, to being summarily denuded of their calling and their salaries.

The only point in which I feel inclined to agree with Dr. Hillis in his arguments is that the sentiment for church unity is in the air, and working. The devout business man, who is a missionary also, will save every waste in his world's business, but only that in his heavenly business he may have the wherewithal to "sow beside all waters," prodigally and without stint. Neither will he have patience with any plan of evangelism which even seems to savor of the world's commercialism.

Of the instances which the Doctor alludes to, where the "Consolidated Church" has already achieved such signal success in the "smaller towns," I know not where they lie. I know only that in the few instances of attempts in that direction that have come under my own personal observation, I have found a bewailing among the people who seemed to me truly religious—preferring the sacraments before the sermon, and the quietude of God's house before the bustling activity of its attached kitchen—because of their deprivation of the "Bread of Life."

St. James, Minn.

W. H. KNOWLTON.

NO PROVISION FOR THE PIONEER

WHAT is the Church? The Church of Christ is the love of God shed abroad in the human heart. The visible Church is men and women whose hearts are filled with this divine love associating themselves together for the purpose of extending and enlarging the Church of Christ on earth.

But I see Dr. Hillis's church is an intellectual church, and the preacher should have a large salary, be equal in mental equipment to the college-bred man, have a large library and be able to travel and fill himself up with the material things of this world. But this is not the kind of a church that Christ established nor the kind of preachers that He sent out to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick.

You will find this kind of preacher out here in Northern Minnesota, and on a winter's Sunday morning, with the thermometer registering from thirty to fifty-four degrees below zero, he will harness his team and drive ten or fifteen miles to a little church or school-house, and there meet his little flock of strong men and brave women that are engaged in building the mightiest empire on the face of the earth. As this man delivers his message from Christ—burning with the fire of God—they become lost to the world and are holding communion with

God and His Son, Jesus Christ. After dinner another drive of ten or fifteen miles and another such service in the evening. These preachers receive small salaries, but their value to the world is not measured by dollars and cents. Limited somewhat in so-called culture, yet they are powers among men.

This kind of preaching and this kind of worship is the great power that has forced this material world up to a higher plane of human and divine life. They make for better manhood and womanhood, and give us national power and glory.

Aitkin, Minnesota.

H. H. OSTERHOUT.

NOT FEDERATION BUT ANNIHILATION

If you will assure me that Dr. Hillis, in his article on Consolidating the Churches, is to be taken as in dead earnest, I will be glad to send you my ideas on the subject.

It, however, has occurred to me that the doctor is only cracking a huge joke on the shallower divines and preachers of the country. That he is out for a bit of sport with his kind. For his article certainly is a great take-off on the modern federationists; those poor fellows who mean well but do not know what they mean, when they talk about federating the churches. The doctor goes them one better, for instead of federating them he annihilates them, at least 165 out of the 169 that did exist before he wrote that article; or at least that supposed they did.

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

C. W. EEDE.

PROPOSES FEDERATION INSTEAD OF CONSOLIDATION

1. FEDERATION is possible and probably practicable and will obviate existing evils.

2. Possible and practicable federation is preferable to impossible and impracticable unification.

3. Therefore, if we must have consolidation, let it be by means of federation, not of unification, or organic union.

In the discussion of this question there is needed a union of a radicalism that can recognize the evils of the existing system and of a conservatism that will prevent a headlong rush into worse evils. Let us learn from the Northern Securities Case that it is wise to meditate long before consummating an ecclesiastical combination that may sooner or later need to be dissolved.

The church should differ from a trust both in its aims and methods. Even when there is no question of watered stock or inflated values, the Church Universal should not be brought before the Supreme Court of public opinion on a charge of restraint of thought. Let us have no mergers of that kind in Protestantism. If the churches are consolidated it will be found necessary to have a supreme head, and eventually there may become evident a need for a new dogma of infallibility. But federation will demand none of these. The denominations shall thus cease their rivalry, and respect each other's rights and refrain from trespassing on each other's territory.

A central board of federation chosen from all the denominations could readily adjust their differences,

and adjudicate upon all cases regarding their boundary-lines, while each denomination would be free to hold its own system of belief. Thus selfish propagandism would be checked, and catholicity of spirit and effort prevail.

E. S. HERTZOG.

Uniontown, Pa.

A PLEA FOR THE SMALL CHURCH

THE small church is the spiritual birthplace of the multitude of modern American Protestant Christians. But for the church letter, many, perhaps most, of the great city churches would soon quit business. Each of those "eight little churches with poor architecture" may be represented in some great metropolitan tabernacle . . . by an eminent philanthropist or master of finance. Nay, the chances are many to one that the eloquent preacher addressing great multitudes in the same tabernacle is himself a product of a Sunday-school of "fifty children," or less, and was brought face to face with his life mission by one of those scantily fed pastors who "never saw the nation's capital!"

Gathering church letters is not bringing spiritual children into being any more than letting down the bars in front of a neighbor's flock of sheep is raising a new crop of spring lambs. Even if the neighbor donates the sheep because they will not stay with him, it does not make you a successful sheep-raiser.

Brevity forbids detail of causes why large churches fail to bring forth children. The fact exists. It would be a revelation to many if church records could be made to tell the truth. No firing in the air here; there's game up this tree!

The final argument is that of the dead level. The scheme broached has already been tried, and has utterly failed. The State Churches of England and Germany have long been engaged in carrying out Dr. Hillis's plan. Despite favoring circumstances they have not made a success of it. Not because they are State Churches, but on account of their very uniformity have they failed to attain the Christian ideal for the Church of Christ.

No! The American will be sure to ask his own opinion as to choice of party, wife, church. The last may be one of the 160, as yet unstarved, but it will be his, and his relations with it will be mutually profitable.

Bees swarm when prosperous; so do families and churches. But you'll not hive many colonies in one big box successfully.

REV. E. G. PIPER.

Canisteo, N. Y.

CONSOLIDATION WOULD DESTROY INDIVIDUALITY

THE great attractive feature of humanity is its individuality. The more you seek to curb this individualism, whatever may be the channel chosen for unification the more do you detract from its usefulness and retard its growth. What if it does cost a little more to support the different denominations? Our liberty, our freedom as a whole is expensive, but would we relinquish it for this reason?

The results of denominational rivalry, in which the doctor sees much evil, have, as history will relate, done much to bring about the religious tolera-

tion and freedom of thought which we now enjoy. Let us have different creeds, different lines of research and retain our individuality, for it is this independence and variety of thought and belief that has made us what we are—the greatest of all nations!

Take it for granted that the church had consolidated—the question would still arise and worry its leaders as to who should be the *one*. They would be like the twain in the married state—they are one, but which is the one? I agree with Dr. Hillis that all that is essential for the Christian is Jesus Christ and the things of God, but let us pray as we will and interpret God's word according to our several lights, be they received through the windows of Methodism or Calvinism.

Many roads lead to Rome and each pedestrian undoubtedly enjoys Rome as well as his neighbor after he has reached it. So will the Doctor and ourselves enjoy Heaven equally, if we are fortunate enough to attain it.

FRANK HAMMOND.

Battle Creek, Mich.

WOULD BELONG TO ALL DENOMINATIONS

BODY, soul, and spirit, I am and have been for years for "Consolidation," wherever the people are ready for it, and where they are not ready as yet. I believe in all wise agitation and education toward union.

While in Sioux City, Iowa, we took the entire "Central Christian Church" into "Immanuel Baptist Church" one Sunday, and with the most desirable results.

For several years I was in the evangelistic field, and after covering forty states and territories and provinces of Canada in that work, I unhesitatingly say that in the vast majority of the smaller cities, and in some sections of the larger cities, the churches are too numerous, and too often do more harm than good.

Personally, I consider it a great misfortune that I must be considered strictly as belonging *only* to any one denomination.

GEORGE ARMOR FAIR.

Seattle, Wash.

REFORM BEGINS AT HOME

WHILE I cordially assent to all the purposes advocated by Dr. Hillis, I must take most positive exception to his belief that the Christian Church will render help to secure Christian unity in the near future. Nothing I know inclines me to accept the opinion, nothing in recent Church history warrants the thought. For instance, the Methodist Church deliberately put back the movement for unity at least fifty years when it established the Epworth League, and no effectual protest was offered by any influential man in that body, either lay or cleric. And again all denominations are yet anxious to crowd in a church of their order in any town or village in the land, even though they destroy the usefulness of those who are already at work in sufficient numbers to meet all the religious needs of the community. The movement to "Consolidate the Churches" is almost entirely in the hands of the ministry; if they advocate and press it, they may be sure of the cor-

dial co-operation of ninety per cent. of the laity; and still it will not come, at least not yet, and never, till a new spirit rules the leading minds that rule our different denominations.

In one branch of this subject I am an expert, with a large stock of very dearly bought experience, and out of it I take the liberty to commend an experiment to Dr. Hillis of a very practical sort. It is to take one decided step in the direction to which he points the churches. I am a minister in the same body of which he is an honored leader—the Congregational Church. I assert unhesitatingly that we squander at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each and every year and over in useless organizations; we have seven societies and eight seminaries, with well-paid officials and expensive machinery, and they increase needlessly and are a curse to the Church. Churches are founded and left to die in numbers, ministers are starving. Dr. Hillis's estimate of a thousand a year salary is, I believe, twice as much as more than half our preachers receive, and the increasing weakness of the Church is only fully known to those who study very closely the statistics, and so learn that it is the immigrant that is alone saving the grand old Church from visible decay, and I purposely estimate the amount we waste at what I believe to be about half the actual sum, because I wish to guard against the least misrepresentation. But if Dr. Hillis will use his great influence to secure a committee of competent business men who would investigate the position and faithfully report the fact, the reform that must follow would be a very long step toward securing both unity and power.

Le Raysville, Pa.

REV. MAGEE PRATT.

WHY PREACHERS OPPOSE CONSOLIDATION

I CAN remember thirty-five years ago in Scotland and twenty years ago in Iowa, when consolidation was advocated along much more practical lines than those laid down by Dr. Hillis.

One of the great obstacles has always been the preachers themselves, who antagonize it for the same reason that politicians oppose any reduction in the number of offices, viz., that there would not be so many jobs to pass around. Neither do I blame them, for who would take care of those whom Dr. Hillis proposes to deprive of their livelihood, scant though it be, in the places where superfluous, dwindling churches exist?

Even if they were able to work, the labor market is gorged and glutted to repletion; they are too honest to steal and too proud to beg.

East Orange, N. J.

G. M. MACKENZIE.

SEND SURPLUS PREACHERS TO CHINA

A YOUNG man who takes the time and trouble to graduate from a university or college after four years of study, and then take a two or four years' course in a theological school does not feel like being sent out into some country town to minister over a handful of persons, and to preach to a congregation which is generally not large enough to fill more than the rear

half of the pews. There is no reason why a minister of the Gospel should not be given good remuneration for his services, and he should have enough work to do to be entitled to the salary. In this city of seven or eight thousand people there are eleven churches, and at least five of them could be dispensed with, as the people of California do not frequent churches as often as the people of the Eastern States. If the churches were to be consolidated, it would, of course, result in a large percentage of ministers being thrown out of their callings. There are a large number of ministers who were called to be missionaries, and this surplus could be used to very good advantage in China, for example, where the natives are anxious to receive Christianity, if letters from the missionaries now there are to be believed. Or there is room for several right here at home. Take, for instance, the mountain districts of the Sierra Nevada range: there are to be found men in eastern California and in Nevada from eighteen to thirty years of age who have never seen a minister nor heard a sermon. The country is sparsely settled and towns many miles apart. This is probably the situation all over the whole western half of this grand country of ours. Why not give these people the benefit of the surplus?

Then, too, take the mammoth publishing houses owned by the various denominations, and instead of letting them duplicate the Sunday-school literature and other printing necessary for each denomination, let them centralize, stop this expensive duplicating, and in their place let them print Bibles, tracts, or other literature and strew the heathen countries knee-deep, if necessary, with the Gospel and Christ, pure and simple.

The writer thinks it time to take Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and others, good men as they were, from their pedestals and lift in their place the real head and corner-stone of the church, the Saviour of mankind.

Chico, Cal.

H. RISING.

MAKE ALL NEW CHURCHES UNION CHURCHES

OUR Union Church in the Borough of Richmond, New York City, has been in successful existence for over ten years. It was organized in a new community. A church was needed, no church was possible without co-operation, so the people wisely combined to form one. Nine denominations were represented in the original membership.

Our confession is evangelical. Doctrinal questions are never discussed. The fullest freedom is allowed in all matters of difference among Christians; the highest loyalty is aimed at in the great essentials of love and service. Our purpose is to fulfil the office of the Church as a light-bearer and an exponent of the Kingdom of God.

To the present time this place has not been invaded by denominational rivalry. As long as we live true to Christ we believe any such invasion would be unchristian. If the denominational boards of control will admit as much, one long forward step will have been taken.

Our experience presents a consistent case for the union movement. There are no exceptions to be taken. Wherever there is no church, let all Christians unite to have one. If there is a church already established, let the man who tries to start another

"be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." Whatever its name or sign, co-operate to make it great and beautiful, a worthy body of the divine Head.

REV. CHARLES RANSON KINGSLEY.

Westerleigh, Staten Island.

THE PRINCE OF DREAMERS

IN every instance where I have seen consolidation tried, it has failed to work.

In an inland town on the Western Reserve, there were a Methodist and a Universalist Church. Both were centres of great activity for years. By death and removals, the Universalists were compelled to abandon the work. The Methodists, who at the time had a large, thriving congregation of at least two hundred, gradually dwindled to a score or more, and these as good as dead, as the whole community felt it. Everybody with life joined the lodge, which was the life of the place. A few, dead-set against such things, kept up the church at a poor, dying rate.

I had occasion, as Superintendent of the Presbyterian work of the Presbytery of Cleveland, to spend two weeks in the place for a series of special services.

At no time of my two weeks' stay did the minister of the surviving church come to the meetings. The last day there I met him on the street, and he said he had arranged to come one night, but his wife could not get the buttons sewed on his coat! This was the first place where I saw the golden opportunity of having a town with one church utterly fail; but for just what cause I cannot state.

The next instance is one of the best suburbs of Cleveland, at the extension of the famous Euclid Avenue, and in the midst of some of the very finest suburban residences on the lake. A magnificent brick church was built, largely the gift of those of the city who spent the summer at the place.

It was a church modern in every way, with every possible convenience for first-class work. We first put a man on the field, fired with the idea that the institutional church was going to make all things new in church work. Reading-rooms, boys' clubs, and all the other accessories to this type of work were set on foot. Everything went with a dash for a time, but ended with a crash before two years had passed. We next put a man of the most consecrated Christian tact on the field, with a helpmate who was the rarest mistress of the manse. Four years have passed, and we all confess that, although theoretically the opportunity for "the one church in a place idea" was all that could be wished, there has been brought forth but little more than a harvest of barren regrets.

The third opportunity for one church in a place was in a manufacturing town which contained a large salt-plant, tile-works, and one of the largest straw-board factories in the United States.

We have had a church there for twelve years. The audiences average perhaps thirty to forty on a Sabbath. People won't darken the church-door unless there is a funeral.

The last, and to me most remarkable instance of the one-church-in-a-place idea, is that of a town of about eight hundred.

A young man came to the town from the seminary fired with the idea that the curse of Christendom was that it was over-churched. Three little churches were represented in the place, none with a member-

ship of over one hundred, and none with an average audience half as large as this. The young man, in his zeal to carry out the heavenly vision, wanted to have all the people unite in one church. Of course, the outcome of it was that his was to be the one. The people of the town were carried away with the idea that a church was to be of the people and for the people and what the people want. A large church was built, far beyond anything a town of that size ever dared to hope could exist. The first floor was given up to kitchen, dining- and sewing-rooms, billiard-room with a first-class table, and tables for games of every sort. The Sunday-school room was modern in every respect. The main auditorium was an ideal meeting-place, seated with opera-chairs. In place of a pulpit platform there was a stage with drop-curtain, so entertainments and lectures could be held—for they felt a church was a *ring* to be used, as well as a place to worship in. A splendid organ and a grand piano was a part of the complete equipment.

Things went forward by leaps and bounds for the first six months. Nearly everybody in town became part of the great enterprise. The other churches had not a baker's dozen out. The next six months had completely changed things. In place of mounting up as on eagle's wings, the model modern church could scarcely walk. In less than two years the doors were closed.

How many a time in the years has my heart been ravished with delight at the vision of the one church in a town, as Mr. Hillis, certainly the prince of dreamers, has put it. But I must confess, unless that oneness grows out of a living oneness with Jesus, it does seem that every attempt of the sort, in place of being big with promise, is big with destruction of the very life of Jesus. Indeed, I am frank to say that unless there is a competition in ecclesiasticism, as in business, there is no progress.

Cleveland, O.

REV. F. W. RIALE.

FOURTEEN DENOMINATIONS IN ONE CHURCH

FOURTEEN years ago at a union evening service, which was held every Sunday by the three churches in a New York village, the Presbyterian minister proposed amalgamation, one church to be sold for a creamery, another for a tannery, and the third to be the religious home of the village. The lot was to decide which should be sold, and for what. The great majority said, "It is desirable;" nearly all said, "It is impossible"; yet one of the staunchest opponents of the suggestion said, six years after, "Elder, yew was plumb right."

The fact is that we must be slowly educated to the point where this thing can become possible. Two good teachers are at work, "the Church Federation Society" and the hopeless struggles of half-employed ministers and half-vacant churches. The present waste thus serves a high purpose.

If the Scottish Presbyterian Churches could agree on an irreducible minimum of doctrine, or harder still, on the rearrangement of "foundations," "endowments," board members' and secretaries' salaries—in short, on the "bawbees"—surely we can soon reach a basis of agreement.

The membership of any suburban church is an illustration of church union; in one I wot of there are fourteen denominations represented.

Arlington, N. J.

REV. JOHN HUTCHISON.

THE MUNICIPAL CHURCH

RECENTLY the exchange of pulpits by the minister of the First Church, Boston (Unitarian), with the minister of the Old South Church (Orthodox Congregationalist) was considered a notable event.

A Methodist paper warns Orthodox Congregationalists against flirting with Unitarians, and both hasten to reassure the world that no union of these denominations is contemplated.

The financial waste of seven churches in a town of a thousand inhabitants turns away as many business men as Dr. Hillis affirms. Perhaps no other cause need be looked for to account for the fact that the strongest business men in the average town are outside of the churches.

I am not saying that no good is done in the churches. A pure soul is a shining light, and a shining light is good anywhere. There are thousands of men and women in the churches, among the clergy and the laity, who are powerful for righteousness, but it is not the churches that make them powerful. We can scarcely say that the churches are "candlesticks" for them, but, rather, "bushels." At least, great souls could be more useful unhampered by denomination. The greatest preachers of the last generation, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks, triumphed in usefulness in spite of their denominations.

Three years ago business and professional men of this town conceived the idea of a church broad enough for people of all shades of theological opinion. Pilgrim Church was established on this universal basis, without creed and without vows and sacraments. The meetings are held in the opera-house. Hundreds of people without denominational affiliations attend the services as well as persons of every variety of opinion. Only the lack of a parish house has prevented the church from becoming the social, literary, and art centre that it could have become.

The experience of these years has led me to the conclusion that the interests of real religion in the average town could best be served if the people who have the larger vision came together in a simple organization for local improvement. Let the organization avoid all relations, directly or indirectly, with the churches, else it will become only another church added to the already too great number. Let the name be expressive of the work. Let the organization combine the really worthy things of the churches, fraternities, and clubs. Let it be to the whole population what the schools are to the children—and more. Let the buildings be central and for the convenience of the work, combining usefulness and beauty. Let them be the centre of the life of the community, open day and night, for everything of culture and inspiration, from the dance to the sermon on the Holy Ghost. Have there the treasures of literature from the Vedas and Psalms to Browning and Emerson, the noblest oratory, painting, sculpture, and music, and every possible facility for the quiet, deep communion of the soul.

In the course of time the absurd notion of the separation of education and religion would disappear, and towns, in their corporate capacity, would provide for the physical and spiritual needs of the entire population, as they now provide schools for the children.

WILSON FRITCH, Minister.

Attleboro, Mass.



Little Stories of Real Life



Mrs. Doolittle, of Hanover Green

By Elizabeth Flint Wade

ROSANNA GREEN'S WEDDING-DRESS

PLACE: Mrs. Thomas Doolittle's home at Hanover Green.

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Doolittle;
Miss Dow, school-teacher.

Mrs. Doolittle speaking:

WALK in. Why, it's Miss Dow, the school-ma'am. Set down, do. I take it real kind of you to call. Come to inquire after my foot? Oh, it's doin', thank ye, but not so fast as I could wish. It's three weeks come Friday since I hurt it, an' I'm jest beginnin' to bear my weight on it. First time I've ben laid up in more'n twenty years, an' I get that lonesome I could fairly sing Hosannas—if 'twas proper—when anybody drops in to talk to me.

Yes, I'm piecin' quilts. Bein' tied to my chair, so to speak, it's 'bout all I can do. I've got two all ready to quilt, one Double Irish Chain an' t'other a Cat's Paw. This one

is the Ladies' Ramble. It's made of little pieces no two alike, so it uses up the scraps, but it does take a sight o' sewin'. You cut 'em three-cornered an' sew 'em together a light an' a dark. There's four big ones for the middle of the block with little ones sewed round 'em. You set the block together without no strips, so all the big pieces have two rows of little ones round 'em. There ain't much to it when you get it done. It don't seem to have no beginnin' nor endin' nor place to set down. 'Twould 'a' been more 'propriate to call it Woman's Work, for that ain't got no beginnin' nor endin' nor place to set down in either, an' it don't 'mount to much, same's this quilt-pattern.

Have I pieced silk quilts? You jest turn round an' open that lowest bureau behind you, an' hand me that big box. There, what do you think of that for a silk quilt? Look at that purple satin 'longside that red velvet. That satin is a piece of my aunt's "walk-out" bride-dress, an' that white-flowered piece with blue cherries on it is off Ed Randall's Sunday necktie. The ends went clean under his vest so it didn't show 'twas cut.

Who had anything like that peachblow silk? That's a piece of Rosanna Green's weddin'-dress, that old maid that lives in that little brown house next to the school-house.

Disapp'inted in love? Mercy no, she wa'n't never married or disapp'inted in love either, but that didn't hinder her havin' a weddin'-dress an' it's bein' worn, too. Sounds some like a puzzle? Yes, so it does, like,

Sisters and brothers have I none,
But this man's father is my father's son.

I ain't never made out that relation yet. Must 'a' been a step-father. I could fix up Rosanna's weddin'-dress into a puzzle. Let's see,

Husband nor lover has she seen,
Yet this is a piece of the wedding-dress of Rosanna Green.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





The last line is dragged out a mite too long, but the ends of the two match, an' that's 'bout all there is to poetry fur es I see.

This piece of striped silk was—tell you 'bout Rosanna's weddin'-dress? It's too long a story I'm 'fraid, fur I'd have to begin back with the early Greens, her pa an' ma. You can stay as well as not? All right, then, an' we might as well be a-workin' while we're talkin', so you run some o' them pieces together, a light an' a dark, mind, an' I'll cut some more blocks.

Ebenezer Green—they called him Eben for short—was the most cantankerous piece that ever got baptized into Hanover Green Church. So mean he wouldn't lift his hand to help anybody no matter how bad they needed him. An' stingy, too—why, he used to pick out the nubbins o' corn an' have 'em ground fer the fam'ly, an' the school-boys nicknamed him Nubbin Green, an' it stuck to him till he died.

Mis' Green was a little thin woman an' 'fraid as death of Nub—Eben I mean. But lovin' an' kind—why, if anybody was to be helped into or out of the world, they sent first for the doctor or minister as the need was, an' then fur Mis' Green. She never minded how tired she was, nor what she was sent for, if anybody was in trouble she wanted to help 'em all she could. There was two Green children, Rosanna an' Martin, but Mart left home 'fore he was twelve an' never come back to stay overnight. Rosanna an' her ma lived 'long best they could till Rosanna was twenty-three, then Mis' Green took cold an' died right off. The day after the funeral old Elder Eaton sent word to Rosanna to

come to the parsonage. She was scairt to go 'lone, so she asked me to go with her.

When we got there Elder Eaton showed Rosanna a wooden box an' told her to open it, an' it was full of money, pennies, an' three-cent pieces, an' five-cent pieces, and some tens. There wasn't anything bigger'n a ten-cent piece.

"That money," ses Elder Eaton, "was your ma's, an' here's her will givin' it all to you."

Now fur's anybody knew Mis' Green had never had a cent o' money to call her own. If she had to have anything Eben bought it for her, an' he didn't buy it then 'less he was jest driv' to it.

But she'd left a letter 'splainin' 'bout the money. It seems she'd heard Squire Knight say a woman had a right to a third o' her husband's property, and so she'd took out a third o' the eggs an' sold 'em separate. An' she knit socks fur the store, an' wove some, an' dyed rags some, an' a third o' what she earned she took an' she put it in a box, an' Elder Eaton kep' the box. It seemed kind o' deceptin', but if ever there was an excuse fer bein' deceptin' Mis' Green had it.

Mis' Green had set down where she got every bit of the money, an' she said she wanted Rosanna to have every cent, an' git one little thing to remember her ma by, an' to spend the rest for things like what other girls had.

The Elder an' me an' Rosanna counted the money an' there was \$197.83, an' when the Elder added up Mis' Green's figgers, they jest matched the money.

When old Nubbin—I mean Eben—found out 'bout the money, he was like a rampagin' bull an' ordered Rosanna to hand over his money that her mother stole from him, an' Rosanna was so 'fraid o' her pa that she would 'a' done it, if so be it hadn't been left with Elder Eaton. Eben went to the Elder, but the Elder told him the money was Mis' Green's an' the law let her give it to anybody she was a min' to, an' she'd give it to Rosanna, an' he couldn't take it away from her, for she was of age.

Everybody in Hanover Green knew about the money, an' was that cur'ous how Rosanna'd spend it they didn't talk o' much else, an' Rosanna was 'bout distracted thinkin' what she'd best buy with her money. Sometimes she'd make up her mind to one thing an' then to another. Money's an awful 'spon-

sibility, specially when it comes to them that ain't had it before, like Rosanna.

One mornin' she come rushin' in here, all excitement, an' ses she:

"Oh, Mis' Doolittle, I've made up my mind what to do with ma's money. I'm goin' to buy a lot to the Waterville cem't'ry an' have our folks took up out o' the old buryin'-ground an' moved into it, an' I'm goin' to put up a monniment with all our names on it, like 'Squire Knight's.'"

"Rosanna Green," ses I; "of all the foolish things you've thought o' doin' with that money this is the beatin'est. You can't use that cem't'ry lot till after you're dead an' what good will it do you then? An' there's another thing to think of," ses I, "when it comes yer pa's turn to be buried, he'll have to be put there, too, an' if I 'member the will, your ma said 'spressly she wanted you to use the money to get you somethin' like other girls."

"I hadn't thought o' pa," ses Rosanna, an' she went home, an' there set her brother Martin on the step waitin' fur her. He was goin' to be married to Ettie Brown an' had come for Rosanna to go to Utiky with 'em to pick out Ettie's weddin'-things.

I went over to Rosanna's after she got back an' she took me in the parlor, an' on the chairs an' table an' sofy was spread out a big show of dry goods.

"Bless my stars," ses I, "where did Ettie Brown git money to buy such nice things?"

"They ain't Ettie's," she ses. "They're mine. When Ettie was buying her weddin'-things, I thought what you said 'bout what ma wanted me to spend her money for, an' it come over me all of a sudden that ma meant me to spend that money for my weddin'-things an' I up an' bought 'em, right off."

"You are a sly one, Rosanna," ses I. "How'd you ever keep it so secret 'bout your weddin', an' who's the man?"

"There ain't no man yet," ses she, "but my things'll be ready when he comes. Ain't that silk a picter?"—shakin' it out an' lettin' it fall over the sofy. "An' I've got a veil, too," an' she opened a box an' out flew what looked like a thin white cloud an' settled on the silk. She had white gloves an' slippers, an' cambric an' embroidery fur her underclo'es, an' white open-work stockin's, too.

"May I ask," ses I, "what you got to r'member your ma?"

"This," ses she, an' she held out her

finger an' on it was a plain gold weddin'-ring.

"Why, Rosanna," I ses, "it's the man's part to buy the weddin'-ring."

"'Tain't meant fur the weddin'-ring," she ses, "but it seemed more fittin' to go with the things, an' I've got it marked inside, too. First I was goin' to have 'Honor thy father an' thy mother,' leavin' out the father part, but it didn't seem jest right to meddle with the Scriptor. So I told the clerk that was so obligin' helpin' me pick out my weddin'-things, an' he thought of a grand one. Jest read it."

The readin' was: "Rosanna. From her ma." She hath done what she could." Them words is intended fur tombstones, but when I come to think it over I guess they were all right for Rosanna's r'memb'rin' ring.

Rosanna took solid comfort sewin' on that dress. 'Twas a pleasure to jest look at the silk. You can't jedge by this little piece much how it looked, but it was all silvery, an' pinky, an' wavy, es ef it might be the perfume of flowers that had riz up an' took a body.

There didn't seem to be no man come 'long to go with them weddin'-things. Rosanna was jest as good as her mother, always doin' somethin' fer somebody, but she was thin an' freckled, an' had real fiery red hair, an' wa'n't much to look at, an' men goes in fur good looks, specially young men. Bimeby her pa died an' she was left all alone. Martin an' Ettie they'd gone West, but they never had no luck. They had seven children, but they was the dyin' kind an' 'fore they'd git big enough to be any help they'd



expire. All care an' expense an' no returns, as you might say. The youngest one did live though, an' they wrote Rosanna they'd named it Rosy after her, an' one day Rosy come walkin' in on her Aunt Rosanna. Said her pa an' ma was both dead with a fever, an' she had jest money 'nough to get to her aunt.

She was a real pretty, 'fectionate thing, an' it did seem 's if Rosanna was goin' to take some comfort out o' life at last, but 'twa'n't so to be. Rosy hadn't been there only jest four weeks when there came a young man from way out West where Rosy come from. It seems he was off travellin' when Rosy's pa an' ma died, an' when he come home an' found Rosy gone, he knew that he could never live if he couldn't find her, an' he put right after her an' asked her right 'fore her aunt if she'd marry him.

Rosy she said she would, but that night when the young man was gone, she put her head in her aunt's lap an' burst out cryin'. "I know you feel bad to leave me," ses Rosanna, patten' her head, "but I've lived 'lone before an' I 'spect I can do it ag'in."

"'Tain't that," ses little Rosy, cryin' harder, "it's 'cause I ain't got no weddin'-clo'es nor no money to git 'em."

"Things seem to happen queer in this world," ses Rosanna. "There's them that's got weddin'-clo'es an' ain't got no man, an' there's them that's got a man an' ain't got no weddin'-clo'es. You stop your cryin' an' come upstairs 'long o' me."

An' then an' there she giv' Rosy all her weddin'-clo'es 'cept her weddin'-dress. She let her be married in that, but she took it back afterward. I don't expect to see no prettier sight outside o' Heaven than that weddin'. 'Twas in the church an' they walked in a procession from Rosanna's across the Green. Old Elder Eaton with his white locks a-wavin' in the breeze come first with the groom, an' then Rosanna an' Rosy in that beautiful dress, an' the school-children had great bunches of sweet peas an' they threw 'em down for the bride to walk on. Everybody come out o' the church to see 'em, an' we stood stock-still till they went into the church, then we follered after.

Rosanna's plannin' to be buried in her weddin'-dress, so she'll wear it in time. I don't think 'twill be very becomin', but she won't see whether she looks well in it or not, an' mebbe that's something to be thankful

for. You reely ought to see it, that an' her rememb'rin' ring, an' the more I think of it, the more I think that clerk wa'n't so much out o' the way when he told her the text to put on the inside.

Ann

By Judith Graves Waldo

EZRA LARAMER'S three wives sat in the deep vine-covered veranda waiting for him to return from the council. Hester, the wife of three years, drooped in the low cow-hide rocker, fingering in pleased revery a little heap of trinkets and lace in a red plush box on her knee. She was fair and pretty; her dress fell about her with a dainty grace and in her hair was a spray of small pink roses. Hester looked across at Ann huddled on the step. Her scant calico wrapper, the wisp of gray hair fastened in a knot no bigger than a walnut, the old face hardened by rough wind and parching sun, seamed by a hidden war—"how did he ever happen to marry her?" Hester thought—"she could never have been pretty." Ann looked up at her, caught the critical glance, and Hester's eyes dropped guiltily back to the trinkets in her lap.

"You set great store by 'um, don't you, Hesty?" Lizzie spoke from her seat in the doorway. Her voice was tender. Hester might have been her daughter. Lizzie's second daughter back in Salt Lake City was just Hester's age.



"Yes, they's pretty truck." Hester smiled at Lizzie.

"What you make out you're goin' to do with 'um?"

"Oh, I was just lookin' 'um over; I like to look at 'um an' remember—when they was give to me." She closed the box and put it on the floor beside her. There was the rattle of a wagon on the creek road, and two of the three women turned quickly. Ann did not move. She sat with her hard old hands loosely folded in her lap, looking across the level valley to the mountains beyond.

Hester spoke: "Guess Foster's been in for supplies, but Cissy's got on the same sun-bunnet she wore 'cross the plains."

Lizzie answered as her eyes followed the two bent figures on the lumber wagon crawling by on the road.

"Foster, he never could 'ford her 'nough clothes to be decent in. When the committee men waited on 'im January before the last one, he claimed he couldn't take another wife 'cause he hadn't 'nough then to keep Cissy easy."

Ann moved. "The color on them mountains is just grand after a 'norther,'" she said quietly. This ordeal of waiting was hard for the others, but for Ann, cut off from all hope, it was crushing. But life had taught Ann a curious detachment.

Six months before, Ezra Laramer had come from Salt Lake City with his three wives, and settled, with others of his faith, in this deep, fair valley of San Bernardino, sentineled by the great Arrowhead upon its northern mountain-point. And hearing of this and taking it as a sign the home bishops had selected and dedicated the spot for their new colony. Although coming to this new land under the direct sanction of home authority, there existed deep in the heart of Ezra Laramer and many of his companions the hope that when a dozen mountain ranges intervened between them and the rulers of the Mormon Church, it might be possible by degrees to bring about changes in their religion, some articles of which they had through fear obeyed but never sanctioned as individuals. So they had not been many months in the new home before it became known to all that great questions were being eagerly discussed by the principal men in the community. Two nights each week the leaders assembled in the common meeting-house in the village, and often it was near dawn when the sleepers on the lonely ranches were awakened by the rattle of the home-coming



wagons and the pounding of the hoofs along the road.

This morning Ezra had put on his blue broad-cloth, dedicated to Sabbath days, and after a pretence at breakfast had risen to his feet and said, hesitatingly:

"There's been somethin' we've been talkin' about down at the meetin'-house for—some while back. When we come out here there were some things—some things required in our religion that we, some of us, felt was wrong though we done them. But we done them—'cause they was required of us." Ezra did not look at the three upturned faces before him but into the bottom of his chair, and he leaned heavily upon the back of it.

"We have decided that those as thinks—certain things is wrong, it won't be required of such to do them. And those as has already done them"—Ezra was speaking very slowly—"and him as has already done them, can do what he thinks is good to make them right, bein' he so desires an' the council approves." Ezra paused for some moments, breathing deeply. Then he lifted his head and looked through the window into the purple shadows of the mountains.

"The council 's to meet this mornin'. I'm goin' before 'um—I'm goin' to lay before 'um my purpose to put aside two of my wives, as I know polygamy to be wrong in the sight of the Lord; to settle a third of my property on each, an' the fare back to Salt Lake City, bein' they so desire to go; and to hold the other third of my property for my support and that of the—the one—I decide to keep—if bein' she'll stay with me." And then Ezra had gone out of the house, climbed into his wagon, and driven down the creek-road to the council.



For many minutes the three women had sat barely breathing; then out of the depth of her misery Ann had risen and turned to the trivial duties of the house.

"The one I decide to keep." The words beat through Ann's every vein. She had married Ezra when she was sixteen. She was fifty now. She knew at the time, of course, that the other men took additional wives as soon as their property allowed of their support; took two, three and often many more. But Ezra—the church could never force him—the bishops—Ezra would avoid them some way. There would never be anyone to Ezra but just her. When she was twenty-five Ezra had brought Lizzie home one day and had said without looking at Ann:

"This is my new wife, Ann." Then he looked into Ann's face and put out his hands quickly and his words were almost an entreaty:

"You will be good to her, Ann?"

Ann had never had any children, but when Lizzie's were born she cared for them tenderly; but she prayed with her whole soul yearning up to God that a child of her own might still some day be laid in her arms. But that was denied to Ann, and so she helped Lizzie bring up her seven sons and daughters, and loved them all and was very good to Lizzie.

Ezra was fond of his children and would sit those soft summer evenings in the veranda playing with the little things, and he was very tender of the young mother sitting by him with her baby. And Ann came and sat near them. She sat and looked into the mountains, and she had early learned to fold her hands loosely in her lap. It was when

she was learning this that the seams began to come in her face.

And then three years ago Ezra had brought this pretty, soft little thing into the house—Hester! He gave her trinkets and more pretty clothes than Ann and Lizzie had had in all their lives. He petted her openly and she fluttered about him with winning touch and voice. He was proud of her prettiness, and the neighbors spoke of her as "the favorite." Ann would not sit with them now. She pulled her little old rocker on to the back stoop and sat alone. Lizzie came with gentle remonstrance.

"You mustn't mind her, Ann; she's just a pretty child, spoiled a little, mayhap."

"I ain't mindin' her," said Ann.

"You'll be lonesome here alone, when we're on the front porch."

"I can see the mountains better here." Ann smiled at Lizzie to reassure her. She was fond of Lizzie.

"You don't mind her, sure?" Lizzie whispered and had gone away at Ann's nod. Lizzie had borne seven children and her right to honor was established. Nor had she ever been a first wife and dreamed the happy dream that there could never be another. Why should she mind—anything?

But after Hester's little baby died, and Hester herself, with the color just creeping into her white face, came, with Ann's help, into the porch again, then Ann brought her chair from the stoop, and Ezra, holding Hester's thin little hand, knew she was with them again.

After this the great move to California had come. They had settled in this deep, wide valley, with mountains not unlike those at home. Lizzie had mourned the separation from her children, all in homes of their own, and Hester was lonesome in the strange new place with the neighbors scattered and far apart. But Ann had the mountains, with their deep cañons and crests of snow, and somehow she was glad they had come.

"The one I decide to keep." How it hummed about her and through her!

"It'll never be me; it can't never be me! It ought to be Lizzie, hers is the children. It shan't be that girl! How'll she ever know what'll make him easy? If he chooses her I'll speak right out for Lizzie. She'll make him easy anyhow, and oh, it can't never be me."

Lizzie snuffled softly at her work. She was thinking:

"Now, if I was one of them set free I could go back to the children with that money—back to my own folks. I'll miss Ann awful if she goes, and Hussy, too—she's most like my own child now," and Lizzie brushed the tears away with her sleeve. Lizzie knew that she was the one Ezra would decide to keep.

And Hester? She stood looking down the creek road flanked with its yellowing cottonwoods, and her eyes were troubled.

"I wonder if they'll mind it a lot? Ann—Ann, she looks awful queer—she'll be awful hurt, but Lizzie'll just cry a little and be all right 's soon's she gets back to her folks again. It's goin' to be awful lonesome, just awful lonesome! If we was back there I'd rather like it, but whatever shall I do if they go and leave me!" Hester went into her little room and got out her jewel-box—her comfort in time of empty moments—and carried it into the porch. And there the other two women came too, and sat and waited with the burden of fear heavy upon them.

Ezra came late. The sun was just touching Old Baldy across the valley, its rays flooded the little group on the porch. Ezra

took his team to the barn, and put it up. Usually one or the other of the women would meet him and help with the horses, but tonight they sat quietly and waited. They could not talk. The sun dropped behind the mountains, and at last Ezra came round the house and up the steps. His face was white and grave. He took some papers from his pockets and stood fumbling them.

"I've done the best I could by you," he said, haltingly, "and I'll make it better as time goes on. You'll have all—more'n you'll need, an' there won't be no trouble, the papers is made out right for the transfer of property, an'—the—the others'll be fixed in a few days." Ezra's hands were trembling. "There's a company goin' back in two weeks if you want to go back—" He laid one package of papers on Hester's knees and dropped the other into Lizzie's lap. Ann pulled herself to her feet by the porch railing and clung to it. Ezra looked at her.

"Ann," he said, "will you stay—with me?"

The old wife put out her hands.

"It ain't me, Ezra, it never can be me?"

He folded her hands within his: "You, Ann, whoever could it be but you?"

The Pilot

By ARTHUR STRINGER

I LOUNGE on the deck of the river-steamer,
Homeward bound with its huddle of indolent life,
Untiringly churning from headland to headland
Through moonlight and silence and dusk.
And the decks are alive with laughter and music and singing,
I see the sleepers, the shadowy lovers sitting close to the rail,
The romping children, the dancers amidships.
But high above them there in the dusk,
Where the merriment breaks like a wave at his feet,
Unseen of lover and dancer and me,
Aquiline, anxious, unspeaking, encompassed with gloom,
Is the pilot, impassive and stern,
With his grim eyes watching the course.



HOW IS YOUR PULSE?

EVEN thus early, before politics reaches a high temperature and the acute stage, shall not these things be remembered?

1. The country is "ruined" at least every four years.

2. This is the "most momentous crisis" in the affairs of the Republic that has been on exhibition since the last time. (We know an old man who has lived through sixteen crises, and still has a fair appetite).

3. If Roosevelt is elected, "our institutions" will suffer a shock from which they may never recover.

4. If Parker or any other Democrat is elected, the fair fabric of our liberties will have something or other happen to it that can't be repaired until the Republicans "come up on top" again.

5. Individually, neither Democrats nor Republicans are dangerous fellows. Collectively, each side must "view" the other "with alarm."

6. What office do you want?

7. While the country is certain to be "ruined" one way or the other, early in November, even the losers will take their usual interest in the foot-ball games of that month, and do great slaughter on their Thanksgiving turkey.



KOREA is not exactly "next door," but it is "just across the water," over the Pacific "pond," which may be an American lake some day; who knows? Let us hope that Korea will be the next "open door," when this cruel war is over. Meanwhile, those neighbors are queer folks. They cut off the head of a man convicted of murder or treason, and poison or enslave his mother, wife, and daughter. Pleasant country for women. They have no rights, and do all the work.

The men are able to smoke, snooze, play cards, fly kites, hunt, fish, like noble savages. A married man can get a divorce for the most trivial cause, and his wife has no defence. But he knows better than that. Instead of losing a good wife and servant, he may, if he chooses, annex another one. The Koreans are great gamblers and gossippers. Quarrels result in the various clans. Every fall these are fought out. Each side musters all its partisans. Their heads guarded by monstrous straw hats, they go outside the city wall and maul one another with stones and clubs. Every male Korean carries his visiting-card and passport tied around his neck or worn on his sleeve. Princes, ministers, and great noblemen have ivory tablets or red visiting-cards. Soldiers' passports are of bone; plain, ordinary, common civilians bear wooden cards. Every passport records the bearer's name, profession, and place of abode. A man caught at night without his passport is arrested. Until within a few years, the Koreans had the cheerful habit of breaking the legs of criminals with sticks, pulling ropes deep into their flesh, and so on. They hate the Japanese. Rather a compliment to the Japanese.

DICKENS AND SOME COLLECTORS

DICKENS would have enjoyed some peculiarities of the American customs and internal revenue services. Their genial inequalities of compensation, for instance. The Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Peoria takes in some \$34,000,000 a year and gets \$2,000 for the job. The Collector of Customs at New Orleans gets \$7,500 a year for collecting about \$6,000,000. No Collector of Internal Revenue is paid more than \$4,000, and no Deputy Collector more than \$2,000, no matter how large the receipts of his office are. But the Dickensian touch of the whole business is the existence of customs ports where it costs more than one dollar, in some cases as much as \$500, to collect a dollar's worth of duties. Secretary Shaw objects to these little humors of collection, but will anything be

done about them? Habit is everything in the Government service; and the head of the august official who collects a dollar's custom revenue is sacred. The majesty of office clothes him. He is a part of the Government, and you will never persuade him that he can be spared.



MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS is reported as testifying at a hearing on the Eight-Hour Bill, before the House Committee on Labor, that he had statistics which showed that since shorter hours had been introduced "the average age of laborers had been prolonged from five to eight years, and their height had been increased one to two inches." Mr. Gompers was sorry he didn't have his statistics with him, but we don't need to see them to believe and love them. They indicate still greater growths. It seems tolerably clear that if a man gains two inches in stature by shortening his hours of work from ten to eight, he will gain eight inches more by not working at all; and he will live from thirty to thirty-two years longer than is permissible under the eight-hour system. This is easy, this secret of patriarchs and giants.

FEATHER, THE JANITOR-NOVELIST

JANITORS, and especially apartment-house janitors, have been so abused and jeered at by everybody that a kind-hearted person feels like sympathizing with them. But when a janitor renounces janitors, how can anybody have the heart to defend them? They must be as tyrannical as they are painted. William Feather, business agent of the Chicago Flat Janitors' Union, has resigned that lofty post because he found the janitors intolerably radical and unreasonable. William Feather lays down the feather-duster and takes up the pen. He is going to float into literature. He is writing "A Hero in Natural Life." The hero is a janitor. How can a janitor be a hero? Perhaps he saves the lives of twelve tenants who have not paid their rent. Perhaps he thwarts the wicked designs of the villain janitor next door and marries the girl-

ionaire owner's heavenly beautiful daughter. Feather's feathery composition will be awaited with beating hearts.

POI AND "GRAFT"

THE former leader of the Republicans in the Hawaiian House of Representatives, and present leader of the Home-Rule Party, is under indictment for embezzlement and misappropriation of public funds. The Clerk of the House is under indictment for grand larceny, embezzlement, and destruction of Government records. The legal adviser of the House is also in trouble. Federal and Territorial juries have charged practically all the native members of the House with conniving at and permitting extravagance, embezzlement, and "graft." There was some fear that "our institutions" would not flourish in the Land of Poi; but the Hawaiians are quick learners, and Missouri and Hawaii seem to be brothers under their "skins."

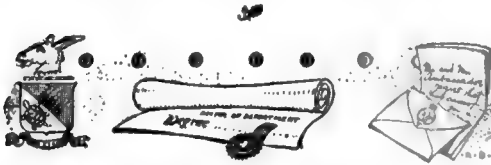


I am sick of songs and of gongs,
And the Fourth of July report,
Brats a-squalling, cats miauling—
Wall me up in a Noiseless Court!

MR. J. F. HUTCHINSON, an electrical engineer of New York City, has invented a "noiseless court." The details have not been published, but the device is such that when you are inside that court, you hear nothing until a telephone receiver is put at your ear. Very long-distance conversations will be audible within the charmed precincts of that palace of silence. A great idea should beget a greater. Telephone-bells themselves are disturbers of the peace. Those of us who are unlucky enough to exist in cities are racked with many intolerable sounds. Chicago and New York—each noisier than the other, and both receiving most of the hubbub of the world—yearn for these mute habitations. Build soundless baths where one may plunge in silence! Build apartment-houses that are really noiseless courts, and compared with you, Rockefeller will be a pauper.

HAPPY RUSSIAN PEASANTS

A LITTLE more than a year ago, our great and good friend, Nicholas II., issued a manifesto, full of sweet promises of reform and religious freedom. The Russian peasants are taxed to death. They haven't land enough. They have not the full right to assembly and discussion. They are taxed to death. Little is done for their education. They have not the right of free movement. They are tied to their communes. They are squeezed by the bureaucracy. They—and they alone—are whipped, as a means of discipline. In short, they have many wrongs and the most meagre rights. These things are notorious. They were set down by the Agricultural Inquiry Commission in 1902 and 1903. M. von Plehve, the Russian Minister of Interior, has published the full draft of the "peasant code," which is to fulfil the beautiful wishes of the Czar's manifesto. The "peasant code" remedies no crying evil, relieves no inequality, gives no right. The peasants must still be a separate and unprivileged class. They must still be fettered to their communes. They must not sell their lands. They must still be subject to the lash. Let us not be unjust to the Russian Government. It lies no more to foreign powers than to its own subjects.



SENATOR FORAKER, of Ohio, has had a lesson. He is an able citizen, but he seems to "lack finish." He and Mrs. Foraker, in their blindness, sent cards of invitation to some five hundred high-cockalorums. The Ambassadors, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and others—how can there be others?—of "the official set," "to meet Secretary Taft." When these cards were received in certain august roosts of ineffable dignity, such a cackling, such a ruffling of feathers as there was! Ambassadors and the Justices of the Supreme Court are much too much above such an unimportant official as the Secretary of War to be asked to "meet" him. So Mr. and Mrs. Foraker repented and amended their invitations, after solemn consultation with "the President's factotum" and Mrs. Roosevelt's private secretary, and the great

men and their women-folks condescended to gobble terrapin and sop up wine just like ordinary people who can be asked with impunity to meet Mr. Taft. Can any just mind think without horror of the ignorance of the Forakers? Congress should found a school for such persons, a Turveydrop College. Degrees of Bachelor of Etiquette, Etiquette Engineer, and Doctor of Deportment should be granted, after the severest examinations. The health of Ambassadors and Justices will break down if their patents of dignity are to be infringed every day or two.



SLAVES OF THE OAR

MANY mothers of athletic youths fear that their darlings will hurt themselves in boat-races, and there is a general vague impression that college oarsmen pump their hearts too fast, and strain themselves too much, and drop off early. Hear the other side! Mr. Meylan, of Columbia, has investigated the Harvard crews, from 1852, their first racing year, to 1892. Of the 152 men who sat in a university boat in that period, 123 were living in 1902. Their health was above the average. Of 76 of them whom Mr. Meylan saw, 70 were ruddy or healthy of complexion, and only two could be called sallow. He doesn't know where to find "a finer body of men to look at." Of the dead, six were killed in the war, two by accident. Only six died of diseases that athletic training could by any possibility be held responsible for. One died of consumption, one of Bright's disease, two of apoplexy, two of "heart disease"—that indefinite complaint. It has not been observed that men who don't row are exempt from Bright's disease, apoplexy, consumption, or "heart disease." Mr. Roosevelt must be happy to know that the percentage of marriage among Harvard University oarsmen is greater than among all other college graduates in this country; and that their quivers are fuller. They have better brains or luck, too, than other graduates. In a list of some 8,000 Americans, illustrious enough to get into the biographical dictionary, the percentage of college oarsmen among the graduates included is greater than that of the men who won college distinction for scholarship. President Eliot, a healthy boy of seventy, is an excellent specimen of the college oarsman. Perhaps, then, there is no need to tremble for the rowers. A great many men get fatty

degeneration and so on by watching other men take exercise and scrupulously avoiding it themselves.

THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB

Two or three years ago, when the corn crop had been short, the price of beef was shoved up. Plenty of corn has not hauled that price down. It goes up when there is a drouth; when there is flood; when there is going to be a war between Russia and Japan; when there is not going to be a war between Japan and Russia. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, says that either beef should be twenty per cent. cheaper to the consumer than it is or the farmer should get twenty per cent. more for his stock. The butcher blames the packer. The packer blames the butcher. The poor consumer pays and casts sheep's eyes at vegetarianism. Will coal and beef ever be as cheap as they were? Habit is very strong among retailers and wholesalers.

A CONCORD WORTHY

CELEBRATING the achievement, ascribed to Mr. Luther Burbank, of taking a small and useless South American tuber and improving it into a new and excellent potato, the *New York World* asks: "Who recalls the name of the patient Massachusetts horticulturist who from the wild grape evolved the luscious Concord?" For one, EVERYBODY recalls it, with pleasure and gratitude. It was the late Ephraim W. Bull, of Concord. Perhaps he did as much for the welfare of the race as his more distinguished townsmen, Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne.

THE CLOTHES OF CLERGYMEN

DR. GREER, Bishop-Coadjutor of New York, is said to have no great fondness for the clerical dress. Some other clergymen chafe a little under their uniform. Does it in a way serve as a badge of a caste, cut the wearer off from the mass of men? That there is a prejudice against it in quarters which clergymen are eager to reach was indicated at a dinner given by a "down-town" Presbyterian pastor in New York City. Seventy-five working-men of various occupations sat at his table. Seventy-three of them voted that the minister who dresses "like

other folks" will have the most influence. A cornstarch packer said that he was "embarrassed" when a clergyman "in his clerical coat" called on him in his shop. For weeks afterward his fellow-workmen teased him about the "parson." The "average wage-earner," said the cornstarch man, "cares nothing about the minister's wearing his collar hind side before, with a high-cut vest, and above all things hates a "dude." This is a curious opinion. How far does this vote of seventy-three to two represent the views of wage-workers as to clerical dress?



THERE was "Beartown" Beebe, of Western Massachusetts, who foreknew the weather. "Farmer" Dunn, De Voe, of Hackensack, and divers other prophets, named or anonymous, keep prophecy-shops and shake a wet forefinger at all the winds. The Government has weather to give away and "gives itself away" about three and one-half times a week thereby. A Washington despatch shows us some unexpectedly modest scientists. "Even Government weather-experts admit that they do not know what causes the weather." If they did, they might produce more frequently the kind of weather they predict. Senator Bard, of California, under the advice of certain men of science, has come to the help of the experts. He has introduced a bill, offering a prize of \$100,000 for the discovery of the physical basis of meteorology and the best system of forecasting the temperature, and a prize of \$50,000 for the best discovery of the art of foretelling rainfall. There will be a board of three examiners. Each candidate for the grand prize must select three different localities, "of varying climates," and hit exactly the weather in each for six straight months, making each prediction thirty days in advance. Having done all this, he must explain, satisfactorily and scientifically, how he did it. No easy job, but there may be plenty of time for experiment before the bill passes. Get out your goose-bones; put on your guessing-caps. When we were boys, and there was to be a picnic or a base-ball game the next day, we used to seek an old farmer, weather-

wise; and he never missed. It may be unscientific, but we'll back a farmer or sailor to foretell the weather against all the experts that ever experted.



It is coming to be the duty or pleasure of every, or every other, American woman to belong to a club. Women's clubs devote themselves to all knowledges and to several games of cards. In the matter of club-houses, the "club-women" are still much behind the "club-men." Even London, slow enough in its notions of feminine education and sphere of influence, has several well-appointed club-houses for women. The Federated Women's Clubs of New York have been talking of buying a great club-house, which proved too imposing and expensive for a man's club. A number of "fashionable" New York women, severely and superiorly aloof from the Federated Women, are to build a club-house. Men look with a bitter resignation upon this new indication of the beginning—the middle, rather—of the End of Man. The fatal segregation of the sexes goes on remorselessly. The women to their clubs; the men to theirs; the babies—babies are scarcely "clubbable." Good-by, proud world! you were tolerably amusing while you lasted.

P.S. — On reflection, we believe that Babies' Clubs and Federations of Babies' Clubs are not only possible, but indispensable. As Mr. Roosevelt says, in effect, What is home without a baby? A man's club is his home. A woman's home is her club. A baby's home must be a Babies' Club.

THE CABBAGE TRUST

Is it a vision? Is it truth? The farmers about Racine, Wis., can tell better than we, who must be content to swear by the despatches. They are sure that a knot of those farmers made small fortunes by forming a cabbage trust and "hanging on" to their cabbages. The sauerkraut factories had to buy cabbages or shut down. The farmers held on, sold only in small lots, and at last forced the price to \$50 a ton. "Three of these cleared

\$30,000 and a dozen others smaller amounts." If the story of this Cabbage Trust is not true, it ought to be. It will be solemnly believed in this shop until a ton of affidavits to the contrary appears.

"COMMERCIALISM" OF THE RED MAN

"We call him savage—oh, be just!" That savage is a fraud. Fearing that the seals will gobble the fish, the State of Maine pays a bounty of \$1 for every seal killed in its waters. The law provides that, upon presentation of a seal's nose to the treasurer of the nearest town, that official shall pay the bounty to the killer. It has not been the custom to inspect the noses closely. They are not attractive to the eye. But there came to be an extraordinary increase of the supply of seals' noses. Two Indians collected \$200 in a lump; two other Indians, \$145. The town officials smelled a seal. They found that the seals' noses at a dollar a nose were made of a wad of fat, enclosed in a piece of singed sealskin. Two slits did duty for nostrils. Hairs from the back of seals played whiskers, being knotted on the inside to keep them in place. Then the whole work of art was dipped in fat, rolled in mud, and used as a voucher for \$1. Two Quoddy Indians made eighty-six false seals' noses in one day. Why are these gifts hidden? These Quoddy geniuses might be eminent financiers if they would settle in New York City.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS"

In an important and dispassionate book, packed with facts, Mr. John Moody tells "The Truth About the Trusts." Facts, mind you, and not eloquence and wind. A trust, at present, is a combination formed "with the intent, power, or tendency to monopolize business, to restrain or interfere with competitive trade, or to fix, influence, or increase the price of commodities." According to Mr. Moody, there are four hundred and forty trusts, with an aggregate floating capital of \$20,379,162,511. Roll these figures as a sweet morsel under the tongue, but remember that "floating" capital often means a lot of sunken capital. There are seven big industrial trusts: Sugar, steel, tobacco, smelting, coffee, oil, and linseed oil. They have outstanding stocks and bonds to the tune of \$2,662,752,000. All but the Sugar Trust

have been born since 1898, and all are nurse-lings of New Jersey. These seven have absorbed 1,500 separate plants. Market value of their securities, \$400,000,000 less than par value. The capitalization of the steam railroad trusts is \$9,397,363,907. These have ninety-five per cent. of the railroad mileage of the United States, eighty per cent. of its entire railroad capitalization; and they represent 1,040 railroad companies. The giant franchise trusts or consolidations of electric light, electric railway, gas, telephone, and telegraph companies, stand for 1,336 original companies, and are capitalized at \$3,735,456,071. Two hundred and ninety-eight "lesser," but still good-sized, industrial trusts have gobbled up over three thousand four hundred plants, and are capitalized at \$4,055,039,433. Thirteen industrial trusts, capitalized at more than half a billion, are in the doctor's hands, being "reorganized." Most trusts are less than six years old. Of the 318 industrial trusts, 170 are children of New Jersey. Take these trust billions home and get rich by looking at them.

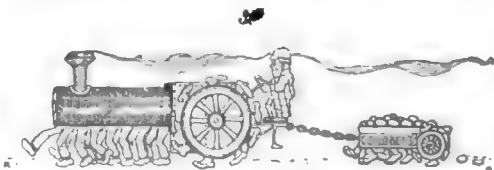
IN DARKEST JERSEY CITY

A BOY of sixteen is arrested for stealing coal in Jersey City. The Police Justice asks him if he knows the nature of an oath. "Nope!" Does he know what the Bible is? "Nope!" But surely he has heard of a God? "Nope! I never went to school an' don't know nuthin' about dat." There is a fine citizen in the bud. Jersey City needs some foreign missionaries.



EVERY supereminent merit, every shining genius, must march in this Procession. Enshrine in your diary the name of another "record-breaker," another "holder of the world's record." Aggie Cornucopia Pauline Holstein, of Augusta, N. J. Under rigid scientific observation and tests at the Agricultural Station in New Brunswick, Cornucopia Pauline uttered, in seven days, 620.95 pounds of milk, 26.87 pounds of butter-fat, whence 34.32 pounds of butter. In thirty days this persistent producer produced 2,020

pounds of milk, 110.1 pounds of butter-fat, 137.6 pounds of butter. She was milked four times a day, and if you want her, she's cheap at \$10,000. So fades the glory of Sadie Vail Concordia, the New Yorker—who "held the record" with 30.1 pounds of butter in a week. But where are the milky miracles of other States? Will the West let this Jersey milk trust continue to exalt its horn?



THE traction engine has many merits, but it is no climber. Along comes Mr. B. J. Diplock, of London, and makes the engine walk flat-footed. He calls his device a "ped-rail." It has several flat feet, "hinged with loose joints about the rim of each wheel." It not only walks, but it hauls a big load up hill, upstairs. You can't rattle its bones over the stones enough. It delights in boulders, loves big ruts, and positively adores nine-inch beams. It needs no roads. It can haul lumber from forests where there is opening enough for its broad feet. It will pull minerals out of new mines. It will do all sorts of rough work. While it can dispense with roads, it never goes over a road without bettering it. One engineer says that it will take the place of the road-roller, as it is an excellent rammer and stamper; and stamping and ramming are better for road-making purposes than rolling. If it be true that any traction engine can be made into a pedrail machine, pedrailing will soon be popular.

A CHURCH MOVEMENT AGAINST DIVORCE

THE conference of Protestant ministers of several denominations, which was held in New York last spring, resolved that it is desirable that each Church represented in the conference should "advise, and if ecclesiastical authority will allow, enjoin" its ministers to refuse to marry any persons whose marriage they have reason to believe is forbidden by the laws of the Church of which either party is a member. If this resolution is approved and acted upon by the Churches represented at the conference—the Methodist Episcopal (North and South), Protestant

Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Reformed, and Reformed Presbyterian—at least there will be a great body of ministers that will preserve an uniform attitude in the matter of divorces. A constitutional amendment for a Federal marriage-law is out of the question; and if it were not, such a law would inevitably have something of the laxness which the friends of stricter and more difficult divorce now complain of. The conference named a committee to address the public in favor of greater uniformity of divorce legislation among the several States; but such an appeal might well be postponed until the Churches have agreed upon uniformity.



It is found, the boon that housekeepers have sighed for, the fatal gift that will drive mad the cook in her tantrums, the dish that cannot break. Mr. McNally, United States Consul at Liège, Belgium, reveals to a happy world this wonderful kind of plate, which is made in that town. It is of specially hardened crystal, and looks like fine, translucent china. The Consul has seen plates of it "hurled to the stone floor of a warehouse and go bounding along the whole length of the building without suffering the least damage." Elastic, immortal! Plunge it in boiling water, then into ice-water, and you only improve this plate of genius. You can use it as "a hammer for driving nails into wood." In the same town and by the same company is made glassware equally robust and immune from fracture. Glass and china are no longer to be marked "perishable." But how will cook relieve her feelings now?

THE RURAL CARRIER AND HIS HIRE

THERE are about 20,000 carriers in the rural delivery service. Their pay is \$600 a year where their routes are twenty miles a day; smaller distances in proportion down to \$200; and they have to provide a horse and wagon out of it. They have no annual leave with pay as the city carriers do. Their average route is twenty-three miles a day, usually over roads that are by no means

flowery beds of ease. Many bills for increasing the pay of these rural carriers have been introduced into Congress. Now the rural free delivery is already expensive, and it will be widely extended. The country believes that the expense is justified. People in the cities may say jauntily: "Oh, \$600 in South Goshford or East Dippyville ought to be as good as \$6,000 in New York." The people in the cities can know nothing about it. Can a competent and trustworthy rural carrier be had and kept for \$600 a year? That is the question.

PLAIN LIVING AND JIU-JITSU

IN 1899 it occurred to the Japanese that, perhaps, they weren't tall enough, although they had whipped the Chinese, who are taller. Should Japan eat meat and grow? A commission studied the question, and voted against meat; and rightly. The Japanese are devoted to "breathing exercises," which are a part of their national system of gymnastics, *jiu-jitsu*, to which they attribute much of their progress and success. They love fresh air. They can march for days with only a little rice in their little insides. They can do a hard day's work on a salad or a couple of cucumbers. They don't care for spirits. When they smoke, they smoke a few cigarettes or a pipe with a liliputian bowl. When they are training, they drink a gallon of water a day. Rheumatism seldom grips a Japanese. He is healthy and hearty and strong on a little rice and a good deal of water; and he would be foolish to seek to make himself more "needy" and less compact.



MRS. HENRY HASTINGS, late President of the New York City Mothers' Club, said some interesting things about the control of children to the Woman's Henry George League. She was sure that there never would have been so much discussion of corporal punishment in the schools if mothers "were not quite so sparing of the rod in their own homes." "Mercy on us!" cried a tender mother, "I don't believe in whipping children." Curiously enough, children don't be-

lieve in being whipped. Still, Mrs. Hastings insisted that you must control the child, if you're going to have good men and women. But the children *are* men and women, aren't they? They know their superiority to their parents, and knowing, dare maintain. "Many women," said Mrs. Hastings, "believe the child is the centre of the universe." So does the child, whom Mrs. Hastings calls "only an incident!" Incident? The parents are incidental; the progeny is the essential, the "leading feature," as the newspapers say. "How'd you like to be whipped?" asked an auditor. Exactly. In childhood, you looked at whipping from the point of view of the whippiee. Corporal punishment for children seems to be only a feeble survival, and the conservative notions of Mrs. Hastings are no longer popular. Still, we have a lingering, savage, superstitious belief that when somebody is "naughty," somebody ought to be "punished." How would it do to punish papa, to "lick" the "old man" when the olive-branch is crooked?



TURBINE OCEAN STEAMERS

TURBINE engines, first used in those little demons, the torpedo-boat destroyers, were then put into an excursion steamer and next into two or three good-sized English Channel steamers. So it has been known for two or three years that small vessels with steam turbines made faster time than those with the old-fashioned engines. The introduction of turbines into gunboats and small cruisers was no long step forward. Their introduction into great ocean steamers may mean a revolution in steamship construction. Last year the Allan line ordered turbines for the Victorian, its new "crack" boat. Now the Cunard company, on the strength of the report of a commission, is to build and equip with turbines two monstrous successors of the Lucania and Campania as queens of its fleet. The real task before these ships is to beat the Kaiser Wilhelm II. and the Deutschland, which are good for more than twenty-three knots an hour, clear across, while the Lucania and Campania have a titular speed of twenty-two. The new Cunarders are to be fifty or seventy-five feet longer than the Deutschland and the Wilhelm II. Some enthusiasts are already predicting that the "steamer of the future" will not only have turbine engines, but use oil for fuel.



THIS SEASON'S "STAR" CONDUCTORS

The music season of 1903-04, while it will be chiefly memorable, of course, for its "Parsifal" excitement, was scarcely less remarkable in that it permitted us to hear—and see—no less than seven of the most eminent living conductors. We had the Germans, Weingartner, Strauss, and Kogel, the Frenchman Colonne, the Englishman Wood, and the Russian Safanoff at the Philharmonic, and Felix Mottl at the Opera; besides these, there were Hertz and Vigna, also at the Metropolitan, and such familiar visitants as Gericke, of Boston, Herbert (late of Pittsburg), and the perennial Damrosch brothers—not to mention such lesser lights as Hermann Hans Wetzler, Modest Altschuler, with his Russian apostles, Franz Arens, with his Peoples' Symphony ministrations, and Messrs. Hinrichs and Franko as understudies at the Opera—in all, eighteen time-beaters have swung their hypnotic sticks and waved their magnetic arms for our entertainment. It was a novel experience for New York; for we heard within a single season practically every distinguished living conductor—the notable exceptions were Arthur Nikisch (whom we knew of old) and Richter, Fischer, and Muck, who have never been in this country.

COLONNE, OF PARIS

The most emphatic impression was made, perhaps, by Edouard Colonne, the eminent Frenchman and champion of Berlioz. He appeared (one writes of the "bâton prima donnas," nowadays, in terms of dramatic criticism) at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society—a large, keen, genial, masterful man, and a conductor of extraordinary power and control. He played Berlioz's pretentious and barren "Symphonie Fantastique" in such a way as almost to make it seem a thing of vital beauty; and under his inspiring sway the Philharmonic band played as they had not played before since the passing of the great Seidl. M. Colonne believes ardently in his beloved Berlioz. "Ah," he will tell you rhapsodically, "eet ess literature in ze music—a romance in ze tone!" And his enthusiasm is so genuine and so touching that one refrains from commenting on the sort of literature and

romance that are thus translated. M. Colonne played a Bach suite with somewhat less success—there was, as someone remarked, "too much Colonne-water in it."

WEINGARTNER

Felix Weingartner, of Munich, one of Germany's most admired "stars of the bâton," made hardly less of a sensation than Colonne. Weingartner is gaunt, grave, military in his personality and bearing. His artistic constitution is curiously divided, curiously illusive. He is reticent, yet immensely dramatic; continent and reposeful, yet splendidly compelling. His beat is severe, precise, angular, yet electrically communicative—in brief, he is a conductor of unique individuality, poise, authority. He plays Liszt, Wagner, and the moderns magnificently, and Beethoven like a prophet. The Philharmonic departed violently from its historic precedent and gave an extra concert in order to afford him an additional appearance.

WOOD, SAFANOFF, AND KOHEL

Henry Wood, who is the hero of a new book by Mrs. Newmarch in which he figures as a "living master of music," came here from London to grace the Philharmonic's series. He is phenomenally popular in England, and is regarded there as the inspired apostle of Tschaikowsky and Wagner, whom he has done much to commend to the attention of the British music-lover, who had fed over-long on Handel, Mendelssohn, and Sir Hubert Parry. Wood reminds one of Nikisch, both in personality and temperament. He is all sensitiveness and emotion, vigorous, poetic—on the whole, far more Slavic or Latin than Anglo-Saxon. He gave us a brilliantly colored and very moving version of the Fifth Symphony of his idol Tschaikowsky; we should like to have heard his reading of the *Pathétique*, which has, we understand, convinced the Londoners that Tschaikowsky was a great composer.

Von Safanoff, the Russian, played this symphony at the seventh Philharmonic concert, and excited the gentle and generally undemonstrative patrons of that organization in an unprecedented manner. He surpassed every reading of it which we had ever heard except Seidl's—no praise could be finer.

Of Gustav Kogel, who conducted two of

the Philharmonic series, it is not possible to write with fervor. He is a capable, thorough, experienced, uninteresting *routinier*—a conductor of the order of Mr. Gericke. He was received respectfully, but without unusual demonstration.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND FELIX MOTTL AS CONDUCTORS

We had numerous occasions for testing Richard Strauss's European reputation as a conductor. He played at the last Philharmonic concert, also with the Wetzler orchestra during his "festival," and we heard under his bâton the "Don Quixote," the "Symphonia Domestica," "Ein Heldenleben," "Zarathustra," "Tod und Verklärung," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" (his seven most characteristic tone-poems), and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. At his *début* with the Wetzler orchestra he evidently misjudged the requirements of the situation, for he conducted listlessly, indifferently, at times carelessly. But he was doubtless made to see a light, and to realize that his American audiences were to be taken with at least apparent seriousness; for at his subsequent appearances his work was conspicuously more determined and heedful, and he gave us some extremely fine performances—particularly of "Zarathustra," "Ein Heldenleben," "Tod und Verklärung," "Don Juan," and his new "Symphonia Domestica." He is a leader of uncommon skill and resource—commanding, forceful, and temperamental; his climaxes, in particular, were superb—notably in "Tod und Verklärung" and in the new tone-poem.

The superb abilities of Felix Mottl, who dominated the Wagner performances (with the exception of "Parsifal") at the Opera, were acknowledged in EVERYBODY'S for April; mention was also made at that time of the excellent work of Alfred Hertz and Arturo Vigna, who achieved admirable things in, respectively, "Parsifal" and the works of the Italian *répertoire*. Such well-tried musicians as Victor Herbert, Mr. Gericke, the brothers Damrosch, and Hermann Hans Wetzler, need no special comment here and now. It should be said, though, that Modest Altschuler, with his Russian Symphony Society, gave us some spirited and effective readings of music by modern Russians—although he did scandalous things with Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony.



THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS

The spirit of Whistler broods subtly over this season's exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Neither the bravura of Sargent's triple portrait of the Misses Hunter nor the vaguely primitive appeal of George de Forest Brush's family group serves to counteract the influence exercised by the wit of Chelsea's pervasive art. Henri and Haskell, Glackens and Grover, Miss McLean, Edward Steichen, and nearly a score beside, all go the way of subtlety and suggestion. And this brings to the surface the unquestionable fact that it is the younger artists who carry off chief honors, if not prizes, at this year's exhibition. The older men are repeating themselves with pertinacity and precision. They seem to paint over and over the same shore, meadow, bit of wood, or long-suffering countenance. It is, however, a wholesome sign to find the Society willing to open its doors to newer influences. Mr. Glackens's "Miss K., of the Chorus" is a welcome recruit, and Walter Florian achieves real characterization in his "Portrait of Josef Israels." The initiative here displayed and apparent also in the work of Mr. Haskell, Mr. Steichen, and others is an element sadly needed not only by the Society, but by American painting in general. And the restless, fluid novelty of Whistler will in the end avail more than the swagger certainty of Sargent.

CELTIC ART AND MR. JACK YEATS

A vigorous, refreshing personality and a frank attitude toward the mystic past as well as toward the merry or puzzling present are the characteristics of Mr. Jack B. Yeats, Irish artist, brother to Mr. William Butler Yeats, Irish poet. What has been called the Celtic Renaissance is something of a Yeats family affair. With father, two sons, and a daughter striving along different lines for the æsthetic regeneration of Ireland things certainly look propitious. Mr. William Butler Yeats has already plead for us the cause of the Celtic soul, and now Mr. Jack B. Yeats at the Clausen Galleries shows us what Celtic art is in the way of accomplishing. The display consists of some three score water-colors, variable in quality but distinctly absorbing in spirit. In a broad yet suggestive and often

imaginative vein, Mr. Yeats transcribes character groups, sporting events, peasants jogging along in jaunting-cars, or pure landscape effects. At the heart of this art lies the instinct for folk-lore, for simple things told in a simple way. The artist who has contributed so much to the "Broad Sheet" and similar publications is here seen to even better purpose. Vigor and vision are both at Mr. Yeats's command, and being a young man, and full of enthusiasm, as well as nationalism, he will doubtless carry his art very far.

MUCHA AND POSTERS

Not the least picturesque of visitors from over seas this year has been M. Alphonse Maria Mucha, famous for delicately beautiful and decorative posters. There are few houses, few rooms, dens, or offices, that do not contain one or more of Mucha's posters. The "Seasons," the "Hours," "Medea," and a score of the most popular subjects enliven countless walls and screens. It was something of a distinction years ago to hunt out the little shop in the Rue Fontaine, Paris, where those earlier and more truly beautiful and appealing posters were to be bought for a few francs apiece. Things have, perhaps, changed somewhat since then. M. Mucha now enjoys international vogue and gets fancy figures for work of not quite the same quality, but he is always an artist of insinuating charm and persuasive delicacy. Contrary to common opinion, it was not M. Mucha's posters, but his illustrations which first caught public approval, and in this field his position is equally secure. M. Mucha, who is by birth a Bohemian, has lived some sixteen years in Paris, having first studied in Munich and in his native country. He is an indefatigable worker, often spending from nine in the morning until midnight in his studio. The riot of flowers, jewels, or variegated beetles which he uses with such decorative instinct, prove the Byzantine origin of his art. It is not Paris, but Constantinople which is Mucha's real, or adopted, home.

"THE TEN" AND SECESSION

Secession, when there is a valid point of departure and when that point is sustained with vigor, is a wholesome demonstration. Secession for the mere sake of segregation and the distinction thus secured is aimless and futile. When "The Ten" first broke away they had things to say and said them

with decision and independence. For the past year or so matters have, however, been stationary with "The Ten." Their work to-day involves nothing which is either very new or very individual, and hence this season's display at the Durand-Ruel Galleries has to be judged simply on its merits, not as the expression of any radical tendency. Although not the most striking, Mr. Willard Metcalf's three canvases, "The Birches," "Convalescence," and "Reflections," were, perhaps, the most consistently satisfying contributions to the exhibit. "Convalescence" is sufficiently secessionist as well as sufficiently delicate and human in feeling, to rank among Mr. Metcalf's best work. Like Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Robert Reid sent three canvases, the best of which were the colorful "Gaspar," and "September," a decorative panel free in treatment and full of tonic richness and resource. Mr. Childe Hassam, who was by far the most copious contributor, displayed twelve views, chiefly of Paris and New York street-scenes, and Mr. Benson, Mr. Tarbell, and Mr. J. Alden Weir were represented by pictures of unequal interest. On the whole, it seems to be incumbent upon "The Ten," who indeed are only eight, either to carry secession further or to rejoin the fold.

Books

What go we out for to see in a book of the present day? As much, and only as much, as in the successful book of a century or half a century ago? Scarcely so little. 'Tis an Irish bull, but true: To be worth as much now as then, a book must be worth more. It must be equal in life, character, or incident, and superior in structure and management. The chaotic, formless book has no longer an equal chance. In the year 1739, one year before Richardson's "Pamela" appeared, a book like "The Masterfolk" would have been a literary prodigy, a titan birth. It is not now; it is only a crudely combined mass of good material. Sometimes the life in it grows intense; sometimes its men and women breathe and pulsate; sometimes the sane and wholesome thought enforces itself strongly. But the material, though clearly, is roughly massed, and the book is not written for the sake of the life it presents, but for the value of the lesson. More is asked of it than would have sufficed

under Dr. Johnson or the immortal Jeffrey—at least, when the latter had just dined off some less fortunate author and was full-gorged and content.

No one will find fault with "Cap'n Eri" because it has so loose-jointed a plot; it is the loose-jointedness that gives half the pleasure of reading it. Nobody has to take it seriously, and yet it is serious enough to be of interest. It is a good-natured parody, half story and half burlesque, of a Cape Cod community, and is true enough to the facts to give a good idea of the old Cape fishing villages and their people. Such things as the co-operative house-keeping of the three retired captains; their advertisement for a wife, followed by the misadventure of her appearance, colored coal-black; and the adventure of one of their number with his spinster sweetheart, swept away in an old carry-all by the tide, keep one in a broad grin. On the other hand, the love-affair of Captain Jerry and Mrs. Snow touches a different note, and the description of the wreck, shorn of everything but essential details, reproduces simply and naturally one of the tragic commonplaces of the Cape existence. "Cap'n Eri" is not pretentious enough to weary, yet is true enough to interest.

The "Darrow Enigma" is a poor imitation of "The Moonstone." Its plot is broken into three divisions, the parts tied together only by the fact that when the first two end, no advance has been made toward explaining the enigma. The incident varies from Collins's novel, and yet plainly is suggested by it, and the solution of the mystery is forced and unreal. The tale is a very ordinary detective story.

Charles Bouverie-Copeland, John Harlowe, Jennie Sussex, Rachel Tredegan, Allan Helmyng, and Gerald Federan are some of the remarkable names in Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard." It is extraordinary that novelists seldom think it worth while to give their characters such names as human beings might not blush to bear and so avoid at the outset a distinct flavor of unreality. "The Vineyard" is a psychological novel, with the sinister figure of Rachel Tredegan, a type of woman not particularly edifying, as the principal subject for analysis, and happily extremely rare. But even she is more at-

tractive than Federan, the chief male character whose story is the relentless autopsy of a cad. It is good autopsy, but not for holiday sport. The love-making in this book is about as unidyllic as can be imagined, being of the most ignoble sort, but the world now takes its idyls from the old masters when it wants such fare. Somehow "The Vineyard" does not seem quite up to the usual level of John Oliver Hobbes. But that may be because the taste it leaves is lingeringly unpleasant. It has analysis with a vengeance, if you are looking for that.

It is calculated to fill one with disgust to learn that the exploits of the cowardly assassins, whose crimes have lately aroused Chicago, have been put into a book and that it is advertised as "a strong moral story." "Guilty—The Magazine Gun Tragedy," is the hideous name it bears, and the contents are doubtless not less hideous.

Yet, how about this matter? Suppose someone had written exactly the same story, laying the scene three or four hundred years ago and substituting swords for magazine guns. Suppose that the adventures of these criminals had been pieced out in this story with impossible exploits and hair-breadth escapes. Suppose it had been illuminated with swaggering braggadocio and lunatic love-making. Suppose it had been published by an eminent firm having good control over the modern machinery of puffery.

Do you know what then? Why, then it would be called a triumph of historical fiction, full of vitality and atmosphere, and all that. Crime is revolting if done to-day; done in the sixteenth century, it is merely "an engrossing narrative of mediæval chivalry."

The appearance of the sixth volume of Professor McMaster's "A History of the People of the United States" reminds us all that this monumental work is approaching completion. Only one more volume remains to be issued. The period covered by Volume VI. is 1830 to 1841. When the last volume is done we shall have an adequate record of all the essential facts in the development of the American nation, beautifully written, full of interest, and so colored by partisan prejudice as to be worthless as an authority on many matters of grave importance. If Macaulay's work was a huge Whig pamphlet, this is a huge reactionary

pamphlet. Professor McMaster is an uncompromising Federalist and cares not who knows it. To his mind good comes out of New England; the rest of us are a bad lot, more or less. Of the Lecky-like spirit of cold, impartial investigation he has little enough; but if he had more, his work would be less picturesque and less read; hence, the law of compensation.

Beautiful thing, the law of compensation.

When it comes to choosing authors to write biographically and critically about other authors the publishers sometimes make unaccountable selections. To write its "Bret Harte" the McClure house hit upon H. W. Boynton, who knew practically nothing about Harte and seems not to have taken the least pains to learn. Stranger yet is the choice of Professor George Woodberry to write "Swinburne." There is probably no other critic in the world that has so little sympathy with Swinburne. It is really worse than that. Woodberry, not to put too fine a point on it, abhors Swinburne, his works and ways. The kind of book he will make of his subject will probably be more interesting than illuminating. But it may sell. Who shall ask more?

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings" is a glorified "Graustark," which in turn was an amplified "The Puppet," which was an Americanized "The Prisoner of Zenda." Incidentally it instructs American multimillionaires how to bring up their sons without tainting them with uselessness from birth, and teaches that American colleges can be pretty well depended upon to turn out young men with an eye to the main chance as one of their sacred ideals. It also inculcates the notion that a practical aerial motor which can drop dynamite at specified intervals over the Continent of Europe is a better means of winning the hand of an Austrian archduchess than American manhood and capacity for love-making. That none of these interesting things was in Mrs. Atherton's mind when she wrote her book makes them a little more interesting than they would be under other conditions. But it does not explain why under heaven any sensible American wishes to marry an Austrian archduchess, at the same time letting in some unneeded light on the quality of Mrs. Atherton's Americanism.

Some time in 1902 Henry Watterson wrote, "We never hear of the Four Hundred except it be a murder, a suicide, or a divorce. A shot fired into a flock of these unclean birds cannot miss hitting an injured husband, a recreant and disgraced wife, or at the least some gilded nincompoop, who expects to offset his bad manners and worse English with his bulky bank-book." Two books brought out within a week of one another select this delightful phase of modern life for exploitation, and between them include a murder, a suicide, a divorce, injured husbands, recreant wives fully disgraced, gilded nincompoops to burn, with insanity, morphine, and a betrayed fiancée for good measure. Just why Miss Helen Beekman wrote "J. Washington Woodward" or Mrs. Margaret Doyle Jackson "The Horse Leech's Daughters," they themselves can probably tell with difficulty. Both evidently felt that the facts were sufficient to call forth condemnation, for they waste none of their space in moralizing; possibly they felt that Colonel Watterson had done all in that direction the world could regard as necessary. Would that his word on the subject had been the last!

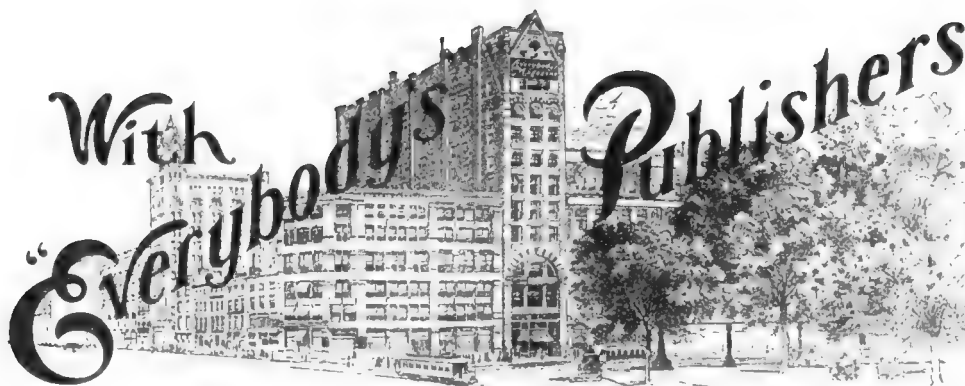
Why is it left for American women to write all the sympathetic novels dealing with questions of labor and capital? All the men take the high and exalted position that labor can best obtain its rights by waiting, hat in hand, in the outer rooms of millionaires, and if Christianity appears in their books at all, it is with reference to contentment "in that station in life to which it hath pleased God to call" the working-man. But Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason has actually written a novel, "Holt of Heathfield," in which her hero is a Christian clergyman who is in sympathy with the poor, after it is suddenly brought home to him that there are people in the world who are poor. It will hardly be credited that this is the first time in American fiction that an American of the stock old in the country has written such a book, but it is the fact.

It is pleasant to observe that Miss Marshall Saunders, in "The Story of the Gravelys," has written the first story for American youth which deals sympathetically with those who do the hard work of the world with their hands. In the person of her fine little heroine she has an American of undeniable American feeling and energy who is not ashamed to act as

the friend of those who are not so well off in the matter of education and social position as herself. Being the enterprising and thoroughly characteristic American young person she is, the small Miss Gravelly realizes that the presence of very poor and dependent persons is not only a menace to the State—which we all, in a purely perfunctory manner, hold as true—but a very present threat against the members of our own families and those of our friends. She is to be congratulated on her enlightening book, as well as for an epigram which says, "The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply."

In the midst of an arid desert of recent historical writing, where German precision seems to have preceded a German cactus-like involution and dryness of style, there suddenly appears a bright oasis in which will be found blooming two or more volumes of Sir George Trevelyan's "The American Revolution" (Longmans, Green & Co.), and their fragrance fills the ambient air. Here, at last, is a man who can write history that is worth reading for its literary quality as well as for the facts it contains that we know we ought to know. Here is an Englishman writing about America; but being a born Whig, a grand-nephew of Lord Macaulay at that, he is sympathetic with the revolting colonists, and not in his heart terrorized by the stalking spectre of democracy.

One of the surprises of the book-year is coming in the form of "When Wilderness Was King," written by Mr. Randall Parrish, and to be brought out soon by A. C. McClurg & Co. Mr. Parrish is quite unknown to fame, and this is positively his first writing. He has taken for his theme the events just preceding and leading up to the Fort Dearborn massacre a century ago. But, being a natural story-teller, of the rare sort that is born and not manufactured, he has placed between the covers of a single volume pretty much the entire spirit of the fighting between the palefaces and redskins from Deerfield to Wounded Knee. As a result the book is alive, it is American, and it is not of yesterday, to-day, nor to-morrow, but for as long as American is America after the wilderness has ceased to be king.



UNION SQUARE NORTH.

FOR fifty-eight months this magazine has been published—for twelve months we have been its publishers. This is our Anniversary Day—our first—for it was just one year ago we laid down our work for other publishers and became EVERYBODY'S Publishers.

And it has been a very pleasant year—we have made progress.

The success of a magazine comes from its readers. You, therefore, are interested, and it seems a fitting time to mention, not boastfully, but in appreciation, some of the important results that have been accomplished.

When, a year ago, John Wanamaker transferred the ownership of EVERYBODY'S to us, it consisted of 112 pages of text and illustrations. We increased its size one-third, making it 144 pages, adding popular features, departments, and an attractive and original cover, changed monthly.

A year ago EVERYBODY'S was sold in clubs to subscription agents and other publishers at about fifty cents—a cut-rate. To-day there is no price but the one uniform and fair rate of \$1.00 per year.

A year ago the circulation of EVERYBODY'S was 150,000. Now it is over a quarter of a million copies monthly, notwithstanding the fact that 40,000 cut-rate subscribers did not renew.

A year ago the average number of pages of advertisements was ninety. The number of advertising pages for the past six months averaged 137.

A year ago the rate for advertising was \$150 per page, and the advertising averaged \$13,000 monthly. To-day the price for advertising is \$300 per page, and the advertising income has more than doubled.

A year ago, in common with other magazines, EVERYBODY'S carried plenty of medicine

and other objectionable advertisements. To-day no advertisements of this kind are accepted.

These are the principal accomplishments of the past twelve months.

You have helped us do all this in one year. We are wondering now to what further progress you will lead us during the year to come.

CHANGED HIS MIND

OF course, you know that a magazine of the size and quality of EVERYBODY'S could not be made and sold for ten cents, if it were not for the advertisements. In renewing his subscription a reader writes as follows:

HORNBY, ONT., April 5, 1904.

May your pages increase!—I mean the advertising pages. You are already giving us our money's worth in literature. I used to think it showed a decided lack of literary taste to be caught perusing the advertisements of a magazine. But somehow—I have come to view it in a different light, and since the life of a magazine depends on the support from its advertisers, it would indeed be selfish not to consider them as a part of our reading-matter. In truth, if you continue to make your advertising pages so attractive and so convenient—thanks to the introduction of your "ad." index—(watch the other fellows take pattern) the people will be compelled to read them whatever their prejudices may be.

Yours truly, ———.

CHARACTER IN EPIGRAM

ONE of the striking features this month is a series of "Presidential Possibilities," seen in caricature by Carlo de Fornaro. Mr. de Fornaro's reputation in this line of work is second to none, and these caricatures hit off with spirit and humor the typical elements in each of his subjects. And, by the way, what is caricature? Caricature is character in epigram. It is witticism expressed in line. That which is personal and peculiar to any given individual

is reduced in caricature to its simplest, most pithy, and sometimes to its lowest terms. The caricaturist is a chastiser; but, after all, is it not well to use the scourge at times in a purely friendly spirit, as Fornaro has here done?

"FIVE GOOD THINGS"

IN response to your request we have sent out many thousands of the pamphlet, "Five Good Things from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE." One of our friends writes us as follows:

BROOKLINE, MASS.

You could not have chosen a more unique way of advertising *our* magazine than the little pamphlet, "Five Good Things." I lent mine, and gained you several subscribers with it, because of that fine article, "Successful Men Who Are Not Rich." I shall read "Everybody's Babies" at the next Mothers Meeting.

Very truly yours, (Mrs.) J. P.

We have still left a few thousand out of the quarter of a million printed, and if you will send us the names of five of your friends who would be interested in good literature we will be pleased to mail them.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

IT will be a great disappointment if our efforts to present the question of consumption simply and adequately does not prove helpful to a great many people. We have taken more than usual care in preparing these two articles. We feel our responsibility to the great army of sufferers and especially to those who through carelessness or ignorance are exposed to the contagion. We sincerely hope that the articles have made some impression on you. Won't you take a hand? Bring the articles to the attention of the health officer of your city. If you know of anything in the line of prevention or cure that would be helpful, write your experience or opinions briefly for our department, "Straight Talk."

GAMBLING WITH CLERGYMEN

THERE are 120,000 clergymen of all denominations in the United States and Canada. Having planned for a series of articles that would particularly interest them, the question of how to let them know about the series came up. We wished to reach every one of them. What would you have done? Well, for one thing we advertised in the leading religious papers, and we also sent a

postal to every minister. It cost \$2,000 to do it. It is particularly good business for a magazine to stand well with the clergy. A live pastor sees more people than any other man in the community. You see how important it is that the clergy should know how good EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is, and how clean from cover to cover. The results from the postal-card are coming in well, for we have already received over 2,100 direct subscriptions, and we have reason to believe that the sales on the news-stands were increased many more.

THE SEVEREST TEST

WE had a splendid test of the staying qualities of the magazine the first three months of this year. All last fall we were crowding the circulation. Sending circulars and posters to newsdealers, advertising in newspapers, working with canvassers and agents, until we had rushed our news-stand sale from 70,000 a month to 210,000 with the December number. Well, in January, February, and March, we did not make a single effort toward increasing news-stand sales. We wished to test the staying qualities of the magazine. Was it growing because of merit or because of money? Was the money we were spending well spent, or would the circulation sag when we stopped? In those three months we did not spend a penny or raise our hand for news-stand circulation. We did not in any way, shape, or manner, assist or encourage or approach a single newsdealer. The test should be absolute. What was the result? January is always a bad month. Magazines are issued almost on Christmas Day. Normally, the sale would drop 5 per cent. We dropped 7 per cent. to 195,000. February we went up to 200,000, and March to 205,000. You can imagine the rosy hue of things these convincing facts developed. To be absolutely sure that our friends were taking the magazine because they liked it! It was worth all the anxiety we went through in the test, and more. Now we are pushing again, and you can look for results. When we know that the lines on which we are working are sound, we can throw ourselves and our money into the work without stint. It gives us a splendid confidence to feel that the magazine is so winning: that as soon as it is brought to the attention of a reader it makes a lasting friend of him.

The Most Important Series of Articles Ever Published
in a Magazine

The Story of Amalgamated-Copper

BY THOMAS W. LAWSON, OF BOSTON

"In telling the Story of Amalgamated I hope to profit by my long and intimate study of this cruel, tigerishly-cruel system, and to deaden myself to all those human sympathies which I have seen its votaries so many times subordinate to 'its business.' I will try only to keep before me how the Indians of the forest, as our forefathers drove them further and further into the unknown West, got consolation out of the oft-quoted precept of their white brethren of civilization, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' reminding myself that whatever of misery or unhappiness my story may bring to the few, it will be as nothing to that which they have brought to the many."

"My motives for writing 'The Story of Amalgamated' are manifold: I have unwittingly been made the instrument by which thousands upon thousands of investors in America and Europe have been plundered. I wish them to know my position as to the past, that they may acquit me of intentional wrong-doing; as to the present, that they may know I am doing all in my power to right the wrongs that have been committed; and as to the future, that they may see how I propose to compel restitution."

The First Article in the Series to Appear in the July Number of

Everybody's Magazine

\$1.00 per year of the publishers.

10 cents per copy of all newsdealers.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Greatest Serial of the Year

The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

In the July number of EVERYBODY'S will appear the first instalment of Hall Caine's new novel. Three years have elapsed since the appearance of "The Eternal City," and during that long period the author has been working over this story, which he has at last hewn into definite shape. In "The Prodigal Son" there is nothing of courts, or cardinals, of palaces, or duchesses—Hall Caine has returned to the vein of the books on which his real fame rests—"The Deemster" and "The Manxman." This is a great elemental tragedy, wrought out with real force and pathos, and is bound to make a tremendous impression on all who read it. Hall Caine himself believes it quite the finest thing he has done and his publishers are convinced that the book will create a great sensation and materially increase the author's reputation.

The publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have purposely avoided giving their readers a serial until they had found something really worth while. During the last six months a hundred books have been read in the search for one which had force or originality. "The Prodigal Son" has all this, and more. From the first chapter it grips the heart and attention and there can be no question of its force and pathos. To commence the publication of a serial in the middle of summer is a bold departure from all accepted precedents, but though the venture costs a great deal of money, for Hall Caine is one of the authors whose work commands a big price, the sheer greatness of the book justifies the experiment.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT IN THE JULY

Everybody's

"Straight Talk" by Everybody's Readers

A NEW DEPARTMENT — IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. X

No. 6

Everybody's Magazine

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THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY, 31 East 17th Street, Union Square, New York
10 Norfolk St., Strand, London, W. C., England

A Successful Chicagoan's Big Policy

Mr. Netcher says: "I selected the policy of THE MUTUAL LIFE after I had obtained the best available expert advice."



Half-million-dollar policies are scarce. Of the four million-dollar policies ever written, three were in The Mutual Life, including one on the life of George W. Vanderbilt.

A well-known New York banker and financier has just taken out in The Mutual Life the largest single policy ever issued, for \$1,500,000.00.

The Mutual Life reinsure all but \$250,000 of these large policies.

New-York Daily Tribune

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1904.

TAKES LIFE POLICY FOR \$500,000.

Mutual Life Insurance Company Insures Chicago Merchant for a Half Million.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Chicago, Jan. 16.—An important milestone in the life of a Buffalo boy who came West to make his fortune twenty-five years ago, was marked this week when Charles Netcher, proprietor of the Boston Store, took out a life insurance policy for \$500,000 in the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New-York. The policy, which is payable to Mr. Netcher's wife, is said to be by far the largest ever issued on the life of a Chicago man. Mr. Netcher says: "I selected the policy of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New-York, after I had obtained the best available expert advice upon life insurance."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

Richard A. McCurdy, Pres.

Policies written from \$1,000, to \$1,000,000 at the same rate per thousand.

If you are in good health fill out and mail attached coupon, and we will send exact figures showing the rates paid by the largest buyers of investment policies.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President, New York City.

Gentlemen: - I should like to receive (free) information regarding the cost of investment policies for amount of

\$ My occupation is and age

Name Address

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

Mail This
Coupon
To-Day

(Everybody's, No. 15)

Everybody's Advertisers

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

WE want you to appreciate this Index to Advertisements, because it costs us five or six thousand a year and it is meant for your convenience. Possibly you have not been in the habit of patronizing advertisers. You are missing something. Manufacturers advertise their very best bargains and their very newest products. They make it very convenient for you and you can patronize anyone advertising in our pages with every feeling of security. Not only will you get what you order, but it will be as advertised. Our advertisers go on the theory that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement. This index will be a revelation to you. It is in fact a monthly "log book" of the world's progress.

From our first issue—the June number of last year—we have steadily proclaimed our hostility to all forms of deception or quackery in advertising, and we are glad to note that others are giving voice to similar sentiments. Mr. Bok, in the May issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has a scathing article on "The 'Patent-Medicine' Curse," and the *New York Times* of April 26th, in a large type announcement, "invites information from its readers in aid of its efforts to exclude from its columns fraudulent and objectionable advertisements."

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The day will come when all forms of objectionable advertising will be denied admittance to the pages of any publication that caters to the home, but that day will be hastened when readers realize that it is up to them to refuse to subscribe for any periodical that prints advertising of this kind.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has declined many thousands of dollars' worth of patent medicine, liquor, and other objectionable advertisements. Some of the money has come back in increased subscriptions and a greater advertising patronage from high-class advertisers. In all America there is no other magazine that can show a finer or cleaner list of advertisers than is indexed on these two pages. If it is in your thought to show your appreciation of our efforts to insert only high-grade advertising do not fail to mention to the advertiser, when you write, or order goods, that you saw his advertisement in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

The Best Modern Novels at 25 cents each

In good type (printed from the same plates as the expensive editions), in paper covers. Just the thing for summer travel.

Mr. Wister's

The best story of Western life

The Virginian

Ready May 4

Merwin-Webster's

The best story of business life

Calumet "K"

Ready May 11

Mr. Allen's

The best of Mr. Allen's novels

The Choir Invisible

Ready May 18

Mr. Crawford's

The best of his Italian novels

The Heart of Rome

Ready May 25

Mrs. Atherton's

The best portrait of a famous man

The Conqueror

Ready June 1

Mr. Egerton Castle's

The best story of adventure

The Pride of Jennico

Res'y June 8

Mr. Winston Churchill's The Crisis

The best historical novel

Ready June 15

Ask for these novels at 25cts. on the train and at the news-stands, or we will send them post-paid on receipt of the price.

25 Cents Each

Send us \$1.75 and we will mail you these seven novels as issued

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
66 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



C/B

A LA SPIRITE

CORSETS

FOR THE WOMAN OF FASHION

ALL STRAIGHT FRONT MODELS

FOR SALE AT
ALL LEADING
RETAILERS

"For Thirty-six Years a Standard Piano"

WING PIANOS

Sold Direct from the Factory—and in No Other Way

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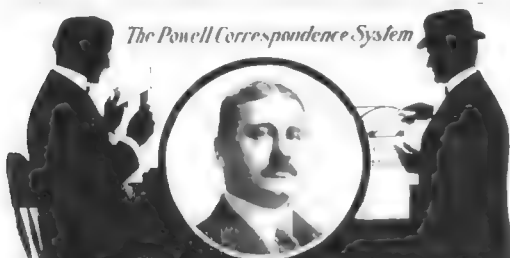
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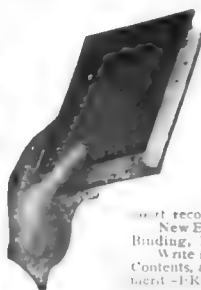
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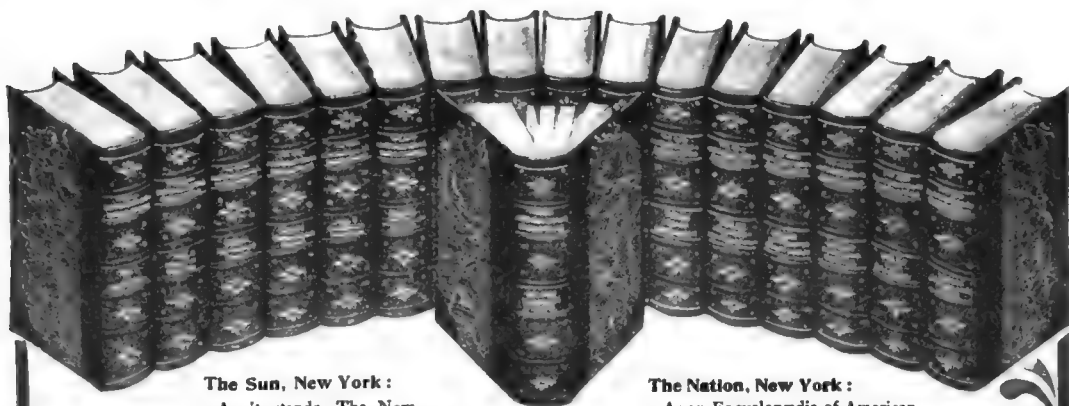
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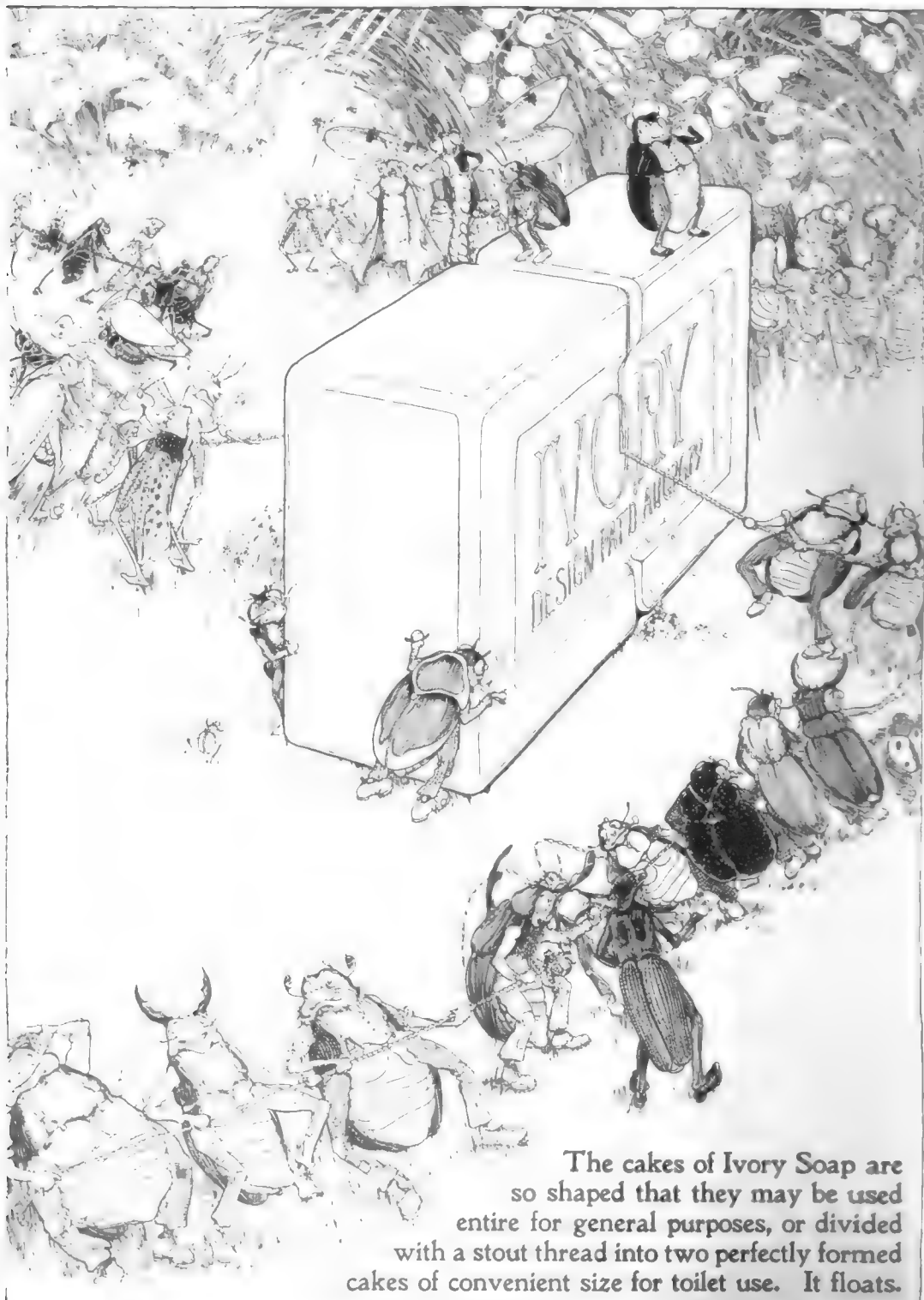
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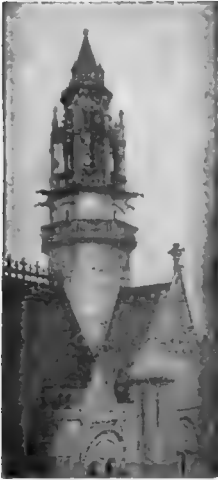


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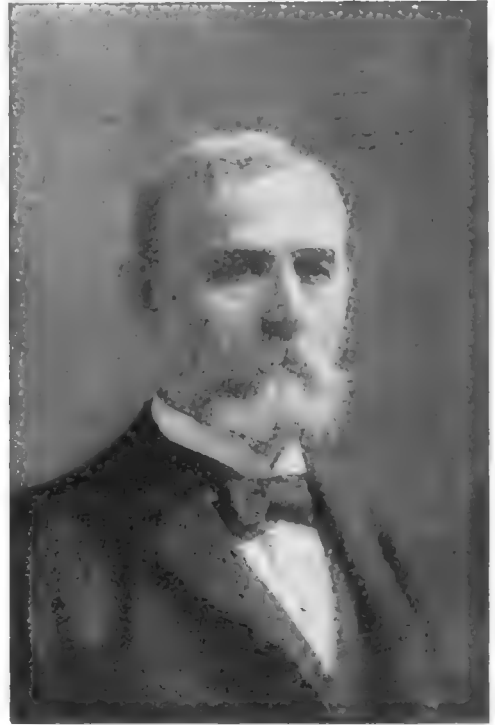


PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has swung wide the gates of the World's Fair at St. Louis. Thousands of the readers of this magazine are planning to visit this wonderful exposition, the greatest since men first measured their skill or their products in competition. It will have, as its distinctive note, life and motion. Instead of products, the exhibits will be chiefly of processes.

Among them will be one that interprets in a most interesting way the broad range of life insurance, one of the great forces in modern life. Few people have any conception of the relations of this force to all the other great forces that are upbuilding the nation—to commerce, industry, education, thrift, home protection, and all the rest. But these relations are of the most vital and essential nature.

This exhibit is also significant as marking the progress of America in the century that has passed since Napoleon ceded the vast Louisiana purchase to the struggling republic that was working westward from the Atlantic. That was an era of intense individualism. The spirit of collective endeavor came later, but when it did come it found wide expression in societies, associations, and especially in the great insurance companies. One of these in particular, the Prudential, caught the democratic American spirit and followed it in a development that has been of the broadest character, one of the really notable achievements

of modern times. Its Exhibit in the Palace of Education which shows beautiful models of the Company's great buildings, will interest a lot of people because it reveals a record of growth that is sure to give a thrill of surprise to even the most wonder-proof of Americans.



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN
President of the Prudential

Ten years after the close of the Civil War—a period so recent that its history has scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if fore-knowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York *Herald* by Bennett the

elder, in a basement on Ann street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than that—nothing else than the bed-rock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly among the masses the idea of life insurance protection. To them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection, and a higher life."

And what has been the result of the democratic American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5,447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were \$2,232, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or \$72,712,435.44, the liabilities at the same time being \$62,578,410.81. This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the Middle West, and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than \$9,000,000 a year to more than \$39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based it becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful, and expansive.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis consistent with strength and safety. It does not write



A STAIRWAY IN MAIN OFFICE

insurance abroad. In the fullest sense it has worked out the democratic idea of safe insurance for the great masses of the American people. It has adjusted its policies to American conditions; it has based its dividends on the earning power of American investments; it has placed its premium rates on the American tables of vital statistics; in a word it was intended to be and it has become an insurance company for the American people. And they have met the Prudential's broad American principles with a broad American support, and, as a result, the company's marvelous growth has come as naturally as the full ear on the stalk. But, as the full ear is always on a stalk that has been cultivated, so, too, the growth from the Prudential's principles has come through their spread by an organization that is a marvel of efficiency.

And right here is the most stirring chapter of the Prudential's rise to greatness. Just as

Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kouropatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is essentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the center of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When seen, it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds at the Government's experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy-holders. And all the time the company was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea. But each time a more liberal policy was offered it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growth—the results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the end of ten years of this method of growth the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premiums payable on any plan, either in weekly installments or at longer periods. Within the five years 1886 to 1890, inclusive, the company's assets increased nearly five-fold, from \$1,040,816 to \$5,084,895, and the amount of insurance in force from \$40,266,445 to \$139,163,614. The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested

and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun. At that time insurance advertising was a sea as unknown as the Atlantic when Columbus set sail from Palos. But, with a map of the United States for chart and a live idea for compass, the Prudential took passage in nearly every important magazine in the country, and thus safely made port in millions of homes. As the insurance idea was carried broadcast in this wide publicity, it was followed up by the well-drilled army of Prudential agents.

Again it was vision and prudence and again the result was "Progress with strength." The Prudential grew into a place of foremost importance, known in every part of the world. The printed announcement—always attractive and suggestive—had never gone ahead of men bearing the insurance message until sent by the Prudential, and this conjunction marked the



epoch in business in which advertising and personal endeavor should be used as complementary forces.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over

12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter of a century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a wonderful esprit de corps.

There is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy-holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company.

To-day the Prudential is paying over 300 claims a day, or about forty each working hour. On many policies settlement is made within a few hours by the superintendent of the district; on the large policies a report is sent immediately to the home office and settlement authorized by telegraph. And on over 45 per cent. of the claims more money is paid than the policy calls for. From the beginning the Prudential has followed lines of great liberality,

whether in dealing with the family where the policy is kept in the bureau drawer, or with the estate of the millionaire.

It would be interesting to describe the broad activities that hum in the great buildings at Newark, but they would more than require an entire article in themselves. So, too, with the equipment and furnishings of the buildings, which, in the way of complete adjustment to their particular work, are probably unequaled in the world. For example, in the actuarial department is a card machine, invented by the actuary of the company, which can do all but think. But many of these things, in miniature, will be seen by the thousands who go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. They will find in the Prudential's exhibit in the Palace of Education a fine model of all the buildings, and also the fullest data concerning life insurance that have ever been brought together.

But the last word about the Prudential is not told at any Exposition. It is found in the 5,500,000 policies which form a stupendous exhibit on the value of life insurance in developing thrift, safe investment, and home protection in a nation. Of course, such an exhibit could never have been possible if the Prudential had not worked out safe policies that would meet the broad needs of the American people.



THE PRUDENTIAL GROUP OF HOME OFFICE BUILDINGS, NEWARK, N. J.

POWERFUL FOOD

That can lift
A man
Out of
Bed



Disease cannot successfully attack people if their food and habits are right.

When one has stopped growing and lives mostly indoors it's high time to stop greasy meats or half cooked starchy food, much white bread, soggy vegetables, etc., etc.

It's worth trial to simplify the diet, get well and keep well.

Say Breakfast and Lunch on a little fruit (preferably cooked and very little sugar),

Dish of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream,

Slice of whole wheat bread and butter,

Cup of Postum Food Coffee,

One or two soft eggs and

NOTHING ELSE.

You are liable to "feel like a lord" in a day or two. "There's a reason," for GRAPE-NUTS food is a power for brain centres and body.

Have a try and tell yourself.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



PEARLINE RINSES
more quickly — easily —
perfectly than hot soap
— leaving no trace of
Soap, Alkali, Odor or Dirt

DELICATE FABRICS
— even Silks and Laces
are best washed with
PEARLINE
— not only, most easily
washed too; the DIRT
disappears in the RINS-
ING. Can't you imagine all
kinds of SAVINGS when
THERE'S NO RUBBING.

THE J. W. P. CO.
PEARLINE
THE NATIONAL
SPRING BED CO.



RIP VAN WINKLE SPRING BED

**"MORNING,
NOON AND NIGHT**

Dame Van Winkle's tongue was constantly
dinning in her poor husband's ears about
his carelessness and shiftlessness."

We wish that we had an opportunity
of constantly calling your attention
morning, noon and night to the Rip
Van Winkle Spring Bed and its great wear-
ing qualities, its freedom from sagging, its
cleanliness and a whole lot of other good
points, most prominent of which is our

TWENTY-YEAR GUARANTEE.

Furniture dealers sell
Spring Bed bearing this trade-mark.
send us his name and we will send
you a booklet on spring bed, and
Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle."

the Rip Van Winkle
If yours does not,
NATIONAL SPRING BED CO.,
30 High Street,
New Britain, Conn.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertiser.

Reduced Price Sale on Tailored Suits AND Skirts

Made to Order from any of our 400 guaranteed materials at one-fourth reduction from catalogue prices

SAMPLES AND CATALOGUE FREE

\$10.00	Suits	now	\$ 7.50
20.00	"	"	15.00
30.00	"	"	22.50
40.00	"	"	30.00
\$ 5.00	Skirts	now	\$ 3.75
8.00	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	9.00
20.00	"	"	15.00

Prices also reduced on Jackets, Traveling Dresses, Rain Coats, etc.

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the United States

For a short time only we will make to order any suit, skirt, or jacket illustrated in our catalogue, from any of our materials, at a **reduction of one-fourth** from Catalogue prices. We make this exceptional offer to reduce our stock of Summer fabrics.

Our prices include all materials, linings, trimmings, and making—the garment finished complete, and shipped to any part of the United States, expressage prepaid.

Everything Made to Order Nothing Ready-Made We Guarantee to Fit You

Anything we send you that is not entirely satisfactory may be returned promptly and **your money will be refunded.**

We send explicit directions for taking measurements correctly

There is a cut and style about our garments that gives the wearer an air of distinction, while our prices are lower than are usually asked for ready-made suits of equal quality. All our materials are guaranteed and are thoroughly sponged and shrunk.

ORDERS FILLED IN ONE WEEK

One Customer Writes:

"I can hardly say enough in praise of my suit. It fits perfectly and is beautiful both in style and workmanship. I never had a garment that fitted so well, and in future shall have all my suits made by you."

Write to-day for selected line of samples and Catalogue No. 46—sent **free** by return mail to any part of the **United States**. Kindly mention the colors you prefer, and about the price you desire to pay for your garment, and we will send a full assortment of just what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY

119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

Mail Order Only

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Established 15 Years



Original from

No Agents or Branch Stores

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The BUILDING of the WATCH



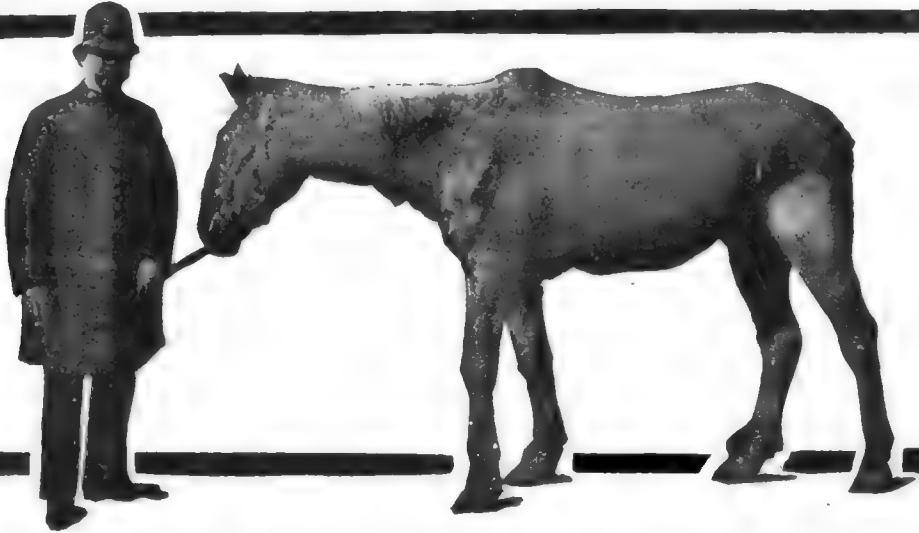
The great Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, at Canton, Ohio, are unique among the Watch Works of America. Here, and here only, is a complete watch, case and movement, made. At other "watch works" only parts of a watch are manufactured. The "ACCURATE TO THE SECOND"

Dueber-Hampden Watch

is made under one roof, superintended in every detail by one management, and sold under one guarantee. I want every reader of EVERYBODY'S to read the new booklet, "Light from the Watchman," in which the whole truth is told about Dueber-Hampden Watches and some others. Address

The Watchman
Canton, Ohio

It is Accident or Disease Only that puts Horse Hair on the Market



Not a Pleasant Thought to Dream Upon. Did You Sleep on a Hair Mattress Last Night?

Mr. N. PASHKOW is a mattress *renovator*, of Newark, N. J. He issues a circular booming his method and its necessity. He probably knows his business, and he says: "Hair is animal matter and is continually decaying. It is not healthy to sleep upon a mound of decayed animal matter"—all of which is very true. It explains why more than 200 people a day order an

Ostermoor Mattress \$15. Express Prepaid Anywhere

Each OSTERMOOR mattress is built—not stuffed. In all respects practically un-wear-out-able, retaining its shape and elasticity under all sorts of conditions and hard usage. Hand-laid sheets of

downy softness, each of the full size, are carefully compressed into the tick. The OSTERMOOR Patent Elastic Felt is purity itself, germ-free and vermin-proof. OSTERMOOR mattresses *cannot* get lumpy, never need renewing; an occasional sun-bath is all they require. The tick can be taken off and washed whenever soiled.

Send for Book, Mailed Free

Our 66-page book, "The Test of Time," not only treats exhaustively the mattress question, but also describes and illustrates (with scores of pictures), OSTERMOOR Cushions and Pillows, for Window Seats, Cozy Corners, Hall Benches and Easy Chairs; Boat Cushions, Carriage Cushions, Church Cushions—we have cushioned 25,000 Churches. It is an encyclopedia of comfort and good taste—may we send it? Your name on a postal will do. It costs us 25 cents, but you are welcome to it—even if you send from curiosity alone.

Look Out! Dealers are trying to sell the "just as good kind." Ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR" and our trade-mark label, sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. It's not *Felt* if it's not an *Ostermoor*. Mattresses expressed, prepaid by us, same day check is received. Estimates on cushions and samples of coverings by return mail.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 107 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

30 Nights' FREE Trial

Sleep on the OSTERMOOR thirty nights free and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50. hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."



Hammer the Hammer

without the slightest fear of discharge, if it's an "Iver Johnson." You take no risk even if it is loaded with ball cartridges.

Try it at your peril with any other revolver irrespective of its price.



The only revolvers
which cannot possibly
be discharged by accident
are the

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

Throw one loaded against a stone wall—on the floor, snap the hammer with your thumb—it cannot "go off" BECAUSE the hammer never touches the firing pin under any circumstances. This is the *exclusive* patent of the "Iver Johnson."

Press the trigger and it raises a lever between firing pin and hammer which the hammer strikes, and it *never* fails to fire when you intend it should.

No Argument is Required as to the Need of a Revolver

in the house, at the office, when traveling. Your only fear is of accidental discharge, which is now entirely overcome to the satisfaction of every reasoning person.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are for sale by dealers the world over, but if for any reason your dealer *refuses* to supply you, we will send direct. There is no real substitute; don't accept a make-believe.

PLEASE SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, IT TELLS THE WHOLE STORY OF SIZES, STYLES, CALIBRES AND PRICES

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Iver Johnson
Safety Automatic
Hammer
\$5.00

Extra Length Bbls.
50c. per inch

Iver Johnson
Safety Automatic
Hammerless
\$6.00

Pearl Stocks
\$1.35 extra

The **EQUITABLE**

HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER

J.W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT



J.H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

THE SPAN

of life is uncertain—it may be long—or it may be short.

An adequate Endowment policy in the Equitable is a bridge on which you can cross safely over the waters of uncertainty to the solid ground of certainty.

If the span of your life is short, it protects your family. If your life is long it provides for your own mature years.

Opportunities for men of character to act as representatives
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President

For full information fill out this coupon, or write

Dept. No. 33

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

120 Broadway, New York

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$..... if issued at..... years of age.

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*Stand the "wear
and tear" of travel.*

TRIFLING WEIGHT.
RAPID LENSES—
AUTOMATIC SHUTTERS—
BRILLIANT FINDERS

Made in different sizes.

\$6 to \$20.



EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Ask the dealer or
write us for catalogue.*

Rochester, N .Y.



The ECONOMY of JAP-A-LAC

A TRUE STORY

WHY should a novel be more interesting than a story of business success?

Why should a "short story" be more thrilling than an advertisement?

The problems of business and the excitement of speculation are frequently the bases of successful novels.

Now, in a sense, advertising is a speculation—and plenty exciting to the man who pays the bills.

We have had lots of excitement with Jap-a-lac, and it is a success. Our speculation in advertising has won, and Jap-a-lac is now known and admired in every state in the Union.

This is due to two things: first, to the economy of Jap-a-lac; second, to the advertising.

The facts about Jap-a-lac are interesting to every woman in America who has a home and cares how it looks.

The necessities of life come in about this order: first, food; second, clothing; third, "four walls and a roof"; fourth, Jap-a-lac for the floor; fifth, furniture; sixth, Jap-a-lac for the furniture.

Jap-a-lac is the original floor finish and high-grade colored varnish.

Five years ago it was only an idea, without even a name.

Four years ago Jap-a-lac was known in our factory and a few other places.

Now, Jap-a-lac is sold in every state, and in almost every country in America, and is a staple article on the shelves of over four thousand dealers.

A quarter of a million dollars' worth of Jap-a-lac was sold in 1903, which was nearly double the amount sold in 1902.

Can we double the sale again this year and make it half a million dollars' worth for 1904?

That is what we are trying to do.

That is what we will do easily, if this advertisement and others are successful in making people believe the plain facts about the "economy of Jap-a-lac"—just the plain facts.

The facts are these:

Jap-a-lac is for use on new or old woodwork, on floors, weather beaten front doors, furniture, carriages, metal work, radiators, oil cloth, picture



frames — on anything and everything where a smooth, glossy finish is desired. It stains and varnishes at one operation and newness follows the brush.

Jap-a-lac saves the things you think worn out. It covers all mars, scratches, or disfigurements, and produces a durable, smooth, brilliant, hard and elastic finish.

It makes a disreputable old floor look like fine hard wood, and it makes a rug do instead of a carpet, so it saves money, brings beauty, and promotes health — for the rug-laid Jap-a-lac floor is prettier, cleaner, and more sanitary than a dust-laden carpet.

Jap-a-lac is made in twelve colors and natural, or clear :

<i>Walnut</i>	<i>Ox-Blood</i>
<i>Oak</i>	<i>Dead Black</i>
<i>Mahogany</i>	<i>Brilliant Black</i>
<i>Cherry</i>	<i>Flat White</i>
<i>Malachite Green</i>	<i>Gloss White</i>
<i>Blue</i>	<i>Ground</i>

Oak is used more than any other color — for the obvious reason that more natural oak is used than any other wood. It is, of course, the color for imitating hard wood floors.

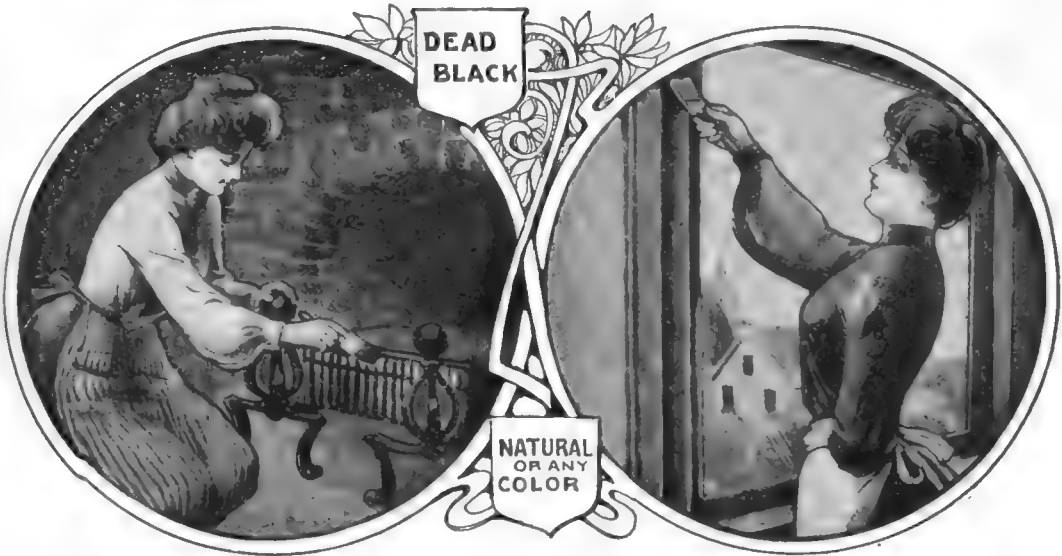
No matter how ugly and dirty a floor may be, a coat of OAK (or a coat of graining color) and a third coat of

Natural Jap-a-lac, will give it all the beauty of the best and newest hard wood. You will not believe such a transformation possible until you see it. We have a sample of finished wood, showing the process. Ask for it. It's free.

Mahogany comes next in popularity, and it can be used for floors, the same as Oak, if you prefer the rich red tone it gives. It will also give to soft woodwork, or furniture, the rich solidity of appearance found in the finest San Domingo Mahogany. Oak or Ash woodwork, or furniture, is made particularly beautiful by Mahogany Jap-a-lac, which changes the color without losing the grain.

Cherry is much used by those who prefer a rich shade, lighter than Mahogany, and Walnut is growing in favor as the wood itself becomes more and more rare.

Ox-Blood, Malachite Green, and Blue Jap-a-lac are used to make the woodwork of a room chime with the decorations, or with the decorative ideals of the occupant. With them the woodwork and furniture can be made to correspond, and an old room and old furniture given a new, beautiful, and artistic dress, impossible in any other way except by the employment of exclusive and expensive professional decorators.



The ad-mixture of White with any of the foregoing colors will give any shade or tint desired, and the possible artistic colorings and combinations are limited only by the taste and enterprise of the user.

Gloss White Jap-a-lac is also used on iron beds, radiators, picture frames, and on furniture, to give a brilliant glossy surface of pure white enamel.

An old willow chair covered with Gloss White Jap-a-lac needs only a ribbon or two, of appropriate shade, to become an exquisite and inviting piece of furniture fit for the finest drawing room.

Dead Black Jap-a-lac gives a wrought-iron look to all metal, and turns scuffed and common furniture and picture frames into stylish "Flemish" pieces. The design that looks "common" in light wood lends itself beautifully to the Flemish effect, and hundreds of dollars' worth of furniture may be saved from the junk-shop by the use of a few cans of Dead Black Jap-a-lac.

An old picture frame, whether of wood or gold, can be renewed beautifully with Dead Black Jap-a-lac.

Ground color is what its name implies. It is a filler—a foundation for the other colors—and is used only to obliterate blemishes and cover discolorations, or when a dark article is to be made light colored. It is most used on very bad floors and is needed only in extreme cases.

Brilliant Black gives a deep, rich, lustrous finish, and among other things is used for refinishing old carriages.

75 cents' worth of Brilliant Black Jap-a-lac will make the old vehicle look like new.

Natural or Clear Jap-a-lac is colorless like varnish. It is

used, and acts, much the same as high-grade varnish, but it is better for all household purposes than any varnish. And we say that, after thirty years of manufacturing varnishes of the highest grade. The Glidden Green Label Varnishes, for all purposes, are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and





from the Lakes to the Gulf, and you can get them anywhere. But for all household purposes, for floors, either old or new; for woodwork and furniture, for oil cloth and linoleum, Natural Jap-a-lac is the finest, toughest, most lasting finish in the world.

Jap-a-lac is the model and ideal floor finish, because it does not show white under heel marks, nor does water turn it white. Soap and water do not hurt it.

Whenever you want absolutely the finest, glossiest finish, combined with long and satisfactory wear—use Jap-a-lac.

Anybody can use Jap-a-lac. It is all ready to dip the brush in. It is of the consistency of good varnish, and is applied with an ordinary varnish brush. No training or previous experience is needed. All you have to do is to spread it evenly over the surface to be covered and let it dry.

It is there that the economy of Jap-a-lac comes in. Everybody knows that a painter, or a furniture maker, can make many things "as good as new," but when you have paid for the work the saving is not apparent.

With Jap-a-lac the expense ends with the purchase of the can. A quart costs only 75 cents, and a quarter-of-a-pint will cover an ordinary chair or small table. There are eight quarter

pints in a quart, so you can see that a new Jap-a-lac chair costs less than 10 cents.

Wherever Jap-a-lac is tried its economy is at once proven and it becomes a permanent housekeeping adjunct. During the past two years we have given away tens of thousands of sample cans, and it is in this way that our enormous increase in business has come about. Our only concern is to have everybody know the plain facts about Jap-a-lac, and if every reader of this magazine could come to us, we would gladly give each one a full-size quarter-pint can. As that is impossible we will do this:

Mention this magazine, and send us 10 cents, which exactly covers the cost of mailing, and we will send FREE to any point in the United States a sample can of any color you select—free of all charge for the JAP-A-LAC.

You can probably get Jap-a-lac at your dealer's, but if he hasn't it you can send 75 cents direct to us and we will send a regular quart can, charges prepaid, to any express point in the United States.

Upon request we will gladly send an interesting booklet about Jap-a-lac, a color card showing the different shades, and a sample piece of wood, showing the model floor finish.

*To expedite reply
please address:*

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.

Makers of High-Grade Varnishes
Dept. Z, 1037 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Victor Dog in Pure Gold



"His Master's Voice"

at the St. Louis Exposition

Tiffany & Company, the greatest goldsmiths of America have made a gold model of the Victor trade-mark—the Victor Dog, with the original *Victor Talking Machine*,

Life-size in 24-Karat Gold

The work has been done in a manner worthy of the material and the subject, and can be seen all summer at the Victor exhibit at St. Louis.

The *Victor Talking Machine* is as good as gold. It is a musical instrument of the very highest order.

Chicago—Talking Machine Co.
Chicago—Lyon & Healy.
New York—Victor Distrib. & Export Co.
New York—O. Bruno & Son.
Philadelphia—Western Electric Co.
Philadelphia—Penn. Phonograph Co.
Boston—Eastern Talking Machine Co.
Boston—Oliver Ditson Co.
San Francisco—Sherman, Clay & Co.
Baltimore—H. R. Eisenbrandt Sons.
Baltimore—Baltimore Bargain House.

Cincinnati—Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Atlanta—Phillips & Crow Co.
Brooklyn—American Talking Mach. Co.
Buffalo—F. A. Fowen.
Buffalo—Walbridge & Co.
Canton—Kleis & Hoffmann Co.
Cleveland—Cleveland Talking Mach. Co.
Columbus—Perry B. Whitist Co.
Denver—Knight-Campbell Music Co.
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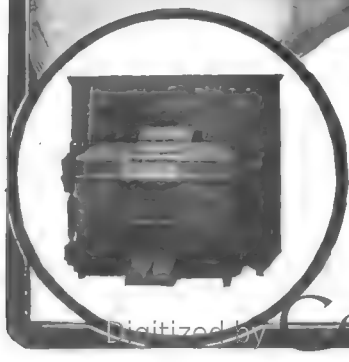
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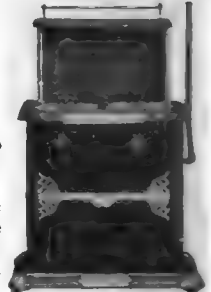
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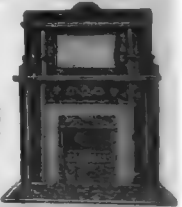
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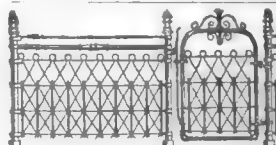
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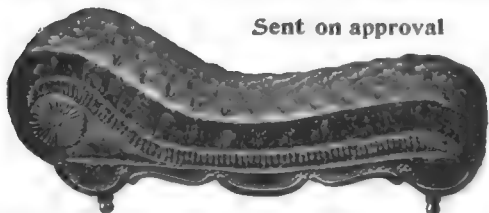
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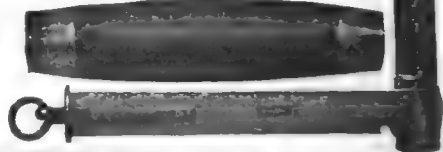
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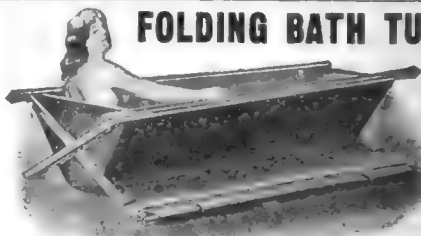
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There is no excuse for any woman or child wearing an unshapely or ill-fitting suit of underwear when for a reasonable price *Forest Mills* underwear which does fit can be obtained at nearly all first-class dry goods stores.

For years we have been perfecting this famous brand, until to-day it stands foremost as the **best fitting, best wearing, best feeling** underwear made.

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This beautiful underwear is trimmed and finished by hand. It's a pleasure to see it, a comfort to wear it. The Women's Vests, Pants, Tights, Corset Covers, and Union Suits. The Children's Vests, Pants, and Union Suits.

INSIST ON GETTING THE FOREST MILLS BRAND FROM YOUR DEALER AND LOOK FOR TRADE MARK.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF *Forest Mills* UNDERWEAR AND *Gordon Dye* HOSIERY FREE.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

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**A Powerful Nerve Tonic and Restorative.
Does It Contain Hypophosphites
of Lime and Soda?**

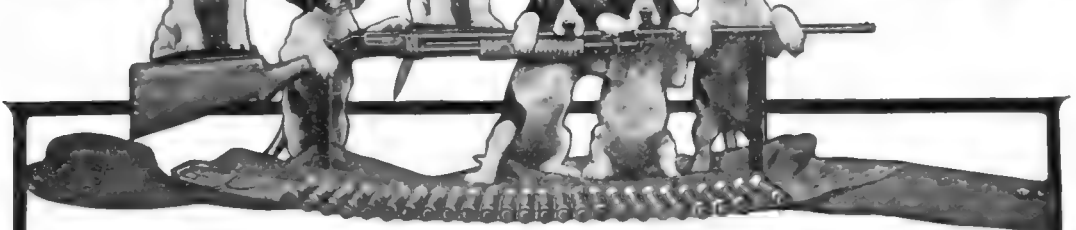
Hunter McGuire, M.D., LL.D., *ex-President American Medical Association and of the Medical Society of Virginia; late President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.:* "It has never failed me as a powerful NERVE TONIC when I have prescribed as such. I sometimes think it must contain Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It acts as that compound does—as a tonic and alternative. I know from its constant use personally and in practice that the results obtained are far beyond those which the analysis given would warrant."

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The "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod is universally popular on the St. Lawrence River. The fishermen buy them to use—the boatmen buy them to rent.

The strong current and heavy fish common there will take all the heart out of an ordinary rod but the "Bristol" will never give up, and hangs just as true after a long season's service as at the start.

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What Grocers Say of Yacht Club Salad Dressing.

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Gentlemen:—Difficulty in obtaining a salad dressing to equal in freshness and delicacy of flavor that made at home had caused salad dressing to be a slow seller with us. Some years ago we presented to our patrons your Yacht Club Salad Dressing, and our sales on this item have since increased tenfold.
267-269 S. Main St. W. S. HENDERSON.

The Right
Relish in
Warm Weather

Yacht Club Salad Dressing

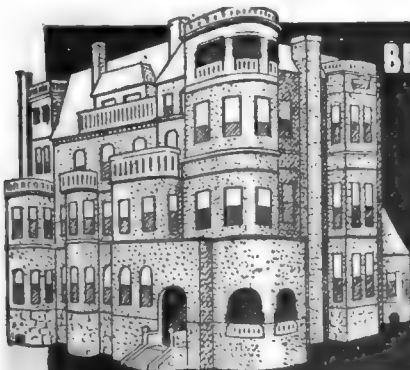
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Cucumbers, Spinach, Cabbage, Celery and Cold Slaw

Always fresh and delicate in flavor—and absolutely pure. There is positively no flat or "store" taste about Yacht Club Salad Dressing

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GENUINE



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Signature on every Roller



WOOD ROLLERS

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Always Ready for Instant Use

because it is *electrically* tempered and hollow ground in its own peculiar way. It costs \$2.50 and is worth it. Double concave, for extra heavy beards, \$3.00. Will close-shave the hardest beard and leave no smarting.



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It illustrates with photos the correct razor position for every part of the face; it tells how to select and care for a razor; it explains the "why" of the "Carbo-Magnetic" and proves how, with ordinary careful use, it will keep an edge for years with

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85 Cash & 13 Per Month

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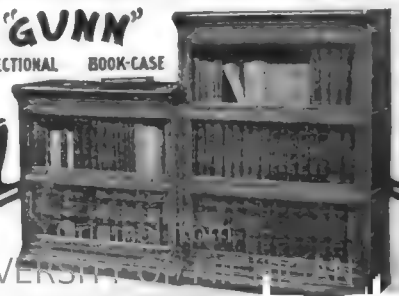
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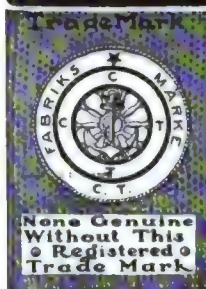
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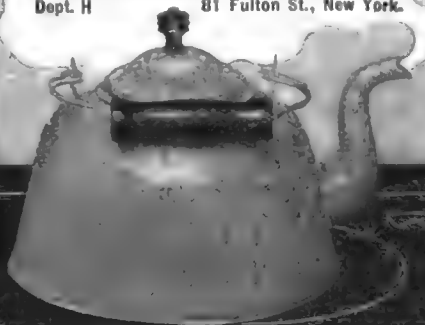
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instantly—whether there's a cavity or not; cleanses the cavity; removes all odors; prevents further decay and further aching; stays in place; will not burn or melt in the mouth; will not waste or dry up if kept for years.

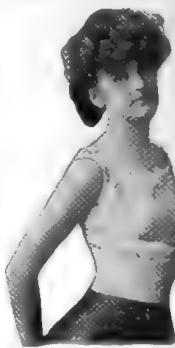
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Removes and prevents the unsightly double chin and the lines around the nose and mouth. Ascetic and practical appliance that accomplishes its purpose by strengthening the muscles and preventing the flesh from sagging.

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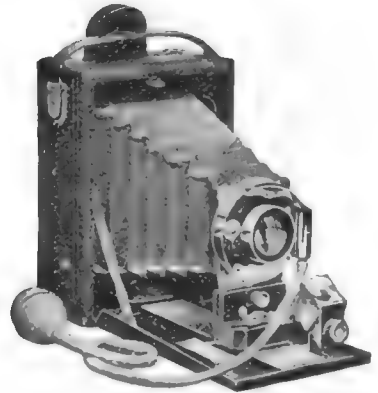
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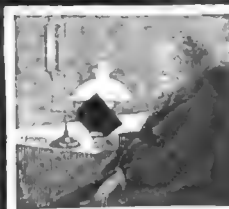
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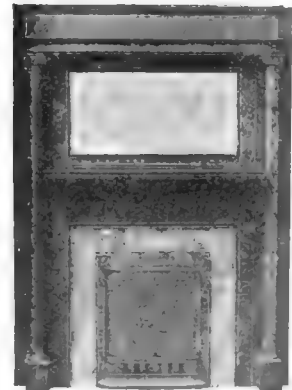
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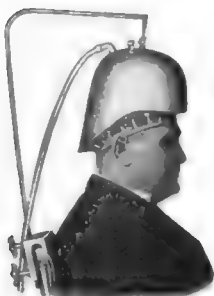
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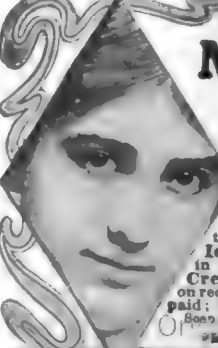
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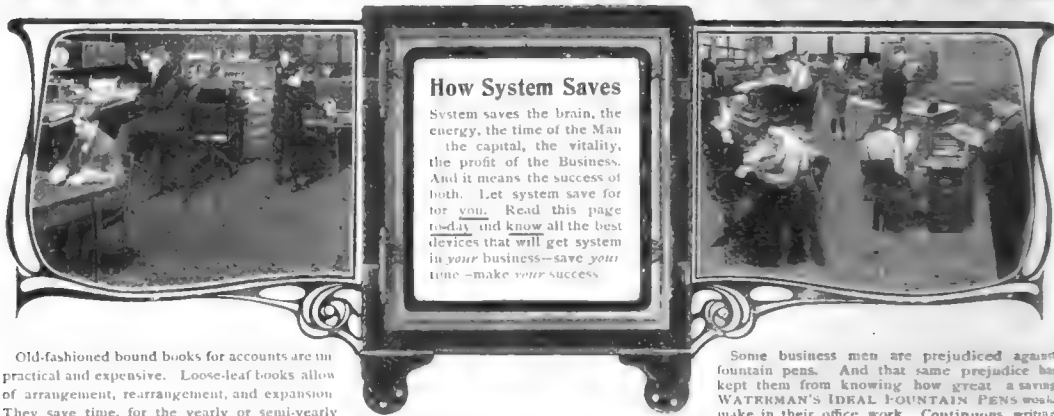
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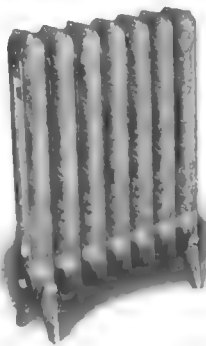


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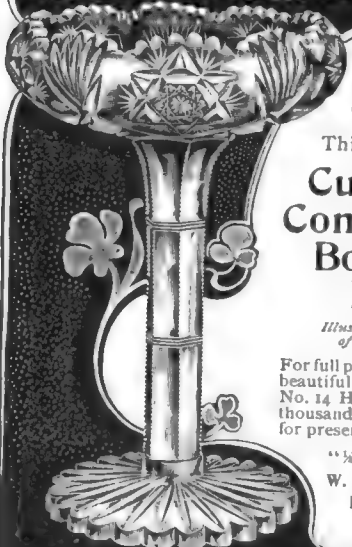
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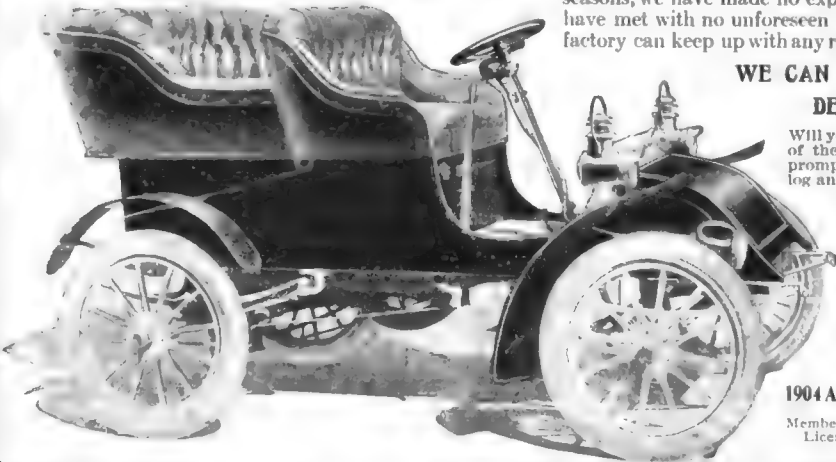
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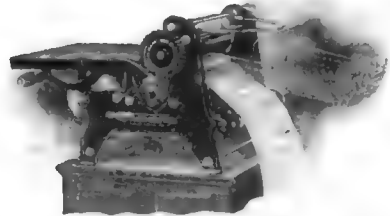
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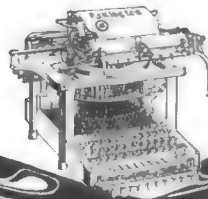
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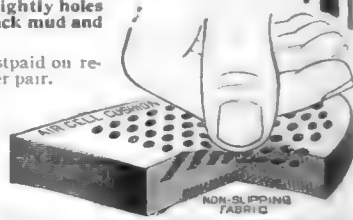
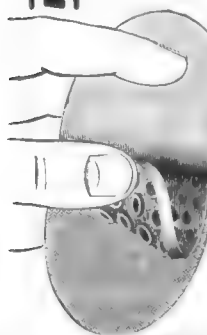
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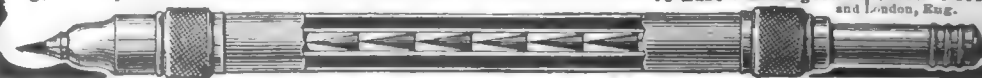
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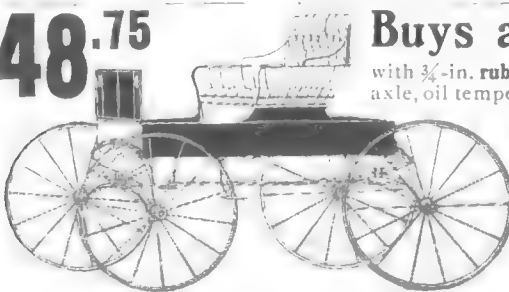
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THE above rings portray the most suitable style with a Blue-White Diamond weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ Carat. These Diamonds are carefully selected from a new lot of goods just finished in our lapidaries, and are especially brilliant and of fine color. We will deliver your choice free of any expense to you on payment of \$10.00 and your promise to remit to us monthly \$5.00 for eight consecutive months. If the Diamond does not more than fully satisfy you return it at our expense. There is no question about your credit if you are honest and disposed to do as you agree to do. No security, interest, or guarantee required. No publicity; everything pleasant and confidential. **THE LYON METHOD OF CONFIDENTIAL CHARGE ACCOUNTS** has eliminated every disagreeable feature. A **GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE** gives with every Diamond and an Agreement to take the Diamond back at any time in exchange for larger gems, allowing you full credit for the price paid. The fact that we import Diamonds in the rough state and cut and polish them in our lapidaries enables us to supply the finest gems at a saving of 15 to 25 per cent. All Express charges prepaid.

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Refrigerator
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Is made of the best
crushed ice, possible
to purchase, with a
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A reasonable compartment, if
sight, is provided, and a key to keep
the contents of the basket cool and sweet for
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ideal refrigerator for any sportsman's kit—
ideal for all persons going on picnic
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**THE HAWKEYE REFRIGERATOR BASKET WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
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READ OUR OFFER.—Send us \$2.50 and we will send you our Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket for ten days, and if not fully satisfied that it bears out every claim we make for it, send it back as our expense and we will cheerfully refund every cent of your money; or, we will send the basket to any responsible person **FREE ON APPROVAL** for ten days, and if not fully satisfied it is the best thing you ever saw of its kind for the purpose, send it back at our expense, otherwise send us your check for \$2.50.

*We want customers,
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Noah Webster lived at the beginning of the century. It's more than probable that his roughly made boots made his feet miserable; but he couldn't have described

CROSSETT COMFORT

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THE CROSSETT SHOE

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
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A high grade gentleman's shoe, designed on scientific principles, adapted to the fashion of the hour, made of jealously selected leather with an infinite care of detail which amounts to positive genius. Divide the price by the number of months of comfortable wear and you will acknowledge them cheap.

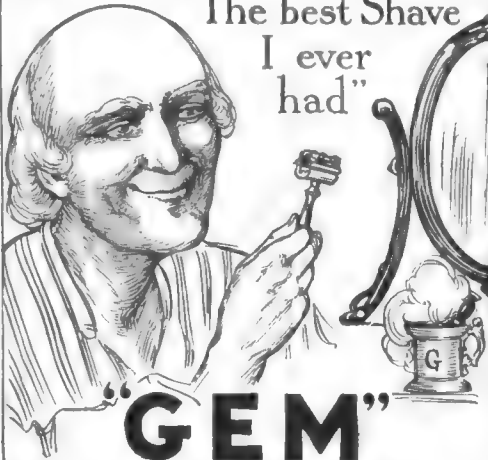
If your dealer does not keep them, write to me and I will tell you of whom in your town you can get them.

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on sale at all leading dealers in high class cutlery or

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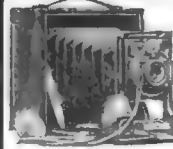
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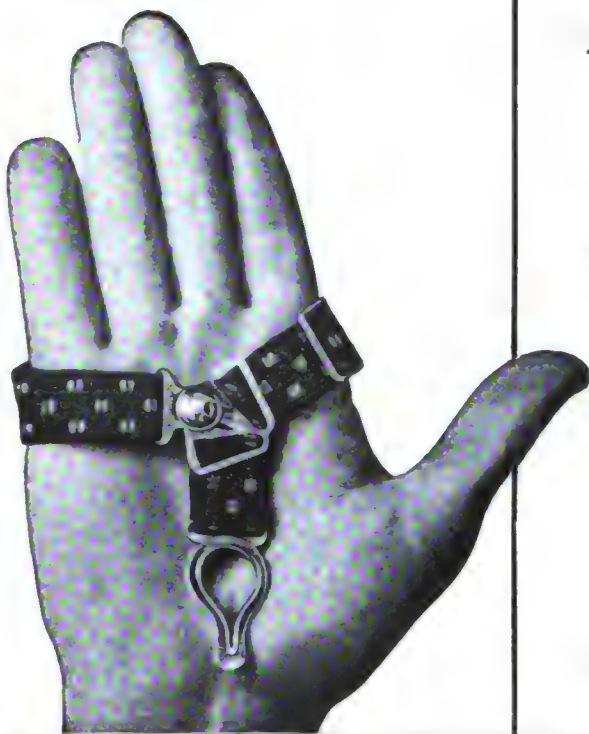
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FOR YOUR DESK A Deep Vertical FILE \$3.00

PARTICULARS

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All we need is the inside measurements of your drawer.

Shipped on approval. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Take one along on your vacation; easily carried in valise or hand-bag; for travelers, sick-room, boarders, hunters, fishing, or wherever gas is not available or desirable.

Manufactures its own gas by first vaporizing the alcohol. Consumes but 2 cents' worth of alcohol in an hour; absolutely non-explosive; smokeless, odorless, wickless.

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Made of spun brass, nickel plated. Agents wanted.

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Our book, **"For Beauty's Sake,"** tells the story of the **"Standard"** Portable Shower and the new health that comes from shower bathing. **Free on request.**

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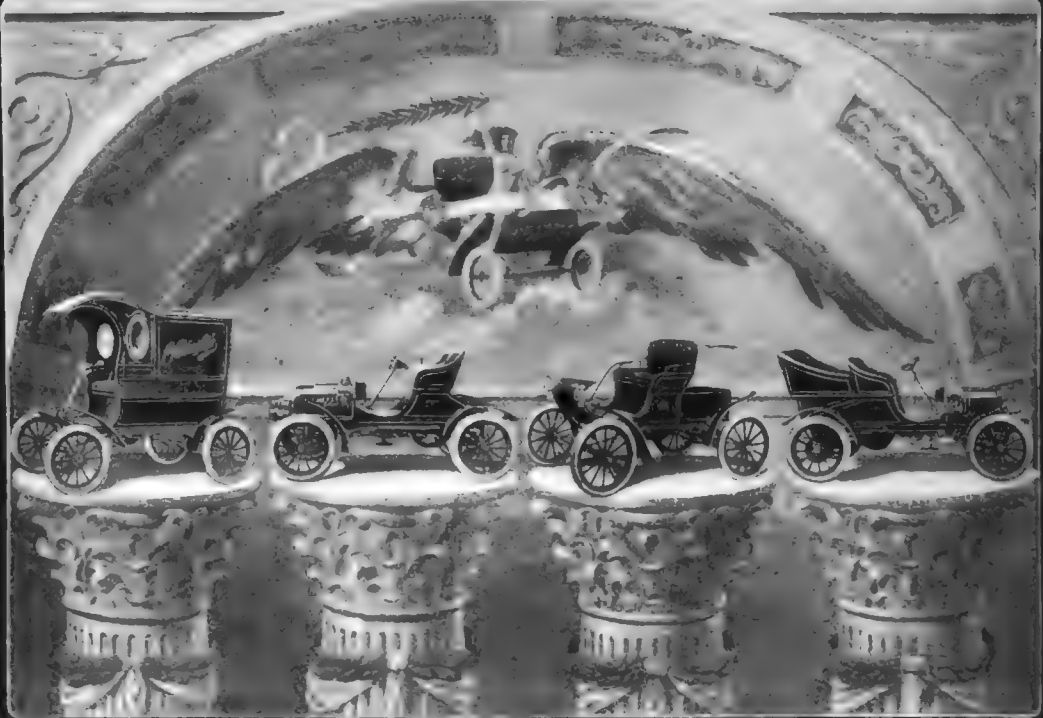
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Mark XXXI **Price \$1,600**

This Victoria is the most widely known and the most extensively used of any automobile in the electric class. Its artistic lines, quiet elegance of finish, superb running qualities, and all-round reliability have given complete satisfaction to hundreds of purchasers. The new model has radical improvements in the running and operating parts.

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Catalogue will be sent on request; also special catalogues of Columbia Electric Town Carriages and Commercial Vehicles.

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Model "H"
\$850

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has been thoroughly tested by actual use, and the fact that we are constantly receiving orders to duplicate shipments proves that it is eminently satisfactory as a convenient, easily-run automobile for local use. Equipped with Edison or Exide batteries and made in a variety of types.

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Tonneau
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AUTOMOBILES



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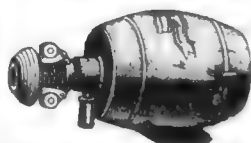
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Applied to

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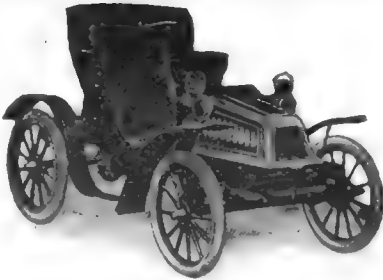
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FURNISHED IN 15-20 AND 30-35 H. P.

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Are fast replacing horse-drawn vehicles because they are always ready, clean, noiseless, and simple to operate. Ladies prefer them for shopping and calling. Physicians adopt them instantly when once their readiness and economy is demonstrated. Above picture shows Pope-Waverley Stanhope Model 27, price \$1,400.

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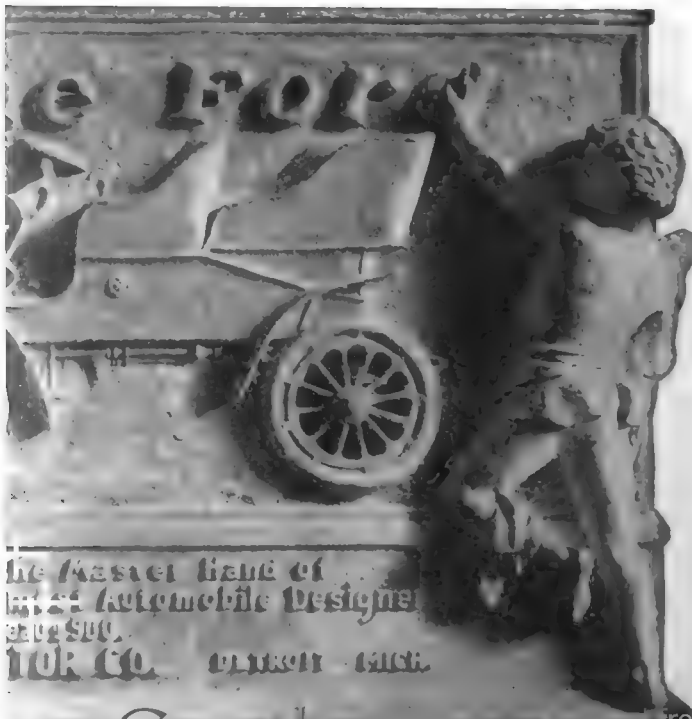
CADILLAC

45%

Hill-climbing ability is attainable thro low gearing—speed, with hill-climbing ability only thro a plenitude of power. 60 miles an hour with four passengers is easy for the Cadillac—and easy on the passengers. Smooth riding, powerful, absolutely dependable, the Cadillac is a car surprising alike in performance and in cost.

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Our latest design shows how accessible the engine is, permitting Tonneau to be tilted at rear; when lowered, two wing nuts make it secure.

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Send for Catalogue B. **THE FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown O.**

THE YALE California

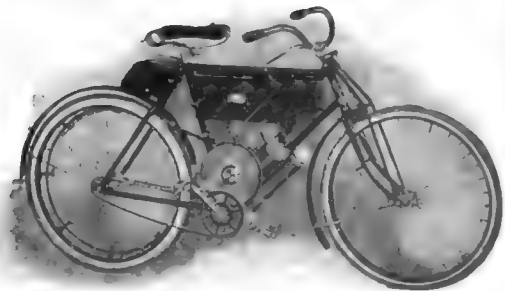
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TO THE DELINEATOR

by "the watchman of the watch business," John C. Dueber. **This advertisement cost \$6,800, and occupies four entire pages.** THE DELINEATOR is the only magazine which carries this business, for the simple reason that in placing the largest order ever given it was reasonable that a wise experience should choose the best of all advertising mediums for such an important step in advance in the science and practice of advertising.

If you have the right sort of goods to advertise, and would care to learn how and why this large amount of money was profitably spent in THE DELINEATOR, and why THE DELINEATOR was chosen for such an expenditure, I would be glad to have you write me. It is not likely I would recommend your taking as large a space as has Mr. Dueber—that is, not in the beginning—but I believe I can offer you the best quality and the greatest amount of "audience" for every dollar that it is wise for you to spend in advertising.

THOMAS BALMER,

Manager of Advertising for The Butterick Trio,

BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



Travelling?

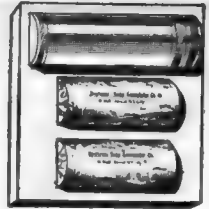
Do away with the mussy soap case!
Give it to anyone who has not heard of the handy
Hygienic Soap Granulator

Four inches long. Convenient for pocket or satchel. No travelling bag complete without it. Add it to your camping outfit; take it to the World's Fair or anywhere in lieu of the mussy soap case.

Twisting the rim grinds out the soap. Soap always dry, pure and wholesome; stays clean and lasts longer. Ask your Druggist or send **one dollar for nickelled granulator** and three cakes of high grade unscented white soap, postpaid

Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Descriptive circular upon request.

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16 FT. LONG. EXACT SIZE PATTERNS OF EVERY PIECE. COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. EACH STEP PLAINLY ILLUSTRATED. EXPERIENCE UN-NECESSARY. HUNDREDS HAVE BUILT THIS BOAT WORKING PATTERNS \$2.50. SPARE TIME, AT A TOTAL COST OF \$400. BOAT PATTERNS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES UP TO 8 FT. AT PRICES FROM \$300 UP. WE ALSO BUILD COMPLETED BOATS AND KNOCK DOWN FRAMES. PARTICULARS FREE. 254 BRINGS 84 P. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. SET OF WORKING INSTRUCTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS. WRITE TO 867 BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO. STA. 1 BAY CITY, MICHIGAN



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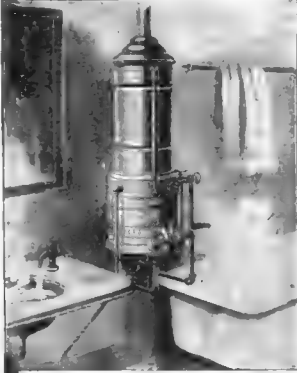
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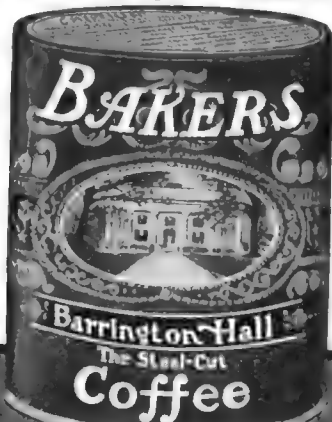
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

DECEMBER
SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

NOVEMBER
SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

OCTOBER
SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

SEPTEMBER
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5 MONTHS OLD

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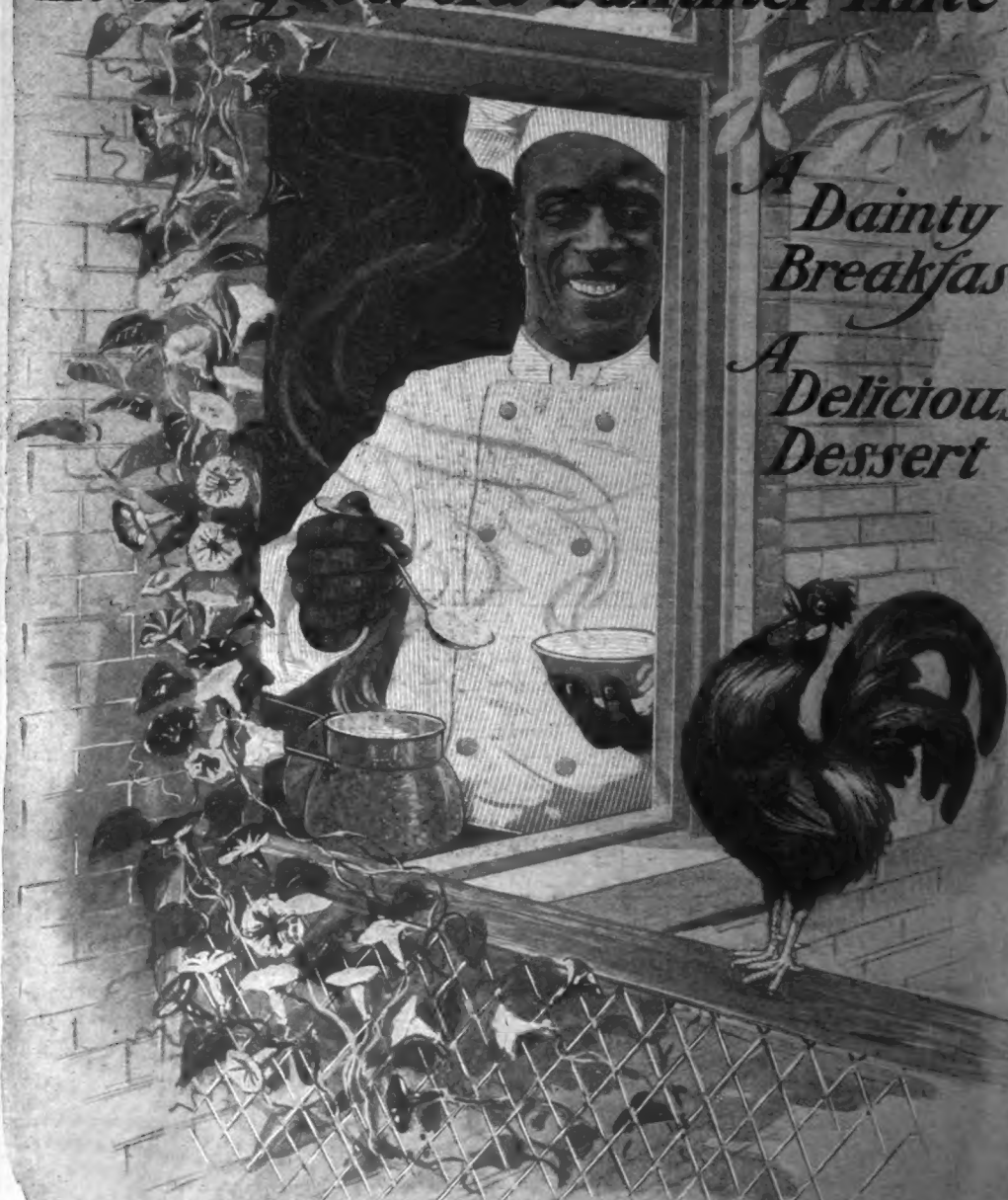
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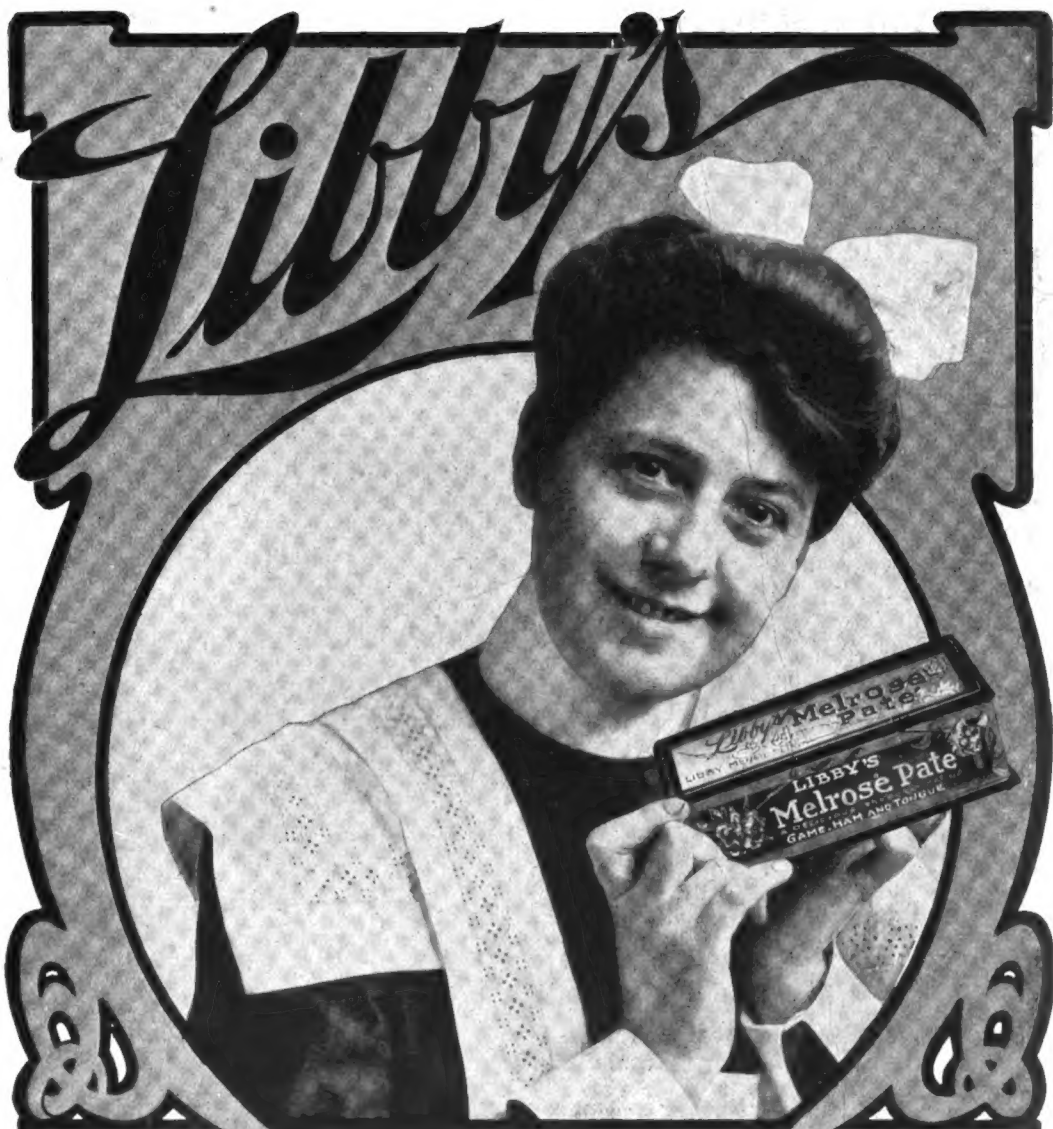
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